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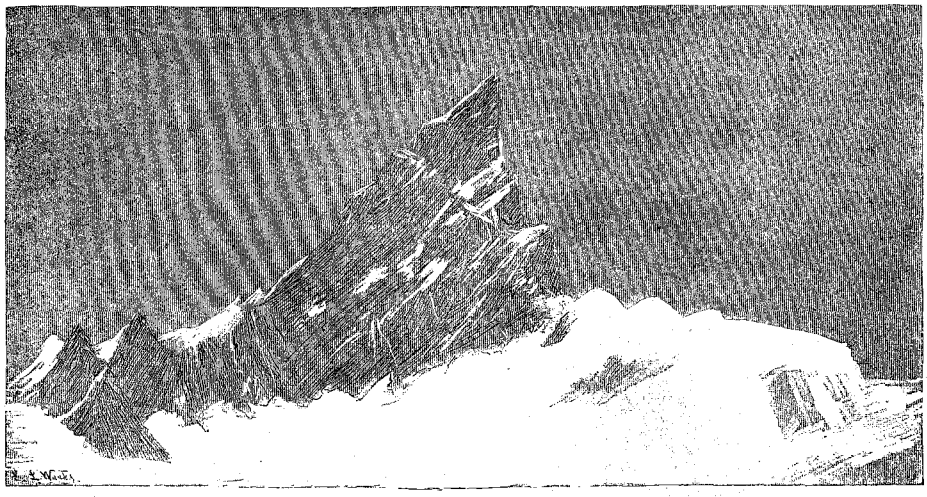

The Peak of the Zinal-Rothhorn from the Hörnli.

SOME EPISODES OF MOUNTAINEERING, BY A CASUAL AMATEUR.

By Edwin Lord Weeks.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

"Think of the people who are 'presenting their compliments,' and 'requesting the honor,' and 'much regretting,' of those that are pinioned at dinner-tables, or stuck up in ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape."

—EOTHEN.

BEFORE venturing to touch upon a theme which has already been treated by able pens, and to add a few personal impressions, it may be as well to call attention to the fact that much of what has been written hitherto is addressed to those technically familiar with the subject, rather than to the general public. It is only fair to admit that popular opinion is divided as to the attractions of one of the grandest of open-air sports, which in sustained interest and variety of incident is second to no other. There are hopeless but well-meaning sceptics, who will ask one, why take the trouble to climb a peak in order to see a view which can only be enjoyed for a few minutes, if at all, by reason of cold or fatigue; and it is not easy to convince them, since seemingly unnecessary physical exertion does not enter into their ideas of pleasure, that the contemplation of nature, however impressive it may be, is not the sole object and end of the climber; and that the interest, the charm of the thing, as

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in art, lies not so much in the subject as in *the way it is done*, in the hundred incidents of the route, and, above all, in the joy of life and the new vigor born of exertion in the bracing air of high altitudes, which are the reward of a successful season.

Sept., 1893.

I.

The statements of Baedeker, as to the relative difficulty of certain peaks, may, upon the whole, be accepted by amateurs with confidence. In the editions of "Baedeker's Switzerland," a few years ago, there was a list of the principal summits about Zermatt; and among them, a group consisting of the "Ober-Gabelhorn," "Zinal-Rothhorn," "Weisshorn," "Dent Blanche," and "Dent d'Hérens" was prefaced by the lines, "very difficult" (for thorough experts only with first-class guides), and not "altogether free from danger." In the most recent edition this last clause does not appear, from which circumstance it might be inferred that with the progress made by the Zermatt guides in the science of climbing, and with their ever-increasing experience and topographical knowledge of these peaks, the actual danger has been sensibly diminished.

Josef Marie Perren (Guide at Zermatt).

But the amateur who has already had some experience, and is confident (but not too confident) of his own powers, and is moreover in good condition, need not allow himself to be daunted by Baedeker's classification. Among the minor peaks (minor, not in regard to size or interest, but in difficulty only) the Rimpfischhorn and the Gran Paradiso, are ranked as difficult. Both of these peaks exceed the Jungfrau in height, and although care and attention are necessary at certain points, there is not the slightest difficulty about either of them. A noted Alpinist records that he has ascended the Gran Paradiso alone and without guides. There is one point, however, where most men would feel safer with a rope and at least one guide. A practised expert whom I met on the way down affirmed that it was hardly worth doing, while another, equally experienced, had made the ascent twice. As for the Rimpfischhorn, it shows, on a small scale, examples of the various difficulties common to all rock peaks, and with but one guide, "strict attention to business" is necessary. Although one of the noted Zermatt guides who accompanied the writer on a rather more trying expedition, declared it to be simply "une jolie promenade," others consider it one of the very best peaks for preliminary practice, before undertaking more hazardous ascents. Of those classified as "very difficult," I can speak from personal experience of only two, others having proved to be impossible at the particular moment when they were attempted, and although sufficiently arduous, these two do not offer any insurmountable difficulty, so long as one is not subject to vertigo, that nightmare of all beginners, and has sufficient imitative faculty to follow the movements of the guide in front. It is a very important point at the outset to save one's strength, for even should he have a superfluity of endurance, he had better store it up for emergencies. Anyone

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The Ascent of the Dom—the Start at 3 a.m.

who takes notice of the gait of the guides when starting at night by lantern light, will observe that they walk with a long, swinging, rhythmic step which seems quite mechanical, as they slowly lift one foot or swing it over a rock, with scarcely any expenditure of force, particularly in mounting the tedious moraines where the bowlders are often white with frost. All the energy thus economized comes into play when one reaches the rocks, where a man wants a clear head as well, and to know just where to rest his weight to take advantage of every projection, point, and crevice.

For amateurs whose object is not so much to make a record as to obtain the greatest amount of sport with a moderate expenditure, the high glacier

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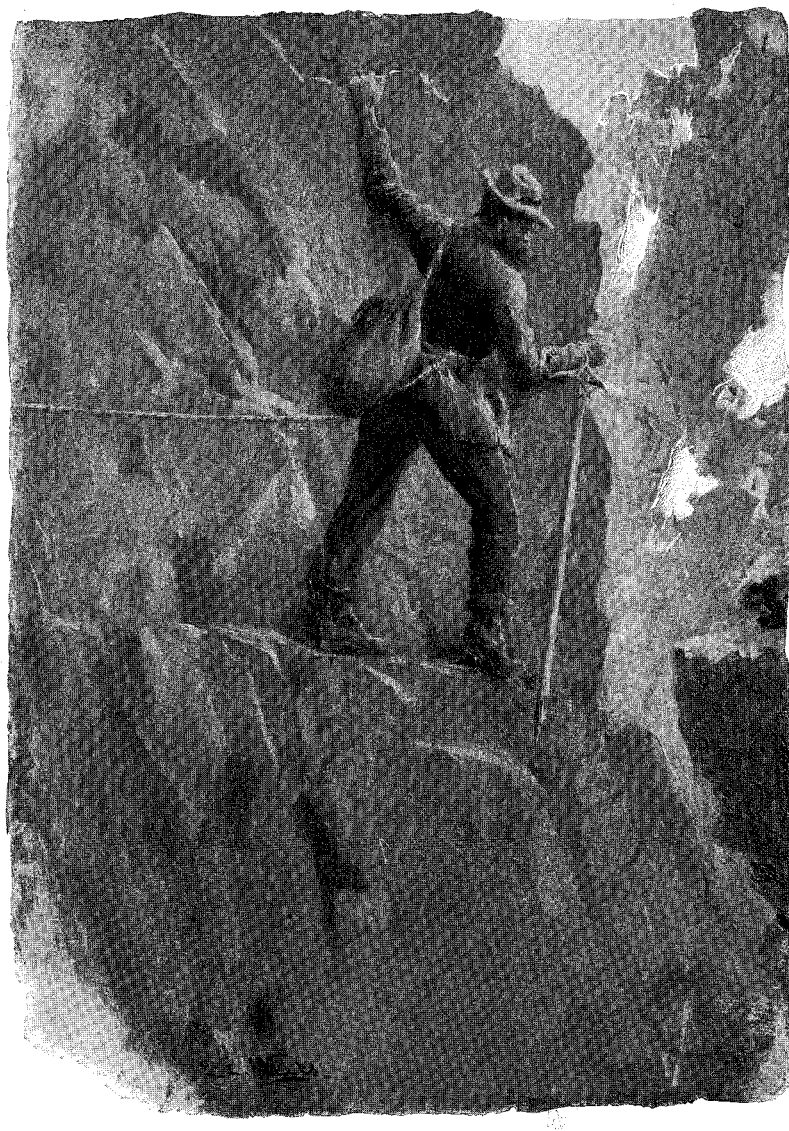

A Long Step—on the Gran Paradiso.

passes afford nearly as much interest as many of the well-known peaks where the tariff for guides is much higher: some of these passes cross ridges or "saddles," from twelve to fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and have the additional attraction that every step of the way is new, as one descends into another valley at night, where the French or Italian inn replaces the Club hut which he left at daybreak. And there are some which are really more dangerous than the majority of peaks; as, for instance, the "Altes Weissthor," from Zermatt to Macugnaga. I have never crossed this pass, but once had a good view of it when descending the New Weissthor, a short distance away. While we were breakfasting on the brink of the cliffs an avalanche fell directly on the route, which is seldom free from falling stones, and yet the tariff is only forty or forty-five francs for a guide, while eighty is demanded for the Jungfrau! And there is also the Col du Lion on the Matterhorn, which

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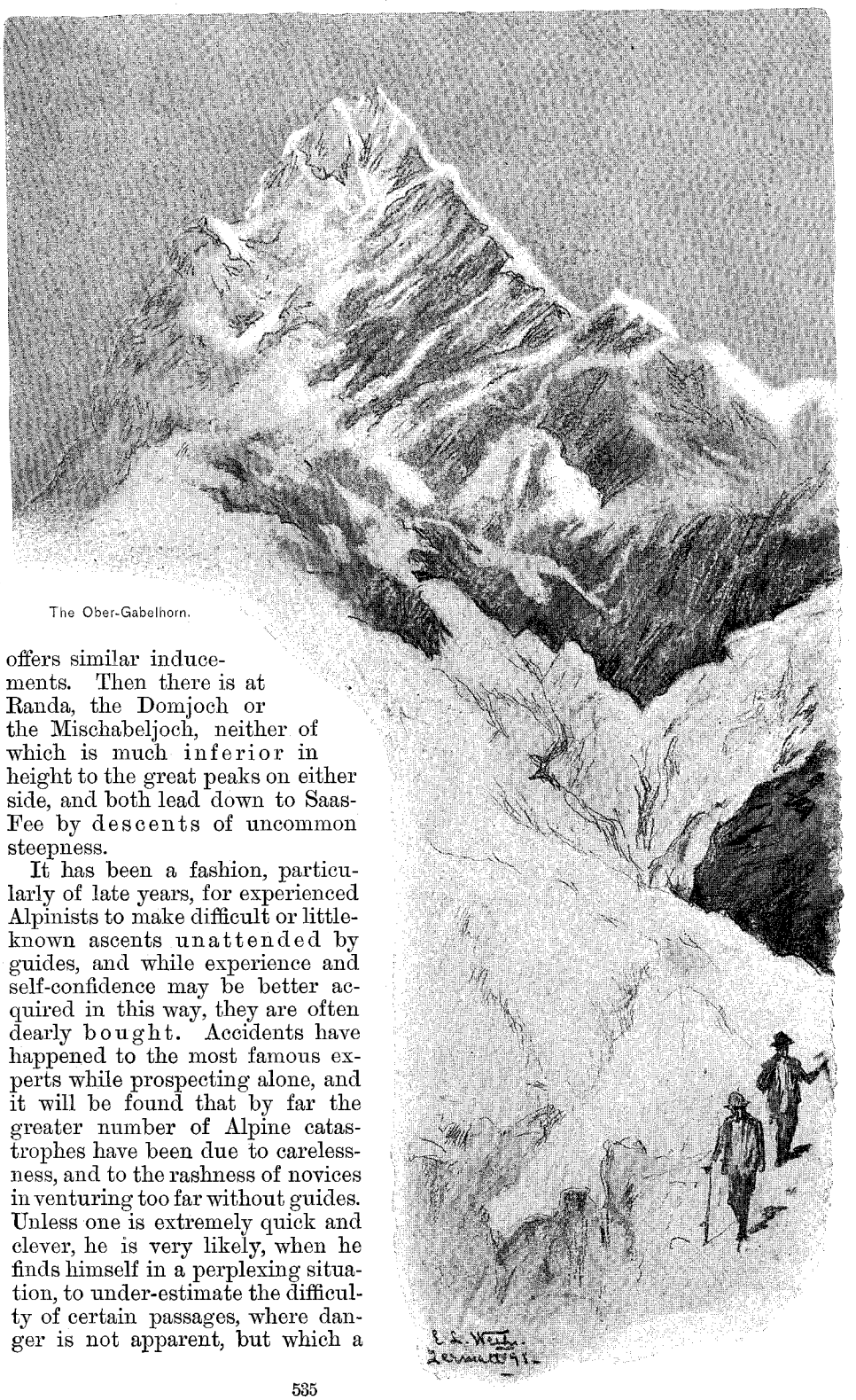

The Ober-Gabelhorn.

offers similar inducements. Then there is at Randa, the Domjoch or the Mischabeljoch, neither of which is much inferior in height to the great peaks on either side, and both lead down to Saas-Fee by descents of uncommon steepness.

It has been a fashion, particularly of late years, for experienced Alpinists to make difficult or little-known ascents unattended by guides, and while experience and self-confidence may be better acquired in this way, they are often dearly bought. Accidents have happened to the most famous experts while prospecting alone, and it will be found that by far the greater number of Alpine catastrophes have been due to carelessness, and to the rashness of novices in venturing too far without guides. Unless one is extremely quick and clever, he is very likely, when he finds himself in a perplexing situation, to under-estimate the difficulty of certain passages, where danger is not apparent, but which a

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guide would never attempt: such, for instance, are the steep and sunburned grass slopes high on a mountain-side, which often terminate in cliffs or vertical

Raphael Biner, Guide—Zermatt.

ledges above a glacier; as the tufts of dry grass usually point downward, they afford little hold to the nails in one's boots, and are often as slippery as glass. There are also certain places which look appalling to a beginner, but which turn out to be perfectly easy when once the guide in front has got safely over them. Most treacherous of all to the solitary climber are the steep "glissades"* down couloirs of snow or ice, and a little accident which happened to a friend of the writer, although he fortunately escaped serious damage, had the effect of making him forever after over-cautious in regard to this extremely rapid but uncertain mode of progression.

* The sitting "glissade" is perhaps the most exhilarating way of getting down a long snow-slope, such as the one on the Dom, and does not call for the same degree of acrobatic skill as the standing glissade.

While waiting at Pra-Rayé, at the head of the desolate Valpelline valley, for settled weather in order to cross the "col" to Zermatt, he left his guides at the chalet and ventured on a little private exploring expedition up the unfrequented Glacier de Bella Cia, near the Château des Dames. He had taken an alpenstock belonging to his porter, one of the slender tourist sort, branded with names, and as he turned back to descend, he concluded to pick his way down a long slope covered with loose rocks and *débris*, which seemed a more direct route than the break-neck ledges by which he had scrambled up. The slope descended steeply, without a break apparently, but as he got down, the valley beneath him seemed to retire by some unaccountable effect of aërial perspective, which made him suspect the existence of a precipice invisible from above. Proceeding cautiously downward, he found himself on the verge of a long and vertical ledge, and keeping on along the brink he finally reached a steep "couloir" or narrow chasm filled with packed snow, which offered a short cut down between jagged walls of rock. As the inclination at which the couloir descended did not seem dangerously steep, he attempted a standing "glissade," using his stick as a brake in the usual manner. It became steeper as he slid down, and in trying to check his velocity, the stick snapped in two, and he shot down the incline feet foremost, with the speed of a rocket. Luckily the chasm made a turn at right angles, and he was landed on a heap of stones, with no further damage than the loss of considerable epidermis and the annihilation of his trousers.

To-day, when every great peak has been thoroughly explored, when famous climbers have achieved the most difficult summits, alone, or at least without professional guides, but few remain the mere ascent of which confers any brevet of distinction in this field of athletics. As in all professions and in all sports which boast semi-professional experts, the standard has been raised. In order to take a high rank, or to "make a record," the aspirant for the honors of the Alpine Club must traverse such

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DRAWN BY E. L. WEEKS.

Raphael Biner on the Last Ice Cornice of the Rothhorn.

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peaks as the Matterhorn and descend on the opposite side, or cross the Dom du Mischabel,* the highest peak on Swiss soil, which presents little difficulty until one descends the steep rock face above Saas. There are still a few summits left which are admitted to be somewhat "tough," and one of the most successful enthusiasts in the matter of rock peaks has recently given his verdict in favor of Chamouny as a happy hunting-ground; for he found sufficient interest in some of the slender "Aiguilles" which surround Mont Blanc, to stimulate his somewhat jaded appetite. It would, however, be quite incorrect to make an arbitrary statement that any particular ascent is easy or

Peter Taugwalder, No. 1.†

difficult. With bad weather any minor peak may become hazardous at once, or when a fierce gale of wind whistles and howls among the rocks as through the rigging of a ship, and they are crusted with "verglas" or frozen sleet; it is only just therefore to say that the expeditions referred to here, were nearly all made under favorable circumstances.

* According to Baedeker's figures the three highest summits of the Alps are Mont Blanc, 15,366 feet, Monte Rosa, 15,217, and the Dom du Mischabel, 14,941. The first belongs to France, the second is on the boundary between Italy and Switzerland, while the third alone belongs entirely to the latter country.

† The numbers 1 (above) and 2 (p. 541) are given, not in order to discriminate in favor of one or the other, but are a means of identifying them, as they are namesakes. Peter Taugwalder, No. 1, is one of the survivors of the famous Matterhorn disaster in 1865, when he accompanied his father as porter.

II.

While detained at the Eggishorn hotel by bad weather, in '86, I picked up a copy of the *Times*, or some other London daily, and found an editorial relating to a recent accident on the Dom du Mischabel, and it also contained a letter or statement in regard to the claim put forth by an Englishman who had just made the ascent, as he believed, for the first time; this presumption was contradicted by others who claimed to have made prior ascents. I have since seen guides who thought that it had been done as early as 1865. In those remote days the Dom was invested with imaginary terrors, and a certain prestige like that of the Matterhorn before Mr. Whymper made the first ascent, although of course in a lesser degree; at that time there was no cabin, and climbers were obliged to pass the first part of the night under the cliffs above Randa.

Now that the Dom has a club-hut and the route is well known, it presents no difficulty, although rather long and tedious, rising as it does more than ten thousand feet sheer above Randa. The day which we chose for the trip was the first on which it would have been feasible, after a long period of bad weather with much snow, and we overtook several other parties on the road. The great rampart of tawny cliffs above the valley, which forms the pedestal of the Dom, rises to such a height that one can see nothing of the glaciers and peaks above them. In the centre, and at the bottom of this amphitheatre of cliffs, there is a cavern, probably an extension or widening of a deep cleft which was cut through by the torrent issuing from its mouth, and which trickles across the broad delta, or sloping plain of gravel and *débris*, at the base. When we had crossed the tor-

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Zinal-Rothhorn—Sunset.

rent at a point far below, and were ascending the steep pastures beyond, toward the cliffs, it was our good fortune to behold the most magnificent of avalanches The stream where it poured out from the cleft, began to rumble hoarsely, raising its voice to a sullen roar, while the water changed to snow and ice, ever increasing in volume until the whole broad slope was deeply covered with a fast-moving white carpet, over which great blocks of snow and ice chased each other, leaping into the air, and breaking as they fell into showers of fragments and frozen spray. Seen from below it must have resembled the coming of a tidal wave. The ascent of the cliffs was facilitated by two or three long ladders placed against their most vertical portions, but we had the blazing afternoon sun of August on our backs, and were sufficiently hot and thirsty by the time we reached the top and could look across the icy desolation of the Festi Glacier to the vast

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bulk of the Mischabel group rising beyond it. Some English Alpinists had already installed themselves at the new Club hut, and were luxuriating in iced wine punch, which had been prepared in a flexible canvas bucket, and they held it out to us as we arrived hot and breathless. Certainly nothing ever looked more tempting than its crimson depths, with the lemons and blocks of ice swimming about, and even the strictest Mussulman might well have been pardoned if for once he forgot his creed and looked upon the wine when it was red.

A Ladder of Ice—Zinal-Rothhorn.

The cabin had a sloping platform for sleeping purposes, extending along the wall for its entire length on the side

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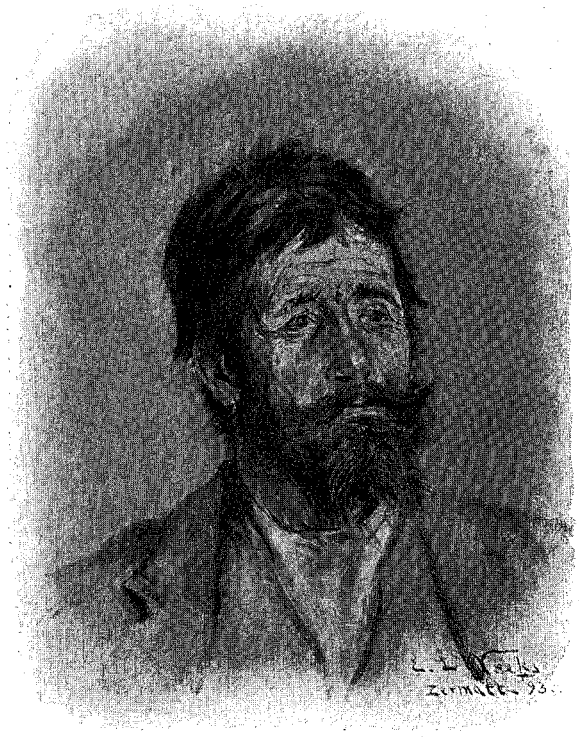
opposite the door, which was well covered with clean straw and plentifully provided with blue blankets, each marked with the C. A. of the Club Alpine. There was a large stove at one end of the narrow space left, with a table and a few wooden benches near it, and at the other end a primitive stairway led to the loft, which was sacred to the guides. When the numerous and cosmopolitan company had tucked themselves away in the straw at the early hour of 8 P.M. the cabin presented a droll appearance, with its long row of heads, variously nightcapped, each emerging from its blue blanket. Although at such an elevation the nights are usually cold, on this particular night a blanket was quite unnecessary, and the fleas, which are never absent from the clean straw of Switzerland, were uncommonly active; there was also a man who snored, and two or three who told stories. As there was little prospect of sleep I wandered out in search of a cool spring which bubbled up at a little distance from the door, and which could only be found after much groping and stumbling among the rocks. There was no moon, and while the ground underfoot was almost undistinguishable, the vivid starlight made all the encircling peaks clearly visible. Just across the deep gulf of Randa, which had the blackness of a pall, arose the colossal bulk of the Weisshorn, and the white chaos of seracs and glaciers leading up to it, seemed to diffuse an almost phosphorescent glimmer, while from behind the black pyramid of the Matterhorn the Milky Way rose straight toward the zenith, like a flaming sword. The dead silence would have been oppressive, had it not been broken now and then by the muffled roar of a torrent somewhere down below, which came at intervals on some stray current of air, like the hollow rumble of a distant train. In the dry night wind at this elevation there is a subtle quality which makes one feel so keenly alive, that only a modicum of sleep is necessary, and one is loath to exchange its freshness for the close, stove-heated air of a "cabane." And if one remembers for a moment the Turkish proverb which, as everyone knows, runs thus, "A man is better lying down than standing, sleeping than lying down, dead than sleeping," it is only with the impatience of the scoffer at a philosophy with which he cannot feel in touch. At one o'clock, after we had all dozed a little, there was a sound of heavy boots coming carefully down the stair, and presently the guides were all at work heating "bouillon," or making coffee over the stove. The first to start was a German with two guides, and we followed shortly after; by the time we had picked our way by the light of the lantern over the bowlders of the moraine, and along the crevasses of the glacier, we sighted his lantern, which shone like a star, high up in a couloir of snow



Peter Taugwalder, No. 2.

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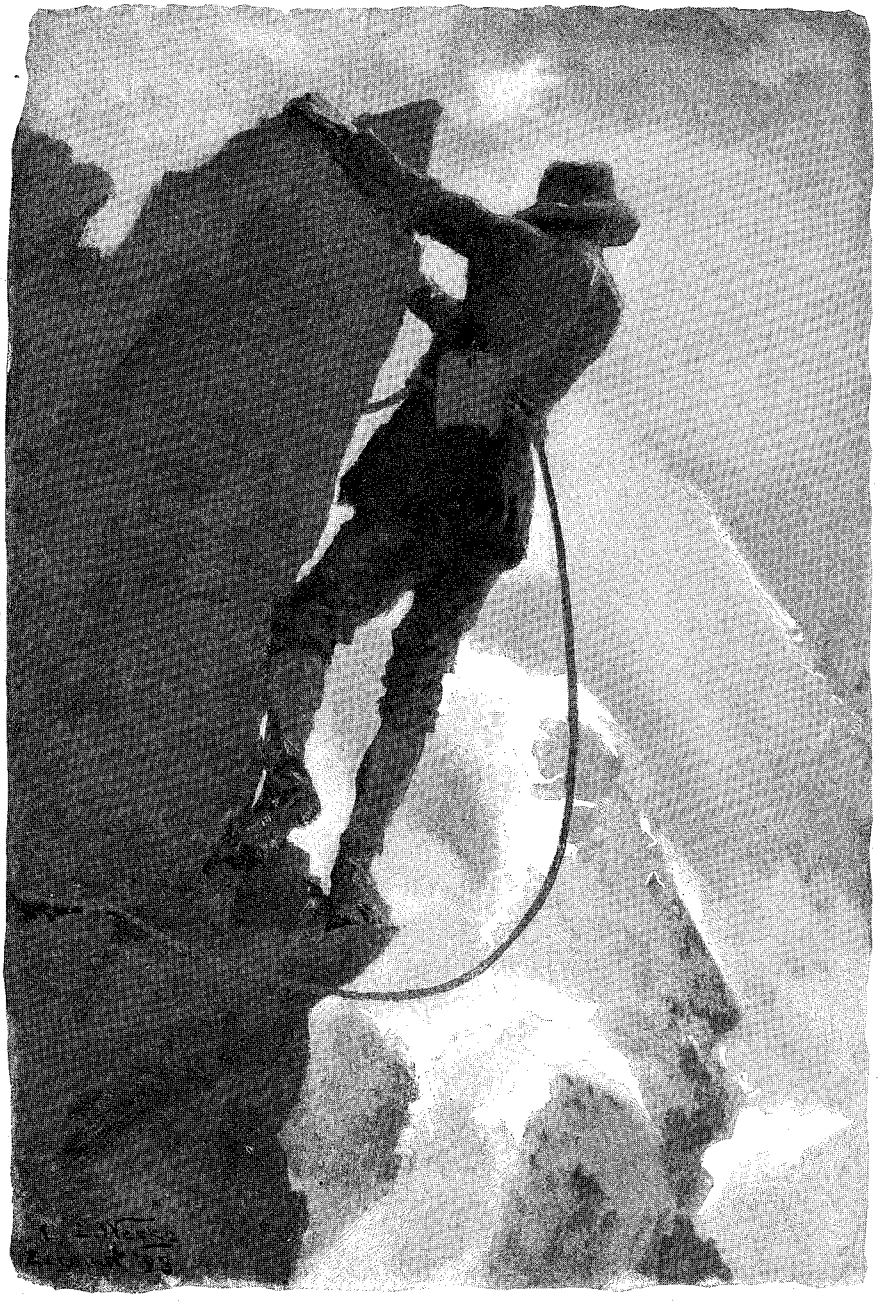

On the Gallery—near the Rothhorn Summit.

leading to the arête. Here we overtook the German, and after a consultation our guides thought it advisable that we should all be roped together. We had not proceeded far, along the wedge-like snow arête which leads, if I remember rightly, in an almost unbroken line to the summit, when we came to the only break in its continuity, a huge and jutting promontory of rocks, which seemed to cut the arête quite in two, and to bar our further

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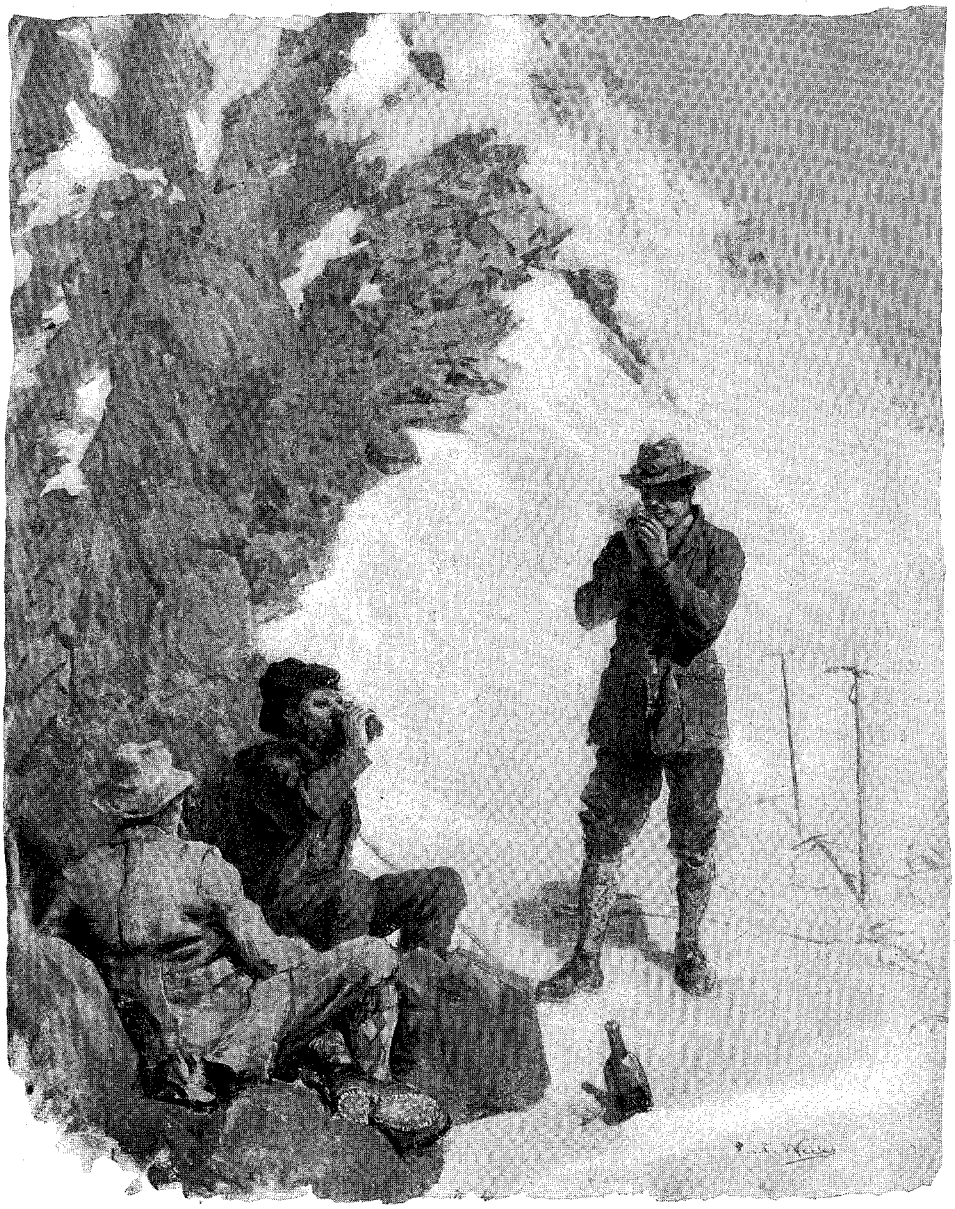
progress. The German team in front, like ants when interrupted in their travels by any obstacle, kept straight on, and scaled the cliff, but when they reached the summit, seemed unable to get down on the other side. My guides, seeing their predicament, unharnessed themselves, and we started round the ledge on the side where it rises above the Festi glacier. One by one we worked along the wall until we came to the corner: the first guide had already turned it, and having need of both hands I was beginning to find my piollet somewhat embarrassing, when we were nearly tomahawked by the piollet of one of the men over our heads, which he had dropped in his struggle to get



A Rest on the Way Down.

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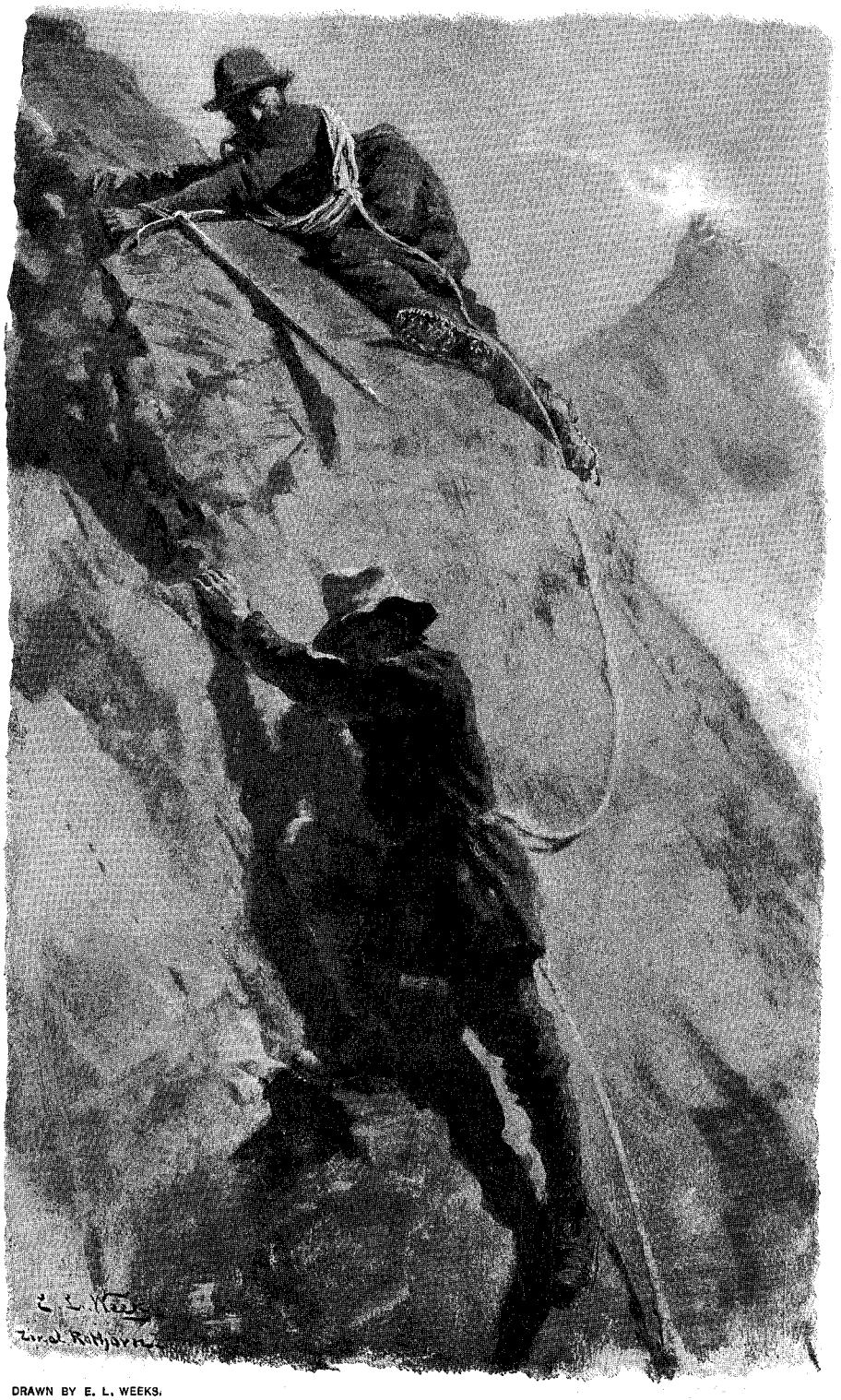

DRAWN BY E. L. WEEKS.

Getting Down the Ledge above the Saddle.——Rothhorn.

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down. As we ducked instinctively, another piollet whizzed past like an arrow, and buried itself in the ice of the glacier far below. It must have taken them nearly an hour to recover their lost property, and after regaining the snow arête we continued serenely on until we neared the apex of the Dom, where we were the first to arrive, between seven and eight A.M. As we neared the summit, ledges of rock arose through the crusted snow on the Zermatt side, and the ridge, ever steeper as we toiled breathlessly upward, rose before us like the razor edge which all good Mussulmen must traverse if they would reach Paradise. But from the top of the Dom it was the majestic triple peak of the "Gran Paradiso" which we saw, rising over the shoulder of the Matterhorn, but far away on the Italian side. It is said that from this height the Mediterranean is often visible, but although the sky overhead was of the deepest and most cloudless blue, the nearer snows dazzling, and the long white chain of the Oberland toned by a golden haze, the plains of Italy beyond the lakes faded away into a vaporous horizon on the south. As we turned to go down, we met the others coming up along the ridge, but our guides, for some good reason—probably the steepness of the crusted snow slope—preferred to take a different route, and turning to the right we sat down in the snow, and slid or "glissaded" down what would make the finest and dizziest of toboggan slides, to the valley at the foot of the Taschhorn.

Although the Dom is undoubtedly one of the finest of the great snow peaks, the ascent of it does not present the varied interest of many rock summits far inferior in height, and the only amusing bit of rock-work which I remember, is the passage of the ledge or cliff near the beginning of the arête.

III.

THE Val d'Aosta, as one leaves Courmayeur and Mont Blanc behind, opens below like the portal of a new world, and is a charming interlude between the arctic world which we have just left and that which we are to encounter on the other side of its high mountain wall. The green vineyards of Italy border the dusty highway, and each jutting promontory of rock is crowned with a castle or watch-tower. Near Villeneuve, on the south is the narrow entrance of the gorge which leads upward into the Val Savaranche, which is one point of departure for the Gran Paradiso region. When entering this valley for the first time I had come up from Turin and Cuorgné, by the "Col de la Croix de Nivollet," and by way of Ceresole Reale, entering the Val Savaranche at Villeneuve. I reached the little hamlet of Pont, a scattered group of weather-beaten chalets at the head of the ravine, late in the afternoon. An old "garde-chasse," wearing the badge of the King of Italy on his hat, met me on the road, and proffered his services as guide, as he had a key of the Cabane on the Paradiso. We put up at a cantine, the nearest approach to a hotel in the village, which was kept by a most obliging woman, surrounded by five or six tow-headed children, who sprawled over each other in front of the great open fireplace. For other furniture, the room had a pine table with a bench on each side, a spinning-wheel, and two or three closets in the wall, where our hostess kept her crockery, and supplies of chocolate, sardines, and other luxuries for improvident pedestrians. Her cuisine, naturally limited in this bleak region, included soup, eggs, and chickens, of which a goodly number strutted in front of the door or foraged on the kitchen floor, so that without leaving her fireplace she could pounce on the chosen victim at the proper moment. But this time we were doomed to disappointment; the weather changed for the worse, and after passing a night in the loft overhead, where, although the beds were sufficiently immaculate, there was hardly room to stand upright, we were obliged reluctantly to abandon the trip; a cold storm had set in during the night, and the heights around us were hidden by the driving rain. My second attempt, although it did not begin as auspiciously, ended in the most satisfactory manner. The old "garde-chasse," when I reached his

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house lower down in the valley, was away hunting steinbock * with the King, and I could find no one to take his place in the village of Pont, when I arrived there for the second time: there was still an hour for a little prospecting before dark, and hoping to get a view of the hitherto elusive Gran Paradiso, I kept on to the end of the valley and turned up the bridle-path which leads to the cabane. But the great summit is not visible either from this valley or from Cogne, being environed by a circle of lesser satellites which are yet high enough to cut off the view entirely, and it is only from the heights around Zermatt that one can get a satisfactory impression of the highest peak in Italy.

The cabane, having been designed as a royal shooting-box, is superior in its equipments to any club hut with which I am familiar, and is approached by a well-kept bridle-path, which winds upward in long zigzags. When turning to come down I saw far below, at the foot of the cliffs, a party of three who were on their way up, carrying a coil of rope and various other impedimenta. They proved to be two young Italian engineers, accompanied by a guide whom they had engaged for the season, and with the amiability characteristic of Italian Alpinists, they invited me to make one of their party, only stipulating that I should bring up provisions and a few extra metres of rope. They were to sleep at the Cabane and start at five in the morning It was then about 6 P.M., and I was not long in getting down to the cantine, swallowing a hastily cooked dinner and securing a supply of provisions. Our hostess found the rope, which was crammed into a sack with the rations, and her husband, carrying a lantern, officiated as porter. The Italians were already asleep when we reached our quarters, which were truly palatial for a "hut" at this elevation; the room which they occupied opened into a large dining-room furnished with a long table and chairs, and beyond this we found a kitchen, a room for guides, and another sleeping-room provided with several bunks and mattresses. A single figure was stretched out in one of the bunks, and the room was heated by a drum connected with the stove in the adjoining kitchen. I was rather too hasty, however, in congratulating myself on such unwonted luxury, for the temperature of the room, uncomfortably hot when I turned in, became chill and frosty when the fire had gone out, and it was not until my room-mate shook himself out of bed at the call of his guides, that I discovered that there were blankets, and that he had appropriated all of them, my share as well as his own. Taking advantage of the unusually complete cooking facilities, and the generous supply of crockery provided by royalty for hungry Alpinists, we dallied late over a rather elaborate breakfast, and it was broad daylight when we struck into the path and began to clamber over the frost-covered bowlders which lead up to the snow-fields. In speaking of a path here and elsewhere, I refer always to the distinct foot-path which, in the case of mountains frequently ascended, leads from the starting-point, club hut or inn, up the moraines to the glacier. Beyond this point there may exist, during a long season of fine weather, traces in the snow left by the last party, which of course are obliterated by the first storm. The only other landmarks or indications of human life above the rudimentary path up the moraine and the occasional tracks in the snow, are the deposits of broken bottles and empty tin cans at points where the guides are in the habit of stopping. In cases where the ascent is not often made, these indications are not to be depended on. As there was only one guide and no porter in this party of four, the provisions and other baggage were divided, and each man carried his share of the weight; mine, in addition to my own personal belongings, was a bulky wooden wine-flask, of a make only found in this part of Italy, and large enough to supply the entire party. The weight was of little consequence, but its size and bulk were rather in the way when we got to the rocks, and more than once I was nearly carromed off a cliff by its rotundity.

* The adjacent hills, as well as those around Cogne, are still the haunt of the steinbock or ibex, which are reserved for the exclusive sport of royalty, although the chamois are free to all at the proper season.

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While we travelled along the snow-ridge, and the first ice-slope where steps were cut, our guide did not think it worth while to put on the rope, although we struggled along one after the other, and a decidedly rapid toboggan slide led down to the edge of a cliff overhanging a glacier which we could not see. An icy wind blew down the slope, and the slowness of our progress upward did not tend to increase our somewhat sluggish circulation. The first striking feature of the route was a long "Bergschrund," or horizontal chasm in the ice, fringed with pendent icicles, and of varying width, which must first be crossed before we could mount the steep snow-covered dome on the other side, which led to the ridge of rocks at the summit; this was the most toilsome part of the ascent, as the beginning of the slope directly at the edge of the crevasse had the bulging outward curve of a Persian dome. The ice was covered to the depth of a foot or more with loose snow, which had to be scraped away before the steps could be cut. As it happened, we were none of us properly equipped for the occasion, the guide had the only piollet, the rest of us having alpenstocks, and my one pair of woollen gloves did duty for three, each taking his turn; in consequence of our improvidence, one of the party had the hand in which he held his staff so shrivelled by the cold wind that for months afterward it had a shrunken look, although not actually frost-bitten; while the fairest of the two Italians suffered from sunburn to such a degree that his face was puffed out with water-blisters; he had rubbed it with butter before starting, but far from impeding the action of the sun-glare it seemed rather to increase its effect, so that he became a sorry spectacle on the following day; as for the guide and myself, our weather-beaten hides were too well tanned to suffer much from a little additional exposure. Subsequent experience has taught me that one can never consider himself exempt from sunburn, and in going over tracts of newly fallen snow, and when the sun shines through thin vapor, what is called a "white mist," very few escape entirely.

Having reached at last the top of the snow-dome, we found ourselves near the rocky ridge backbone which crops out through the snow at the summit of the Gran Paradiso; it had a strikingly artificial appearance, and might be likened to an old Roman wall, while the three tall aiguilles, one of which is the true summit, heighten the resemblance still more by looking as if built of superimposed blocks of stone. When we had clambered up to the top of the wall, which was at least five or six feet broad, we walked easily along, sometimes climbing over a large block of stone covered with snow, until the thoroughfare came to an end at the foot of the first summit. Here we saw that it would be necessary to pass round the outer wall, which descended quite vertically for some distance, until it reached the snow-slopes and seracs which led down to the glacier. Our guide went first, showing us that there was in reality no difficulty about this "mauvais pas," which at first sight did not look invitingly easy. We all held him by the rope, while he worked along the face of the wall, clinging to the projections or searching with his fingers for the crevices, and then with a long step across space (I cannot remember now how far down the slope began, but the impression that there was both space and depth was vivid enough at that moment) he reached a sure foothold in the rocks of the second "chimney," and then we all followed one after the other. My turn came last, and being slightly embarrassed by the wine-flask, it was necessary for me to hug the wall closely; then with a brief scramble up the rocks we reached the summit.

Nowhere among the Alps is there a panorama of more impressive desolation than this. In almost every similar prospect, even the more extensive view from the Dom, the eye may travel downward without hinderance, from the Switzerland of the Alpinists, to the deep grooves haunted by summer tourists—the green valley with the railway track along the bottom, the great hotels—and one may imagine, if he cannot see, the long procession of pleasure-seekers each carrying, ant-like, a burden of some sort. But here the con-

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necting links are missing; there is no populous valley just below, no summits seem to over-top us but the distant snows of Mont Blanc and the "Grand Combin," and nothing meets the eye but the world of ice and rocks, and solitude, which shuts out the nether world.

Here on the summit, one of the Italians had an ill turn, which might have been mountain sickness, or it may have been caused by indigestion, and it was evident that our guide felt some anxiety about getting him down along the wall; but after he had slept for half an hour in a sunny nook, the feeling passed off, and we reached the cabane without further difficulty.

On the following morning we started for Cogne by the Col de Lauzon,* a charming route, from the forest of fir and larch above Pont to the high green pasture slopes, and over a rocky saddle, where we had a capacious lunch. While we lay smoking on a flat rock in the sunshine, and sheltered from the wind on the "Col," a single chamois wandered across a patch of snow far below us; we all shouted at once, and he disappeared with a few leaps, followed by eight others. Down among the green slopes below we came to a hunting-lodge belonging to the King, and late in the afternoon we reached the little town of Cogne. The villagers were all sitting and gossiping on their doorsteps when we passed through, as it was Sunday afternoon, and the blonde-haired peasant-girls were in holiday attire; all wore high white ruffs, like those in portraits of the Medici period, long-waisted bodices, and short skirts of some dark blue material, relieved by narrow strips of colored silk.

There were two hotels in the village, and one of my companions said that they were going to the "Grivola." He did not like to recommend it, as it was kept by his cousins, and he even admitted that it was considered dearer than the other, but we went to the "Grivola" notwithstanding. The sign-board swung in the wind at the end of a long iron bracket, and the whitewashed stone walls were pierced by small grated windows, a prevalent fashion in Cogne, which gives to the place something of the character of a Spanish village. Within, there was a long dining-room with quaint old furniture, and quainter engravings on the white walls. In the traveller's book a noted climber had recorded his ascent of the Gran Paradiso without a guide; it may have been easy enough for him, but the casual amateur would feel more tranquil with someone at the other end of a rope.

Here our friends were made welcome and we all had a huge supper. Roast chamois was one of the principal dishes, and the wine of the Val d'Aosta was poured out by a girl with a Medici ruff. After coffee in the morning my bill was a trifle over five francs, all included; but possibly the other hotel may have been a shade less expensive.

* Col de Lauzon, 9,500 feet.

IV.

The Zinal-Rothhorn or "Moming" is, to use an Anglo-Indian phrase, a "puckah" mountain, which means that it is the real thing and not a sham; it holds a very respectable rank among the local aristocracy of rock peaks, the crowned heads which rise above the high white ridges surrounding Zermatt. Although we found no unusual difficulty on the Rothhorn, there was too much snow near the summit, and the ascent was long and fatiguing; but a quiet, gray-haired lady who dined at the *table d'hôte* at Zermatt had made the trip three years before, and did not seem to consider it by any means an unusual performance. Her companion, who was my neighbor at dinner, told of a man who, without much previous experience, had chosen it for his first essay in climbing. When he had reached the peak, with its shelving slabs of rock, and ladder of ice, he lost his head entirely, and the guides were obliged literally to carry him down, one of them placing his feet in the right spots, and the other holding him by the shoulders; this is a fine illustration of the strength, coolness, and pluck of these men.

Before attacking the Rothhorn we had sustained a defeat, or rather, we had made an ignominious and perhaps unnecessary retreat the day before.

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We had first undertaken the "Ober-Gabelhorn," which, although not quite as high or as expensive, is at times even more difficult. After passing the night at the "Trift" inn, two hours above Zermatt, we were obliged to give up the trip, as the weather had changed. We made a second expedition to the Trift on the following day, and at two in the morning we set out for the Gabelhorn again. Pietro shook his head doubtfully when he saw the quantity of snow on the rocks, and seemed reluctant about starting. During the halt for breakfast, at sunrise, on the rocks below the Gabelhorn glacier, we were joined by an English climber with a "record" and a vigorous pair of long legs. He had just come up from Zermatt without stopping at the Trift, and although his guides, who were both young and ambitious, seemed very doubtful about the success of the undertaking, he decided to keep on as far as possible, and we all began the ascent of the glacier at the same time. As we got higher up, the soft snow covering the ice-slopes became deeper, and Pietro became more despondent. Both of my guides finally halted, and declared that, although they were willing to keep on, they considered it a useless waste of strength, and were quite sure that it would be impossible to reach the summit in time to return before nightfall. Yielding to the advice of the older and more experienced guide, we turned back, not without regret, and concluded to devote the remainder of the day to prowling about on the lower summits, and to attack the Zinal-Rothhorn on the following night, as it appeared to be in better condition and less buried in snow. We had not proceeded far in our descent, looking back from time to time at our friends, who were still struggling upward through the deep drifts, when Pietro was seized with the qualms of indigestion, which accounted, in a measure, for his reluctance to go on. It is quite impossible for any man, however strong, to climb rocks when suffering from even the least touch of dyspepsia; one might as well engage in a prize-fight with a broken wrist.

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon that our friend returned to the inn, just as we were thinking of sending up after him, and narrated over his tea, and in a voice as husky as my own at the moment, how they had at last reached the "Gabel" after unusual exertion, and in spite of the overhanging cornices of snow, they had clambered up to the summit. The guide, who was still suffering from indigestion, was replaced by Peter Taugwalder (No. 2), and by 2 A.M. we were toiling up the steep and seemingly endless moraines below the Rothhorn glacier.

Now, while we are still half awake, and not wholly reconciled to being up and astir, it seems a fitting moment to make the admission that one of the least attractive features connected with the assault of any respectable peak, is the unearthly small hour at which one is routed out of bed, and compelled, for the sake of prudence, to swallow a substantial meal. When the previous night is passed on the straw of a "club hut" one may sometimes look forward to early rising without regret, but when, as at the Trift, one is luxuriously ensconced between sheets under a thick eiderdown, and the guides rap at the door at 1 A.M., it is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the condemned, when the entrance of the jailer before daylight admits of only one construction. Then one is inclined to turn over, with a vague sense of injury at the thought of the black cliffs sheathed in ice. But once out in the keen, clear air, well fortified by something hot inside, there comes to the climber a new sense of positive exhilaration at the prospect of the work before him, and the mere fact of being alive is in itself a source of rejoicing. Overhead the sky is cloudless and star-lit, with a waning moon, not powerful enough to illuminate the depths of shadow thrown across the valley by the heights behind, and for a long distance the path is undistinguishable save in the little circle of light cast by the lantern of the guide in front, so that one is obliged to mind his steps while picking his way from one bowlder to another. In front rises the ragged outline of the Gabelhorn, and the dark masses of rock which conceal the Rothhorn, all in the diffused and spectral light which comes just before dawn.

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Once out of the gloom and shadow, the lantern is extinguished; behind us, and beyond the vague darkness which still lurks in the ravine of the Trift, arise the spotless snows of the Monte Rosa chain, cutting sharply against the first pink flush of the sky. Then follows the matchless pageant of early dawn, and the sunrise, which has an impressive solemnity in these high latitudes unequalled elsewhere; more than once I have seen the guides halt in their steps and turn back to enjoy it, accustomed as they are to the spectacle, and it is always a pleasure to see in their rough-hewn, weather-beaten faces, the gleam of recognition which shows that they too are keenly alive to its beauty.

Long before this, the last regret at our enforced early rising has vanished; all other regrets and cares which may have followed us to Zermatt have been left behind and forgotten for the moment: most of them lurk among our belongings left at the hotel in Zermatt, and not one has followed us beyond the little room at the Trift. For the moment the one absorbing aim in life is to see the end of this interminable moraine — one could not but think of Dante's obscure wood:

"E quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura;"

and beyond the last of the moraine we mount the ice of the Rothhorn glacier. There is but little of it, and we come almost at once to the towering barrier of rocky precipice at the left, which is the first formidable outwork of the Rothhorn itself. Although we could not have been favored with a milder day for this promenade, the way up the vertical wall, which lay along the groove worn by a cataract, was covered with a thin coating of ice where the spray had frozen during the night. The staircase cut by another cascade a little farther on, was equally slippery; but after Biner had prospected a little he found a way which would conduct us to the more gentle slopes above. One of the chief beauties of this particular Rothhorn * is, that it does not give one much leisure for retrospection, but offers in rapid succession almost every variety of climbing necessary to keep one's interest from flagging. When we had gained the summit of the rocks, high above the glacier, we were confronted with a long and exceedingly steep slope of mingled snow and ice, where step-cutting was necessary in places, and one or two halts to gain breath, before we could reach the summit of the long, winding ridge which leads to the peak. Sharp points of rock pierce the snow in some places, but in front of us stretches away, in long perspective, the sharp arête which we must traverse, never straight or even, but sinuous, winding, alternately rising and falling; or hanging over in curving cornices, which we must avoid by long detours, so that it seems at times like being on the ridge-pole of some vast white cathedral. The snow has begun to melt a little, and it is not difficult to keep one's footing, but in places where the wind, by constant friction, has left only a knife-like edge the concentrated attention which is necessary becomes at last fatiguing, so that it is with a sense of relief that we descend steeply the end of the arête, and cautiously mount a slender bridge of snow, like a white flying buttress, supported from below by a spur or thin curtain of rock which runs out from the base of the peak.

We are now at the foot of the mighty pyramid of splintered rock, powdered in places with fresh snow, which rises in front to a discouraging height, and we can realize in a measure that there is work before us. Moving carefully across the slope, through loose snow and over rocks, we reach the steep and narrow couloir filled with ice by which we mount to the "saddle." Here the guides deposit their sacks and all superfluous articles, and we fortify ourselves with a third breakfast. In doing this sort of work one feels the need of a substantial banquet at least once every two hours. The place is a veritable saddle, for on the other side the slope is quite as steep, so that it is almost like sitting astride of a wall. Even the piollets are left behind, with the exception of Biner's, who takes the lead, and does the cutting. In places like this only a

* Near Zermatt alone there are three Rothhorns. The Unter-Rothhorn, 10,190 feet; Ober-Rothhorn, 11,214 feet, guides, 10 francs; Zinal-Rothhorn, 13,855 feet, guides, 80 francs.

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practised expert can carry his axe without being embarrassed by it, when both hands are needed, and where the best trained acrobat would be manifestly inferior to a Barbary ape. The thin wedge of rock on which we have been sitting stops at the foot of a wall; there is no difficulty in getting up, as the notches occur in the right places, and one gains a little extra confidence for what is before him. Now comes something quite different, a broad table-like surface of smooth rock, sloping downward with such a degree of convexity as to hide the base of the mountain below, and beyond its curving edge nothing is visible nearer than the glaciers of the Zinal valley. Too steep to walk across, and with little or no apparent irregularity of surface, it resembles the smooth rounded slope of a mansard roof. But a closer inspection discloses two or three transverse fissures, and one by one, with great caution, we manage to wriggle across, eel-like, depending on our fingers, elbows, and the friction of our clothes, but not at all on our feet. It is in reality much easier than it looks, as one feels instinctively where to bestow his weight. Upon the other side, some sharp jutting points of rock afford a safe anchorage where we may take breath for a moment, and looking upward contemplate the next bit of work. Although widely different in character, it is not a whit more inviting; a long and glassy ice-slope of exceeding steepness leads straight to the top of the ridge near the first peak; a narrow ledge or ridge of rock begins high up, and protruding through the ice, reaches about half-way down the slope; to gain this point is the object of the next effort. While Peter and I enjoy the well-earned luxury of indolence, Biner goes on and hacks away with his piollet, cutting a series of deep gashes in the hard ice; half-way to the lower end of the ledge, he reaches the end of his coil of rope, and shouts for us to come up. Leaving Peter to await his turn at the bottom, I mount this Jacob's ladder of ice as far as the rope will permit, there to wait until Biner has gained the rocks. To describe this slope as nearly vertical would be to exaggerate, but it certainly has the inclination of the average straight "mansard," and to walk would necessitate too much effort in keeping one's balance. Fortunately the steps are so deep that it is possible to rest an elbow in one, and a knee in another; the blows of the piollet above send down a shower of ice chips which fill up the steps as they are cut, and it becomes necessary to scoop them out with one's fingers. Meanwhile there is leisure to look around and enjoy the landscape; there is a remarkably fine view of the Dent Blanche, which seems to have borrowed very nearly the outline of the Matterhorn when seen from the Staffel Alp, but most of the scenery is down in the depths beyond and below the placid countenance of Peter, which stands out at the bottom of the ice slope, against the deep gulf of the Zinal Valley, for the smooth convexity of the slope effectually conceals everything between. Biner reaches the rocks, and we mount rapidly until we can lay hold of the first sharp ridge; at this point two or three slender cords * protrude from the ice; someone has evidently taken the trouble to fasten them before the ice had formed, but they are hardly strong enough to bear one's weight, and the rocks offer a more secure hold. It is not advisable, however, to attempt walking yet; as the rocks are stratified vertically they offer no transverse breaks in which to insert one's fingers, but the roughness of their surface is sufficient to allow of a firm hold. A short walk along the crest of the ridge leads us to the first of the two crags which form the summit, and the next step is a gymnastic performance in which some caution is advisable. This first peak runs up into a narrow wedge of rock crowned by thin, pointed

* This extract from the *Alpine Post*, a bright little Swiss journal (September 6, 1893), will show that such improvements do not always meet with the unqualified approval of the public. "One has been accustomed to look on the Dent Blanche as unlikely ever to be degraded by being bound in ropes and chains. But, alas! a party ascending it not long ago, found to their intense disgust that a rope had been fixed from the end of the traverse below the first 'Gendarme' to the arête. In this country it is illegal to remove anything such as ropes off a mountain, otherwise no doubt the cord would have been cut away then and there. . . . Climbers will remember the piece of ground covered by this rope. Our correspondent, when ascending the Dent Blanche, found this part of the mountain in the worst possible condition, and he does not hesitate to say that for an experienced party (and 'duffers' should not attack first-class peaks) there was no danger whatever, though great care was requisite in cutting the steps."

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slabs like a stone fence, or like gravestones, slanting outward, and overhanging the perpendicular wall on the Zermatt side which seemed so grand and impressive when we looked up at it from the snow arête below. Around and under these leaning slabs it is necessary to pass, one by one, placing our feet carefully in a little fissure like the gutter along a housetop, hugging the grave-stones which hang over us, and leaning backward until we overhang the abyss, some three thousand feet below. It is easy, however, to shift our hold from one slab to another, and where the fissure ceases there are little projecting points which afford secure footing. And then it is much more agreeable to hang over, back down, than in the reverse sense.

The guide in front having reached the end of this gallery, suddenly disappears through a gap in the wall, which is like an embrasure between two battlements of a fortress, barely wide enough for us to squeeze through, one by one; the passage descends steeply like a stairway encumbered with snow, and we come out on the Zinal side again. The last peak is just in front of us, but to reach it the way lies across a slender ice-bridge running upward to the peak at a decided angle. The accumulated snow hangs over the cornice in beautiful curves and rounded masses, fringed in places with long icicles, where it caps the wall on the Zermatt side. While Biner goes ahead and hacks out a passage with his piollet, there is barely time to scrawl a sketch of the situation in front,* and then with a brief scramble up the rocks beyond the cornice, we are on the summit. There is just room for two of us to sit on the same rock, and the third crouches below while we finish the provisions carried in our pockets, for the guides' sacks have been left on the "saddle," and the bulk of the supplies far below. Getting down is an easy matter at first, cautiously descending the cornice, along the gallery, which might be less agreeable on a cold day with a high wind, and we do not forget to exercise a certain amount of calm deliberation when we get to the steep ice-slope. Then comes the sloping rock, and here one cannot but envy the unerring judgment of that "expert" who figures so often in the pages of "Baedeker," and whose presumed superiority is particularly aggravating in the passages marked "for experts only, with the best guides." It is not so easy to find the projections or fissures as it was in getting up, and about halfway down, when Peter's head had disappeared below the verge, the last crevice seemed to have disappeared also, in the smooth surface of the rock. Hearing the hoarse voice of the guide behind I look up, and see that he has taken a turn of the rope around a rock, and has braced himself against it, so letting go I slide down to the bottom, and then down the ledge to the saddle. . . . It was sunset when we reached the glacier, and darkness overtook us before we got to the bottom of the moraines, and the Trift valley. A light far below, which we at first mistook for the window of the inn, proved to be the lantern of the hotel-keeper who had come out to meet us. We had been out over seventeen hours in all; and the unexpected depth of the snow must in any case have added several hours to the usual time. It was our intention to keep on to Zermatt that night, but having feasted royally, and quenched our thirst, no one seemed disposed to carry out the valiant intentions of an hour ago. Moreover, we may have remembered at that moment the sad fate of the German climber who, having scaled one of the giants, was proceeding homeward at night, down an actual path, by lantern light, when he stumbled and fell into a gulley a few feet below, with most

* For those sketches illustrating climbing episodes, the writer does not claim topographical accuracy, since most of them were materialized from hasty notes, and aim merely to render his own impressions at the moment. The one showing the last snow cornice on the Rothhorn was, however, made from a more careful scrawl, and the main lines were closely followed, as there was an opportunity to do this while the leader was cutting steps. There are many places where a small camera may be used, and there are others where it would be extremely injudicious to allow one's attention to wander from the work in hand, and they are precisely the places where an amateur would want to make a snap-shot. It is no more than fair to consider the guides at such moments, and unless one is a member of the C. A., and presumably "à la hauteur de la situation" (whatever it may be), or is as clever an acrobat as the man at the Folies Bergère, who changes his clothes on a tight rope and breaks moving glass bulbs with a Winchester at the same time, he had better be content with doing one thing well, and to remember that *there is no net under him.*

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unpleasant results—and we concluded then not to face the dangers of the path down the Trift valley before daylight.

V.

Between the guides of Zermatt, Evolena, and other centres of Alpinism in the Valais, it would be somewhat invidious to make any distinction; but those whose portraits are here given have accompanied the writer on many excursions, and although each one of them has had more favorable opportunities of showing his prowess, they are all men whose strength, endurance, and general capacity are equal to any emergency. It would be hardly doing fair justice to the reader, as well as to the subject, to show only the bright side of it, and not to make the admission that it has a seamy side as well. With the yearly increase of travel, many charming excursions which were easy to make a few years ago, are becoming more difficult—the hap-hazard wandering with a knapsack from one valley to another, when one was always sure of finding a bed somewhere. In the Tyrol, for instance, where comfortable hotels are rarer, the pedestrian had better take along a shelter-tent and proceed on an independent basis. It was the writer's experience this last season to enter the valley of Sulden (near Meran) over a high pass where both he and the guide were well drenched by a sudden storm of rain and sleet, and upon arrival in the village they were unable to find sleeping accommodations, or even a place to change their clothing, the few cabarets which did duty as hotels being crammed with German and Austrian tourists. When one has only a brief space of time, a fortnight or three weeks, to spend among the giants, he may as well make up his mind to take what comes in his way, and not to set his heart upon any particular one, least of all on the uncertain and capricious "Dent Blanche," and to have some other alternative, some other seductive programme in view by way of compensation, should he chance upon a season of bad weather. When one is fairly penned up and snow-bound in some high and desolate valley, there is nothing for him to do but watch the dance of the merry snow-flakes through the window-panes, in the privacy of his own quarters, where the pattern of the wall-paper, should there be any, is often exasperating to his vexed spirit, and afflicts him as an additional grievance if he is at all susceptible to harmony of color; or he may hang over the stove in the common room, wrapped in an ulster, and try to find oblivion in the pages of the "London, Chatham & Dover Railway Guide," or hunt for the missing pages of the "pension novel." It is then that he will think of Pallanza, where the summer still lingers, of long pulls on the lake, and breakfast in the vine-roofed portico of some little albergo on the shore—of Venice, and the swimmers at the Lido—and if he does not care to retrace his steps back to the starting-point, he will find a porter to carry his bag over one or two of the minor passes, where fresh snow has covered the green pasture slopes and has drifted neck-deep on the cols; and thence down to the Valley of Gressonny or the Val Sesia, and so on to the chestnut-woods and the sunshine.

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXX.

BY RAIL.

EVERYBODY felt playful, and nearly everybody coquettish. When Sister Proudfit, in response to some sly gallantry of Garnet's, used upon him a pair of black eyes, he gave her the whole wealth of his own. He must have overdone the matter, for the next moment he found Fannie's eyes levelled directly on him. She withdrew them with a casual remark to Barbara, yet not till they had said to him, in solemn silence:

"You villain, that time I saw you!"

Mrs. March had pushed cheerily into the rear Suez coach. Away from home and its satieties no one could be more easily or thoroughly pleased. Her son said the forward coach was better, but in there she had sighted Fannie and Barbara, and so——

"There's more room in here," she insisted, with sweet buoyancy.

Hamlet Graves rose. "Here, Cousin Daphne!" His brother Lazarus stood up with him.

"Here, John, your maw'll feel better if you're a-sett'n' by her."

But she urged the seat, with coy temerity, upon Mr. Ravenel.

"How well she looks in mourning," remarked two Blackland County ladies. "Yes, she's pretty yet; what a lovely smile."

"Don't go 'way," she exclaimed, with hostile alarm, as John turned toward the coach's front. He said he would not, and chose a standing-place where he could watch a corner of Fannie's distant hat.

"You won't see many fellows of his age staying with their mothers by choice instead o' running off after the girls," commented one of the Blackland matrons, and the other replied:

"They haven't all got such mothers!"

Mrs. March was enjoying herself. "But, Mr. Ravenel," she said, putting off part of her exhilaration, "you've really no right to be a bachelor." She smiled aslant.

"My dear lady," he murmured, "people who live in gla——"

She started and tried to look sour, but grew sweeter. He became more grave. "You're still young," he said, paused, and then—"You're a true Daphne, but you haven't gone all to laurel yet. I wish—I wish I could feel half as young as you look; I might hope"—he hushed, sighed, and nerved himself.

"Why, Mr. Ravenel!" She glanced down with a winsome smile. "I'm at least old enough to—to stay as I am if I choose?"

"Possibly. But you needn't if you

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don't choose." He folded his arms as if to keep them from doing something rash.

Mrs. March bit her lip. "I can't imagine who would ever"—she bit it again. "Mr. Ravenel, do you remember those lines of mine—

"'O we women are so blind'?"

"Yes. But don't call me Mr. Ravenel."

"Why, why not?"

"It sounds so cold." He shuddered.

"It isn't meant so. It's not in my nature to be cold. It's you who are cold." She hushed as abruptly as a locust. A large man, wet with the heat, stood saluting. Mr. Ravenel rose and introduced Mr. Gamble, president of the road, a palpable, rank Westerner; whereupon it was she who was cold. Mr. Gamble praised the "panorama gliding by."

"Yes." She glanced out over the wide, hot, veering landscape that rose and sank in green and yellow slopes of corn, cotton, and wheat. The president fanned his soaking shirt-collar, and Mrs. March, with a palm-leaf fan.

"Mercury ninety-nine in Pulaski City," he said to Ravenel, and showed a telegram. Mr. Ravenel began to ask if he might introduce——

"Mr. March! Well, you *have* changed since the day you took Major Garnet and Mr. Fair and *I* to see that view in the mounhns! If anybody'd a-told me that I'd ever be president of—Thanks, no, sir." He wouldn't sit. He'd just been sitting and talking, he said, "with the two beauties, Miss Halliday and Miss Garnet." Didn't Mrs. March think them such?

She confessed they looked strong and well, and sighed an unresentful envy.

"Yes," said he, "they do, and I wouldn't give two cents on the dollar for such as don't."

Mrs. March smiled dyingly on John, and said she feared her son wouldn't either. John looked distressed and then laughed; but the president declared her the picture of robust health. This did not seem to please her entirely, and so he added,

"You've got to be, to write good poetry. It must be lots of fun, Mrs. March, to dash off a rhyme just to while away the time—ha, ha, ha! My wife often writes poetry when she feels tired and lazy. I know that whirling this way through this beautiful country is inspiring you right now to write half a dozen poems. I'd like to see you on one of those lovely hillsides in fine frenzy rolling"—He said he meant her eye.

The poetess blushed. A whimper of laughter came from somewhere, but one man put his head quickly out of a window and another stooped for something very hard to pick up, while John explained that crowds and dust were no inspiration to his mother, who was here to-day purely for his sake. She sat in limp revery with that faint shade on her face which her son believed meant patience. He and the president moved a reverent step aside.

"I hear," said Gamble, in a business undertone, "that your school's a success."

"Not financially," replied John, gazing into the forward coach.

"Mr. March, why don't you colonize your lands? You can do it, now the railroad's here."

"I would, sir, if I had the capital."

"Form a company! They furnish the money, you furnish the land. How'd I build this road? I hadn't either money or lands. Why, if your lands were out West"—the speaker turned to an eavesdropper, saying, sweetly, "This conversation is private, sir," but with a look as if he would swallow him without sauce or salt.

John mused. "My mother has such a dislike"—he hesitated.

"I know," the president smiled, "the ladies are all that way. If a thing's theirs it just makes 'em sick to see anybody else make anything out of it. I speak from experience. They'll die poor, keeping property enough idle to make a dozen men rich. What's a man to do? Now, you"—a long pause, eye to eye—"your lands won't colonize themselves."

"Of course not," mused John.

The president showed two cigars. "Would you like to go to the smoking-car?"

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March glanced toward his mother. She was looking to her two kinsmen with such sweet sprightliness that he had trouble to make her see his uplifted cigar. She met his parting smile with a gleam of terror and distrust, but he shook his head and reddened as Hamlet winked at Lazarus.

"It means some girl," observed one of the Blackland matrons.

"Well, I hope it does," responded the other.

"Wait," said the giver of the cigar, "we're stopping for wood and water. It'll be safer to go round this front coach than through it." John thought it would not, but yielded.

"Now, Mr. March," they stood near the water-tank—"if you could persuade your mother to give you full control, and let you get a few strong men to go in with you—see? They could make you—well—secretary!—with a salary; for, of course, you'd have to go into the thing hot, yourself. You'd have to push like smoke!"

"Of course," said John, squaring his handsome figure; as if he always went in hot, and as if smoke was the very thing he had pushed like, for years.

"I shouldn't wonder if you and I"—Gamble began again, but the train started, they took the smoker and found themselves with Halliday, Shotwell, Proudfit, and a huge Englishman, round whom the other three were laughing.

XXXI.

JOHN INSULTS THE BRITISH FLAG.

THE Briton had seen, on the far edge of Suez, as they were leaving the town, a large building.

"A nahsty brick thing on top a dirty yellow hill," he said; what was it?

"That?" said Shotwell, "that's faw ow colo'ed youth o' both sexes. That's Suez University."

"Univer—what bloody nonsense!"

All but March ha-haed. "We didn't name it!" laughed the Captain.

John became aware that some one in a remote seat had bowed to him. He looked, and the salute came again, unctuous and obsequious. He coldly responded and frowned, for the men he was with had seen it.

Proudfit touched the Briton. "In the last seat behind you you'll see the University's spawnsor; that's Leggett, the most dangerous demagogue in Dixie."

"Is that your worst?" said the Englishman; "ye should know some of ours!"

"O, yes, seh," exclaimed Shotwell, "of co'se ev'y country's got 'em bad enough. But here, seh, we've not on'y the dahkey's natu'al-bawn rascality to deal with, but they natu'l-bawn stupidity to boot. Evm Gen'l Halliday'll tell you that, seh."

"Yes," said the General, with superior cheerfulness, "though sometimes the honors are easy."

"O, I allow we don't always outwit em"—everybody laughed—"but sometimes we just haf to."

"To save out-shooting them," suggested the General.

"O, I hope we about done with that."

"But you're not sure," came the quick retort.

"No, seh," replied the sturdy Captain, "we're not shore. It rests with them." He smoked.

"Go on, Shot," said the General, "you were going to give an instance."

"Yes, seh. Take Leggett, in the case o' this so-called University."

"That's hardly a good example," remarked Proudfit, who, for Dixie's and Susie's sake, regretted that Shotwell was talking so much and he so little.

"Let him alone," said Halliday, thoroughly pleased, and Shotwell went on stoutly.

"The concern was started by Leggett an' his gang—excuse my careless terms, Gen'l—as the public high-school. They made it ve'y odious to ow people by throwin' it wide open to both ra-aces instead o' havin' a sep'ate one faw whites. So of co'se none but dahkeys went to it, an' they jest filled it jam up."

"What did the whites do?" asked the Briton.

"Why, what *could* they do, seh? You know how ow people ah. That's right where the infernal outrage come in. Such as couldn't affode to go to Rosemont aw Montrose jest had to stay at home!" The speaker looked at John, who colored and bit his cigar.

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"So as soon as ow crowd got control of affairs we'd a' shut the thing up, on'y faw Jeff-Jack. Some Yankee missiona'y teachers come to him an' offe'd to make it a college an' spend ten thousand dollahs on it if the State would on'y go on givin' it hafe o' the three counties' annual high-school funds."

The Englishman frowned perplexedly and Proudfit put in—

"That is, three thousand a year from our three counties' share of the scrip on public lands granted Dixie by the Federal Government."

"Expressly for the support of public schools," said General Halliday, and March listened closer than the foreigner, for these facts were newer to John.

"Still," said March, "the State furnishes the main support of public education."

"No," responded Shotwell, "you're wrong there, John; we changed that. The main suppote o' the schools is left to the counties an' townships."

"That's stupid, all round," promptly spoke the Briton.

"I thought," exclaimed John, resentfully, "we'd changed our State constitution so's to forbid the levy of any school tax by a county or township except on special permission of the legislature."

"So you have," laughed the General.

"The devil!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"O, we had to do that," interposed Proudfit again, and Gamble testified,

"You see, it's the property-holder's only protection."

"Then Heaven help his children's children," observed the traveller. John showed open disgust, but the General touched him and said, "Go on, Shotwell."

"Well, seh, we didn't like the missiona'y's proposition. We consid'ed it fah betteh to transfeh oveh that three thousan' a year to Rosemont, entire; which we did so. Pub—? No, seh, Rosemont's not public, but it really rep'esents ow people, which, o' co'se, the otheh don't."

"Public funds to a private concern," quietly commented the Englishman—"that's a steal." John March's blood began to boil.

"O," cried Shotwell—"ow people—who pay the taxes—infinitely rather Rosemont should have it."

"I see," responded the Briton, in such a tone that John itched to kick him.

"Well, seh," persisted the narrator, "you should 'a' heard Leggett howl faw a divvy!" All smiled. "Worst of it was—what? Wha'd you say, Gen'l?"

"He had the constitution of the State to back him."

"He hasn't now! Well, seh, the bill faw this ve'y ra-ailroad was in the house. Leggett swo' it shouldn't even so much as go to the gove'neh to sign *aw* to veto till that fund—seh? annual, yes, seh—was divided at least evm, betwix Rosemont an' the Suez high school."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, seh"—the Captain became blithe—"Jeff-Jack sent faw him—you remembeh that night, Pres*ident* Gamble—this was the second bill—ayfteh the first had been vetoed—an' said, s'e, Leggett, if I give you my own word that you'll get yo' fifteen hund'ed a year as soon as this new bill passes, will you vote faw it?—'Yass, seh,' says Leggett—an' he did!"

Proudfit laughed with manly glee and offered no other interruption.

"Well, seh, then it come Jeff-Jack's turn to keep his word the best he could."

"Which he's done," said Gamble.

"Yes, Jeff-Jack got still anotheh bill brought in an' pa-assed. It give the three thousan' to Rosemont entieh, an' authorized the three counties to raise the fifteen hund'ed a year by county tax." The Captain laughed.

"Silly trick," said the Englishman, grimly.

"Why, the dahkeys got they fifteen hund'ed!"

"Don't they claim twenty-two fifty?"

"Well, they jess betteh not!"

"Rascally trick!"

"Sir," said John, "Mr. Ravenel is my personal friend. If you make another such comment on his actions I shall treat it as if made on mine."

"Come, come!" exclaimed Gamble, commandingly; "we can't have——"

"You'll have whatever I give, sir!"

Three or four men half rose, smiling excitedly, but sank down again.

"You think, sir," insisted John, to the Englishman's calmly averted face, "that

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being in a free country—" he dashed off Shotwell's remonstrant hand.

"'Tain't a free country at all," said the Briton to the outer landscape. "There's hardly a corner in Europe but's freer."

"Ireland, for instance," sneered John.

"Ireland be damned," responded the foreigner, still looking out the window. "Go tell your nurse to give you some bread and butter."

John leaped and swept the air with his open palm. Gamble's clutch half arrested it in front, Shotwell hindered it from behind, neither quite stopped it.

"Did he slap him?" eagerly asked a dozen men standing on the seats.

"He barely touched him," was the disappointed reply of one.

"Thank the Lawd faw evm that little!" responded another.

Shotwell pulled March away, Halliday following. Near the rear door——

"Johnnie," began the General, with an air of complete digression, but at the woebegone look that came into the young man's face, the old soldier burst into a laugh. John whisked around to the door and stood looking out, though seeing nothing, bitter in the thought that not for the Englishman's own sake, but for the sake of the British capital coveted by Suez, a gentleman and a Rosemonter was forbidden to pay him the price of his insolence.

"I'd like to pass," presently said someone behind him. He started and Gamble went by.

"May I detain you a moment, sir?" said John.

The president frowned. "What is it?"

"In our passage of words just now—I was wrong."

"Yes, you were. What of it?"

"I regret it."

"I can't use your regrets," said the railroad man. He moved to go. "If you want to see me about——"

John smiled. "No, sir, I'd rather never set eyes on you again."

As the Westerner's fat back passed into the farther coach his response came—

"What you want ain't manners, it's gumption." The door slammed for emphasis.

March presently followed, full of shame and indignation and those unutterable wailings with which youth, so often, has to be born again into manhood. Gamble had rejoined the Garnet group. John bowed affably to all, smiled to Fannie and passed. Garnet still sat with Mrs. Proudfit behind the others, and John, as he went by, was, for some cause supplied by this pair, startled, angered anew, and for the time being benumbed by conflicting emotions. He found his mother still talking joyously with the Graveses, who were unfamiliar with the graceful art of getting away. He found a seat in front of them, and sat stiff beside a man who drowsed.

"I'm a hopeless fool," he thought, "a fool in anger, a fool in love. A fool even in the eyes of that idiot of a railroad president in yonder smirking around Fannie.

"They'll laugh at me together, I suppose. O, Fannie, why can't I give you up? I know you're a flirt. Jeff-Jack knows it. I solemnly believe that's why he doesn't ask you to marry him!

"Yes, they're probably all laughing at me by now. O, was ever mortal man so utterly alone! And these people think what makes me so is this silly temper. They say it! Mother assures me they say it! I believe I could colonize our lands if it wa'n't for that. O, I will colonize them! I'll do it all alone. If that jackanapes could open this road I can open our lands. Whatever he used I can use; whatever he did I can do!"

"Sir?" said the neighbor at his elbow, "O excu—I thought you spoke."

"Hem! No, I was merely clearing my throat.

"I can do it. I'll do it alone She shall see me do it—they shall all see. I'll do it alone—all alone——"

He caught the steel-shod rhythm of the train and said over and over with ever bigger and more bitter resolution, "I'll do it alone—I'll do it alone!"

Then he remembered Garnet.

XXXII.

TO SUSIE—FROM PUSSIE.

On the return trip Garnet sat on the arm of almost every seat except Fannie's.

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"No, sir; no, keep your seat!" He wouldn't let anybody be "disfurnished" for him! Proudfit had got the place next his wife and thought best to keep it.

"Mr. Fair," said Garnet, "I'd like you to notice how all this region was made in ages past. You see how the rocks have been broken and tossed"—etc.

"Mr. Fair"—the same speaker—"I *wish* you'd change your mind and stay a week with us. Come, spend it at Rosemont. It's vacation, you know, and Barb and I shan't have a thing to do but give you a good time; shall we, Barb?"

"It will give us a good time," said Barb. Her slow, cadenced voice, steady eye, and unchallenging smile charmed the young Northerner. He had talked about her to Fannie at luncheon and pronounced her "unusual."

"Why, really"—he began, looked up at Garnet and back again to Barbara. Garnet bent over him confidentially.

"Just between us I'd like to advise with you about something I've never mentioned to a soul. That is about sending Barb to some place North to sort o' round out her education and character in a way that—it's no use denying it, though it would never do for me to say so—a way that's just impossible in Dixie, sir."

The young man remembered Barbara's mother and was silent.

"Well, Barb, Mr. Fair will go home with us for a day or two, anyhow," Garnet was presently authorized to say. "I must go into the next car a moment——"

John March, meditating on this very speaker with growing anger, saw him come. Garnet entered, beaming.

"Howdy, John, my son; I couldn't let you and Sister March——"

March had stepped before his mother. He spoke in a deep murmur.

"I'm not your son, sir. My mother's not your sister."

"Why, what in thun— why, John, I don't know whether to be angry or to laugh."

"Don't you dare to do either. Go back to that other man's——"

"Speak more softly, for heaven's sake, Mr. March, and don't look so, or you'll do me a wrong that may cost us both our lives!"

"Cheap enough," said the youth, with a smile.

"You've made a ridiculous mistake, John. Before God I'm as innocent of any——"

"Before God, Major Garnet, you lie. If you deny it again I'll accuse you publicly. Go back and fondle the hand of that other man's wife; but don't ever speak to my mother again. If you do, I—I'll shoot you on sight."

"I'll call you to account for this, sir," said Garnet, moving to go.

"You're lying again," was John's bland reply, and he turned to his seat.

"Why, John," came the mother's sweet complaint, "I wanted to see Brother Garnet."

"Oh! I'm sorry," said the complaisant son.

Garnet paused on the coach's platform to get rid of his tremors. "He'll not tell," he said aloud, the uproar of wheels drowning his voice. "He's too good a Rosemonter to tattle. At first I thought he'd got on the same scent as Cornelius.

"Thank God, that's one thing there's no woman in, anyhow. O me, O me! If that tipsy nigger would only fall off this train and break his neck!

"And here's *this* calf to live in daily dread of. O dear, O *dear*, I ought to a-had more sense. It's all her fault; she's pure brass. They call youth the time of temptation—Good Lord! Why youth's armored from head to heel in its invincible ignorance. O me! Well—I'll pay him for it if it takes me ten years."

John's complacency had faded with the white heat of his anger, and he sat chafing in spirit while his elbow neighbor slept in the shape of an N. Across the car he heard Parson Tombs explaining to the Graves brethren and Sister March that Satan—though sometimes corporeal—and in that case he might be either unicorporeal or multicorporeal—and at other times incorporeal—as he might choose and Providence permit—and, mark you, he might be both at once on occasion—was by no means omnipresent, but only ubiquitous.

Lazarus supposed a case: "He might

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be in both these cabs at once an' yet not on the platfawm between 'em."

"It's mo' than likely!" said the aged pastor, no one meaning anything sly. Yet to some people a parson's smiling mention of the devil is always a good joke, and the Graves laughed, as we may say. Not so, Sister March; she never laughed at the prince of darkness, nor took his name in vain. She spoke, now, of his "darts."

"No, Sister March, I reckon his darts, fifty times to one, ah turned aside fum us by the *providence* that's round us, not by the po' little patchin' o' grace that's in us."

John's heart jumped. Garnet looked in and beckoned him out. He went.

"John"—the voice was tearful—"I offer my hand in penitent gratitude." John took it. "Yes, my dear boy, my feet had well-nigh slipped."

"I oughtn't to have spoken as I did, Major Garnet."

"It was the word of the Lord, John. It saved me and my spotless name! The mistake had just begun, in mere play, but it might have grown into actual sin—of impulse, I mean, of course—not of action; my life-long correctness of——"

"Oh, I'm sure of that, sir! I only wish *I*——"

"God bless you! I've a good notion to tell your mother this whole thing, John, just to make her still prouder of you." He squeezed the young man's hand. "But I reckon for other's sakes we'd better not breathe it."

"O, I think so, sir! I promise——"

"You needn't have promised, John. Your think-so was promise enough. And a mighty good thing for us all it's so. For, John March, you're the hope of Suez!

"You've got the key of all our fates in your pocket, John—you and your mother now, and you when you come into full charge of the estate next year. That's why Jeff-Jack's always been so willing to help me to help you on. But never mind that, only—beware of new friends. When they come fawning on you with offers to help you develop the resources of Widewood, you tell 'em——"

"That I'm going to develop them myself, alone."

"N-n-no—not quite that. O, you couldn't! You've no idea what a—why, *I* couldn't do it *with* you, without Jeff-Jack's help, nor he without mine! Why, just see what a failure the effort to build this road was, until"—the locomotive bellowed.

"Half-an-hour late, and slowing up again!" exclaimed John. He knew the parson's wife was pressing his mother to spend the night with them, and he was afraid of having his soul asked after. "Why do we stop here, hardly a mile from town?"

"It's to let my folks off. They're going to walk over to the pike while I go on for the carriage and drive out; they and Jeff-Jack and the Hallidays."

The train stopped where a beautiful lane crossed the track between two fenced fields. Fair and Barbara alighted and stood on a flowery bank with the sun glowing in some distant tree-tops behind them. Fannie leaned from the train, took both Jeff-Jack's uplifted hands and fluttered down upon rebounding tiptoes; the bell sounded, the scene changed, and John murmured to himself in heavy agony,

"He's going to ask her! O, Fannie, Fannie, if you'd only say no! If you'd only refuse to say yes, and give me three years to show what I can do! But he's going to ask her before that sun goes down, and what's she going to say?"

XXXIII.

INFORMATION FOR SALE.

"Hope of Suez!" Garnet felt he had spoken just these three words too many. "Overtalked myself again," he said to himself while chatting with others; "a liar always does. But he shall pay for this. Ah, me!"

He was right. The young man would have sucked down all his flattery but for those three words. Yet on one side they were true, and March guiltily felt them so as, looking at his mother, he thought again of that deep store of the earth's largess lying under their unfruitful custody. Suez and her three counties would have jeered the gaudy name from Lover's Leap to Libertyville, though

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had they guessed better the meaning of the change into which a world's progress was irresistibly pushing them, whoever owned Widewood must have stood for some of their largest wishes and hopes, and they would have ceased to hobble and deride the blessed mutation with that root of so many world-wide evils—the calling still private what the common need has made public. The ghost of this thought flitted in John's mind, but would not be grasped or beckoned to the light.

"I wish I could think," he sighed, but he could only think of Fannie. The train stopped. The excursionists swarmed forth. The cannon belched out its thunderous good-byes, and John went for his horse and buggy, promising to give word for Garnet's equipage to be sent to him.

"I must mind Johanna and her plunder," said the Major; "but I'll look after your mother too." And he did so, though he found time to part fondly with the Proudfits.

"He won't do," thought John, as he glanced back from a rise of ground. "Fannie's right. And she's right about me, too; the only way to get her is to keep away till I've shown myself fit for her; that's what she means; of course she can't say so; but I'm satisfied that's what she means!"

He passed two drunken men. Here in town at the end of Suez's wedding so many had toasted it so often, it was as if Susie's own eyes were blood-shot and her steps uncertain. "It's my wedding, too," he soliloquized. "This Widewood business and I are married this day; it alone, to me alone, till it's finished. Garnet shall see whether—humph!—Jake, my horse and buggy!" And soon he was rattling back down the stony slopes toward his mother.

"Hope of Suez!" he grimly laughed. "We'll be its despair if we don't get something done. And I've got to do it alone. Why shouldn't I? Yes, it's true, times have changed; and yet if this was ever rightly a private matter in my father's hands, I can't see why it has or why it should become a public matter in mine!"

He said this to himself the more emphatically because he felt, somehow, very uncertain about it. He wished his problem was as simple as a railroad question. A railroad can ask for public aid; but fancy him asking public aid to open and settle up his private lands! He could almost hear Susie's horse-laugh in reply. Why should she not laugh? He recalled with what sweet unboastful tone his father had always condemned every scheme and symptom of riding on public shoulders into private fortune. In the dear *old* Dixie there had been virtually no public, and every gentleman was by choice his own and only public aid, no matter what—"Look out!"

He hauled up his horse. A man pressed close to the side of the halted buggy, to avoid a huge telegraph-pole that came by quivering between two timber wheels. He offered John a freckled, yellow hand, and a smile of maudlin fondness.

"Mr. Mahch, I admiah to salute you ag'in, seh. *Hasn't* we had a glo'ious day? It's the mos' obtainable day Susie eveh see, seh!"

"Well, 'pon my soul!" said John, ignoring the proffered hand. "If I'd seen who it was, I'd 'a' driven straight over you." Both laughed. "Cornelius, did you see my mother waiting for me down by the tracks?"

"I did, seh. Thah she a-settin' on a pile o' ceda'-tree poles, lookin' like the las' o' pea-time—p-he-he-he!

"Majo' Gyarnit? O yass, seh, he thah, too. Thass how come I lingud thah, seh, yass, seh, in espiration o' Johanna. Mr. Mahch, I loves that creatu' yit, seh!—I means Johanna."

"Oh!—not Major Garnet," laughed John, gathering the reins.

Cornelius sputtered with delight, and kept between the wheels. "Mr. Mahch,"—he straightened, solemnly, and held himself sober—"I was jess about to tell you what I jess evise Majo' Gyarnit espressin' to yo' maw—jess accidental as I was earwhilin' aroun' Johanna, you know."

"What was it? What did he say?"

"O, it wan't much, what he say. He say, Sis' Mahch, you e'zac'ly right. Don't you on no account paht with so much's a' acre o' them lan's, lessn——"

"Lord!—the lands—take care for the wheel."

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But Mr. Leggett leaned heavily on the buggy. "Mr. Mahch, I evince an' repose you in confidence to wit: that long as you do like Gyarnit say——"

John gave a stare of menace. "Major Garnet, if you please."

"Yass, seh, o' co'se; Majo' Gyarnit. I say, long as you do like he say, Widewood stay jess like it is, an' which it suit him like grapes suit a coon!" The informant's booziness had returned. One foot kept slipping from a spoke of the fore-wheel. With pretence of perplexity he examined the wheel. "Mr. Mahch, this wheel sick; she mighty sick; got to see blacksmiff befo' she can eveh see Widewood."

John looked. The word was true. He swore. The mulatto snickered, sagged against it and cocked his face importantly,

"Mr. Mahch, if you an' me was on'y in cahoots! En we *kin* be, seh, we kin—why, hafe o' yo' lan's 'u'd be public lan's in no time, an' the res' 'u'd belong to a stawk comp'ny, an' me'n you 'u'd be a-cuttin' off kewponds an' a-drivin' fas' hawses an' a-drinkin' champagne suppuz, an' champagne faw ow real frien's an' real pain faw ow sham frien's, an' plenty o' both kine—thah goes Majo' Gyarnit's kerrige to him." It passed.

"But, why, Cornelius, should it suit Major Garnet for my lands to lie idle?"

"Mr. Mahch, has you neveh inspec' the absence o' green in my eye? It suit him faw a reason known on'y to yo's truly, yit which the said yo's truly would accede to transfawm to you, seh; yass, seh; in considerations o' us goin' in cahoots, aw else a call loan, an' yit mo' stric'ly a call-ag'in loan, a sawt o' continial fee, yass, seh; an' the on'y question, how much kin you make it?"

John looked into the upturned face for some seconds before he said, slowly and pleasantly, "Why, you dirty dog!" He gave the horse a cut of the whip. Leggett, smiling and staggering, called after him, to the delight of all the street,

"Mr. Mahch, thass confidential, you know! An' Mr. Mahch! Woe! Mr. Mahch." John glanced fiercely back—"You betteh 'zamine that *hine* wheel! caze it jess now pa-ass oveh my foot!"

XXXIV.

RAVENEL ASKS.

THE Garnet carriage, Johanna on the back seat, came smartly up through the town, past Parson Tombs's, the Halliday cottage, and silent Montrose Academy, and was soon parted from the Marchs' buggy, which followed with slower dignity and a growing limp.

"Well, Johanna," said Garnet, driving, "had a good time?"

"Yass, seh."

"What's made Miss Barb so quiet all day; doesn't she like our friend?"

The answer was a bashful drawl—"I reckon she like' him tol'able, seh."

"If you think Miss Barb would be pleased, you can change to this seat beside me, Johanna." The master drew rein and she made the change. He spoke again. "You saw me, just now, talking with Cornelius, didn't you?"

"Yass, seh."

"His wife's dead, at last."

No answer.

"Johanna," he turned a playful eye, "what makes you so hard on Cornelius!"

She replied with a white glance of alarm and turned away. He would have pressed the subject but she murmured,

"Dah Miss Barb."

Barbara sat on a bare ledge of rock above the roadside, platting clovers. Fair stood close below, watching her fingers. She sprang to her feet.

"What did keep you so?" She moved to where Fair had stopped to hand her down, but laughed, turned away, waved good-by to Fannie and Ravenel out in a field full of flowers and western sunlight, and ran around by an easier descent to the carriage. Fair helped her in.

"Homeward bound," she said, and they spun away. As they turned a bend in the pike she glanced back with a carefully careless air, but saw only their own dust.

John, driving beside his mother, with eyes on the infirm wheel, was very silent, and she was very limp. The

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buggy top was up for privacy. By and by he heard a half-spoken sound at his side, and turning, saw her eyes full of tears.

"O, thunder!" he thought, but only said, "Why, mother, what's the matter?"

"Ah! my son, that's what I wonder. Why have you shunned me all day? Am I——"

"There's the Tombses waiting at their gate," interrupted the son. The aged pair had hurried away from the train on foot to have their house open for Sister March.

"Yes," said Daphne, sweetly yielding herself to their charge, "John's fierce driving has damaged a wheel, and we won't——"

"Go home till morning," said the delighted pastor with a tickled laugh that drew from his wife a glance of fond approval.

John drove alone to a blacksmith shop and left his buggy there and his horse at a stable. For the blacksmith lay across his doorsill, "sick." He had been mending rigs and shoeing critters since dawn, and had drunk from a jug something he had thought was water and found it—"wusn't."

March sauntered off lazily to a corner where the lane led westward like the pike, turned into it and ran at full speed.

With a warm face he came again into the main avenue at a point nearly opposite the Hallidays' cottage gate. General Halliday and the Englishman were just going through it.

John turned toward the sun-setting at a dignified walk. "I'm a fool to come out here," he thought. "But I must see at once what Jeff-Jack thinks of my plan. Will he tell me the truth, or will he trick me as they say he did Cornelius? O I must ask him, too, if he did that! I can't help it if he is with her; I must see him. I don't want to see her; at least, that's not what I'm out here for. I'm done with her—for a while; Heaven bless her!—but I must see him, so's to know what to propose to mother."

The day was dying in exquisite beauty. Long bands of pale green light widened up from the west. Along the hither slope of a ridge someone was burning off his sedge-grass. The slender red lines of fire, beautiful after passion's sort, but dimming the field's fine gold, were just reaching the crest to die by a roadside. The objects of his search were nowhere to be seen.

A short way off on the left lay a dense line of young cedars and pines, nearly parallel with the turnpike. A footpath, much haunted in term-time by Montrose girls, and leading ultimately to the rear of the Academy grounds, lay in the clover-field beyond this thicket. John mounted a fence and gazed far and near. Opposite him in the narrow belt of evergreens was a scarcely noticeable opening, so deeply curved that one would get almost through it before the view opened on the opposite side. He leaped into the field, ran to this gap, burst into the open beyond, and stopped, hat in hand—speechless. His quest was ended.

Not ten steps away stood two lovers who had just said that fearfully sweet "mine" and "thine" that keeps the world a-turning. Ravenel's right arm was curved over Fannie's shoulder and about her waist. His left hand smoothed the hair from her uplifted brow, and his kiss was just lighting upon it.

The blood leaped to his face, but the next instant he sunk his free hand into his pocket and smiled. John's face was half-anger, half-anguish.

"Pleasant evening," said Ravenel.

"For you, sir." John bowed austerely. "I will not mar it. My business can wait." He gave Fannie a grief-stricken look and was hurrying off.

"John March," cried Ravenel, in a voice breaking with laughter, "come right back here, sir." But the youth only threw up an arm in tragic disdain and kept on.

"John," called a gentler voice, and he turned. "Don't leave us so," said Fannie. "You'll make me unhappy if you do." She had drawn away from her lover's arm. She put out a hand.

"Come, tell me I haven't lost my best friend."

John ran to her, caught her hand in both his and covered it with kisses. Ravenel stood smiling and breaking a twig slowly into bits.

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"There, there, that's extravagant," said Fannie; but she let the youth keep her hand while he looked into her eyes and smiled fondly through his distress. Then she withdrew it, saying:

"There's Mr. Ravenel's hand, hold it. If I didn't know how men hate to be put through forms, I'd insist on your taking it."

"I reckon John thinks we haven't been quite candid," said Ravenel.

"I'm not sure we have," responded Fannie. "And yet I do think we've been real friends. You know, John"—she smiled at her hardihood—"this is the only way it could ever be, don't you?" But John turned half away and shook his head bitterly. She spoke again. "Look at me, John." But plainly he could not.

"Are you going to throw us overboard?" she asked. There was a silence; and then—"You mustn't; not even if you feel like it. Don't you know we hadn't ever ought to consult our feelings till we've consulted everything else?"

John looked up with a start, and Fannie, by a grimace, bade him give his hand to his rival. He turned sharply and offered it. Ravenel took it with an air of drollery and John spoke low, Fannie loitering a step aside.

"I offer you my hand with this warning—I love her. I'm going on to love her after she's your's by law. I'll not make love to her; I may be a fool, but I'm not a hound; I love her too well for that. But she's bound to know it right along. You'll see it. Everybody'll know it. That'll be all of it, I swear. But any man who wants to stop me from it will have to kill me. I believe I have the right, before God, to do it; but I'm going to do it anyhow. I prize your friendship. If I can keep it while you know, and while everybody else knows, that I'm simply hanging round waiting for you to die, I'll do it. If I can't—I can't." The hands parted.

"That's all right, John. That's what I'd do in your place."

March gazed a moment in astonishment. Then Fannie, still drifting away, felt Ravenel at her side and glanced up and around.

"O, you haven't let him go, have you? Why, I wanted to give him this four-leaf clover—as a sort o' pleasant hint. Don't you see?"

"I reckon he'll try what luck there is in odd numbers," said Ravenel, and they quickened their homeward step.

John went to tea at the Tombses in no mood to do himself credit as a guest. His mother was still reminding him of it next day when they alighted at home. "I little thought my son would give me so much trouble."

But his reply struck her dumb. "I've got lots left, mother, and will always have plenty. I make it myself."

(To be continued.)

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"Most of the women treasure up, somewhere, an old sword."—Page 566.

THE PROVINCIALS.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES.

By Octave Thanet.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

WISE old Englishman once asked a clever young Englishman who was not wise, whether he had seen much of the Americans during a recent visit.

"Well, yes," answered the clever young Englishman who was not wise, "I have seen the States pretty thoroughly; I have been to all their principal cities."

"But have you visited the smaller cities and the villages?"

The young Englishman had not judged them to be of enough importance to visit.

"Then," said the wise old Englishman, brusquely, "say as little as you can about the Americans, for you haven't seen them!"

Sifting out the truth from the extravagance of an epigram, there remains enough to recognize. Great cities, among us, are typical of the Republic as a whole, but the citizens of our great cities have their nationality brushed off at their elbows. In the country there are still purely American communities, whose fathers and grandfathers were American before them. Moreover, in the country the foreigner becomes more quickly Americanized. In New York he hardly pays us the compliment of learning our language.

And it is not strange that the few for-

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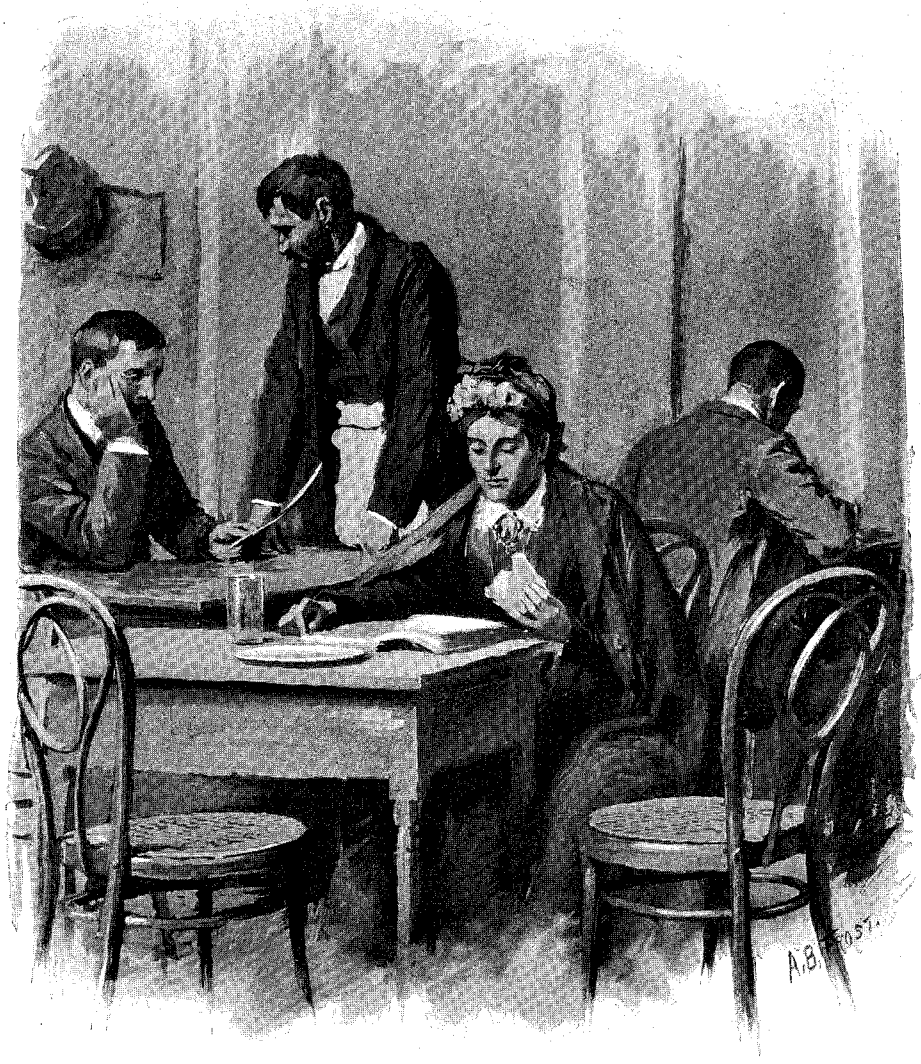

"She probably lived on the Fair sandwich."—Page 569.

eigners who have either the wit or the good fortune to penetrate into what they call the "provinces," are our kindest judges; for they have seen the American at his best. They have touched both the picturesque and the gentle side of our national character. It is not in the great cities, but in the little cities and the villages, that one sees the class that Emerson loved, the plain livers and high thinkers; or another class, not so plain in its living, not so high in its thinking in one way, but practical followers of righteousness and exceedingly pleasant people to meet. Many of them have what counted for wealth in a simpler generation; all of them have education and a generous habit of mind. They love their country, but they are a little shy of politics; nevertheless they furnish the pith of the Republic. They are the silent Warwicks that make and unmake party kings, asking and expecting no reward, and only half-conscious of their own power. Most of the women treasure up, somewhere, an old sword or a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps, be-

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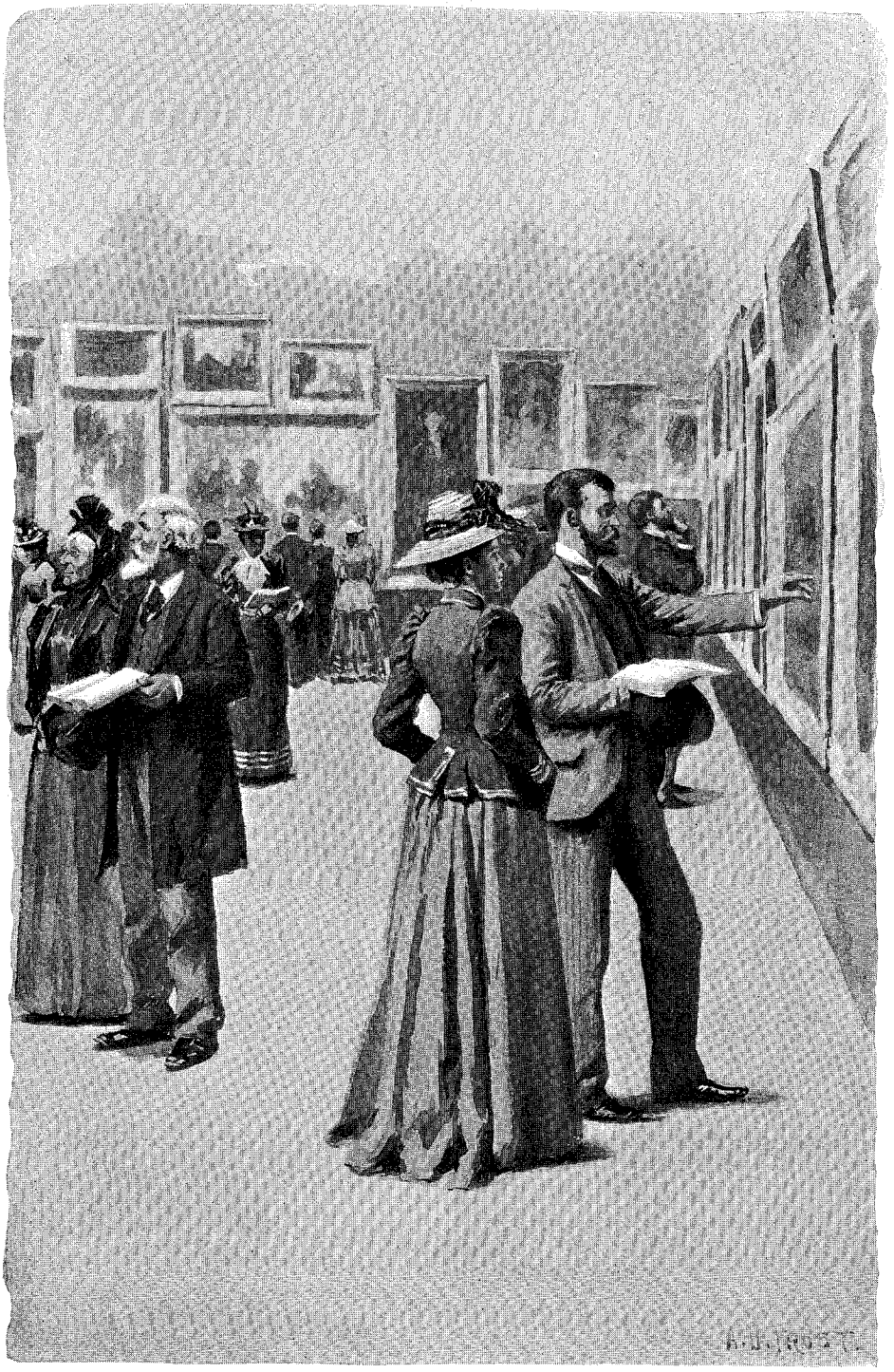

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"One of the finest art critics I ever met."—Page 571.

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longing, it may be to a gray, it may be to a blue uniform, but worn by equally honest and gallant fellows. The men are in touch with the present, but they keep the sturdy virtues taught them by their fathers and, God be thanked, they will transmit them to their sons. They have the education of travel as well as of books; for the provincial travels more in proportion to his income than the people of great cities. The wealthy in cities traverse each year miles of steel or water; but, often they are the same miles of the years before; the provincial varies his outing; and he travels more in his own country.

"The shrewdest and most winning of lobbyists."—Page 572.

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All over the provinces, too, are the people who cannot travel, but study the world in books. They are the people to whom the great Exposition gave the greatest happiness. Such people come from the unlikeliest-looking places. There are book clubs and women's clubs where they read books, in desolate prairie villages with shabby wooden shops and new wooden houses of a dazzling ugliness. One of these villages hung like a mirage before my eyes—ah, how well I know them, and the wide wheat-fields and corn-fields about them, and the lines of stunted poplar-trees outside the blue-gray fences, and the black, soggy roads that cross the railway, and the mud creased by wagon tires!—while my friend described to me the Gentlewoman of the Woman's Dormitories. She was a little woman, not young—there were gray hairs in her soft brown hair, brushed smoothly down over her ears—not pretty either, save as dainty neatness and delicate tints, and the sweet, vague lines about the eyes and mouth that a lifetime of remembering others' welfare first will etch on a woman's face, make it pleasant to the eye. And her clothes would have attracted attention anywhere outside of an Old Folks' Concert! She wore a glossy black silk gown, very thin, very brilliant, very old. Her cloak was of a cut unknown to Fashion since the Civil War, a long black broadcloth cloak. And she had a preposterous bonnet with wilted roses in the peak.

"She was like a character out of Miss Wilkins's stories," said my friend. But when she was described to me, she recalled a real personage, a New England woman, who being left alone in the world with a tiny house, an old black broadcloth coat of her father's, and a store of obsolete wall-paper, contrived to live and decorate her house on five dollars a year, or some such incredible sum.

While my friend studied her, wondering what manner of woman it was that could wear such clothes, and pitying her presumable embarrassment in them, she began to talk. She had an exquisite voice, and was aflame in a white heat of enthusiasm and delight; awe-struck, it seemed, before the vastness of her own pleasure. She had spent the day in the Art Palace (she invariably called all the buildings of importance by their official title; they were palaces, in truth, and she would have felt it a denial of their regal rights, to give them any meaner name), and she described the pictures and statues and architecture, as a visitor to an enchanted land might describe its wonders. She talked like one who had loved Art with unquenchable ardor; but had seen little. Spontaneously the words of the great thinkers, who had been her artistic teachers slipped to her lips. The insignificant, oddly dressed woman was eloquent. "There was a crowd about her, hanging on her words, every time," said my friend; "and I don't wonder, for it was not only that she described what she saw beautifully, in that lovely voice, but she seemed to have seen so much more in them than we had—and she was so happy!"

Often have I sketched fancy pictures of that unknown visitor to the Fair. She holds a place in my affections second only to Maria's. She was poor—one could infer that, not so much from her old-fashioned garb (which might have been merely a whim of sentiment or opinion) as from her little economies, which she recounted quite frankly. Not for her the exemplary chair-boys or the heathen sedan-men; she knew nothing of the good beefsteak and execrable bread of the White Horse Inn, nor did she ever marvel over the tiny portions and gigantic prices of the Marine Café. She probably lived on the Fair sandwich and drank hygeia-water (not too cold for the foreign taste) at a cent a glass. It is a mistake to suppose that it was necessary to spend a large sum of money to see the Columbian Exposition. As usual, broad and pleasant was the road to financial destruction, and many there were that walked therein; but there were by-paths of economy. I, myself, know a woman, a respectable cook in a family that I love, who supported life for the space of a week, at Jackson Park, for the sum of one dollar and thirty-five cents—and had strength enough left to travel home! She bought each day a loaf of bread or a

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dozen rolls for ten cents, and at the butcher's or the grocer's she secured a few cents' worth of chipped beef, a Bologna sausage or the like airy and ready-made meat. Her one extravagance was an occasional cup of coffee. She said that she never was *very* hungry! But I hope the gentlewoman permitted herself more generous fare than this master economist, and that her radiant spirit had the earthly comfort of a warm meal once a day! Yet the vision of her exalted enjoyment rebukes me. Little did she think of warm meals, as little as Miss Wilkins's poetess, poor Betsey Dole. But the gentlewoman was not a New Englander, she came from an Illinois village. My friend knew nothing else of her. Did her poverty cause her to be less esteemed?

Not if her village was like any other Western village in my knowledge. The West is presumed to be helplessly given over to philistinism in its rankest form, and to worship money; but in reality, as any Westerner knows, little is demanded of educated people in the way of wealth. I am thinking, now, of the Western town that I know best, and of certain families in it, socially considered with the best, although they have neither riches nor position, nor any exceptional culture, but are simply "nice people." Moreover, I hope it may be imputed to the Western provincial for righteousness, that in the small towns character counts for a great deal. Unsuspected good is done by church-working societies and women's clubs. They have an unconscious but sweeping democracy, and "good workers" are never slighted. It is quite possible that the gentlewoman was president of her woman's club. Her queer clothes were accepted, not ridiculed. The provinces, indeed, do not suppress individuality like the cities. It is not only that the individual counts in the country; he always has counted, and always will count, just as the strong will has always ruled, and always will rule, whether one live under a mitigated despotism like Turkey's, or an unmitigated despotism, such as our socialistic friends would bind on our backs; but in the country the individual has room to grow; he is cramped in the city. To be sure, one may go his own gait more entirely in a city than anywhere, except on a desert island; but he must pay toll by an outward compliance with the conventionalities; he must look and dress and talk like everyone else. It is the aim of the citizens of a great town to each resemble the other as much as possible, and be as different as possible from the rest of the world, like a Moody and Sankey hymn-tune.

In the provinces a prominent citizen is only expected to keep the Commandments, wear whole and clean clothes, and be a good fellow. Should he choose the comfort of a silk shirt the year round, or wear a coat of the fashion of his youth, that is his own and no one else's affair! The provincial magnate is generally unconventional, a man of mark in more ways than one. He has the habit of command, and does not conceal his whims, but rather respects them as part of himself, a very decent and successful fellow. What is eccentricity in the town is merely the great man's, or even the little man's, "way" in the country.

However, the younger provincials, especially the provincials from the large towns, form themselves on the best city models. When my friend Colonel Ben bowed his handsome head to us in the Midway, my New York friend asked me, "Is that an Englishman?" But when she heard him speak, she added, "No, I think he is from Chicago."

"His accent?" said I.

She shook her head, saying, "No, he has no accent, English or otherwise; it is his manner. He is too deferential to that shabby woman who is asking him the way, to be from New York!"

"But why not give him to Boston?"

"He laughs too heartily to come from Boston."

Colonel Ben belongs neither to Chicago nor New York, he is a provincial manufacturer; but his people came over in the Mayflower and he belongs to a Chicago club. The young man with him, however, gave my friend not a minute's bewilderment. Colonel Ben belongs to the class of Americans as nearly analogous to the English gentry as it is to anything. Two centuries

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ago, in fact, Colonel Ben's ancestors were doing their duty in that station of life to which they had been called, and caring for their tenants and grumbling at Dutch William, in the prettiest English county. Colonel Ben never mentions that he has a coat of arms; but he never forgets it. I know the young fellow well, and I fancy that I listen only to the New World variation on the sturdy old English tune that power means obligation, and an honest gentleman must look after those dependent on him, when I hear him discussing with his partner how to keep their factories running, and employ as many of their men as possible, in these pinching times. It is his partner that my friend classifies without hesitation; he is a man of another type. He belongs to another, social order, although he is young like Ben (whose colonelcy came from the governor of his State and means merely a splendid uniform and a prancing steed on days of state), is invited to the same houses and courted by the same people. His father was a lawyer, a self-made man, eccentric in both his opinions and his manners, but with an immense fund of hard sense back of the unconventional appearance. With a larger field for his talents, his acumen and a rough-shod but (to a jury) irresistible eloquence would have made him famous. His son inherited his father's sense and some of his oddities. He was educated in the public schools and the State university; he has never been outside of his own country, he is a provincial to his finger-tips, as the French would say. When we saw him he was clad in a suit of the best material, evidently made for him, by a good tailor, but as evidently not treated by him with the proper respect. He is clean always, as a new pin; but he does not keep his trousers properly pressed, nor preserve the harmony of his coat lines by trigly buttoning it; and his soft black hat is dented as may happen. But he is a handsome fellow, with a fine, firm chin and mouth, a beautiful brow, and good, keen, kindly eyes. Colonel Ben and he joined us and we went to the streets of Cairo (where he obligingly rode a camel for our benefit and kept the crowd in a roar of delight over his translations of what he judged the proper phrases of the desert, to increase its speed), and later he insisted on giving us a little luncheon in old Vienna. He was delighted with my friend, and in half an hour my friend was delighted with him. She went all over the black and white exhibit in the gallery of the Art Building with him, the next day. "Who would think it?" said she, "that man, with the manners of a cowboy-cavalier, is one of the finest art critics I ever met; it is so refreshing, too, to hear a picture talked about in straight English! He has a beautiful collection of etchings, your friend says. He says himself, that he hasn't money enough to have good paintings, but he can have the best etchings; so he goes in for etchings, with an occasional water-color or pen-and-ink drawing. Do you know he is what I call a magazine-cultivated man?"

"And that," said I, "is what I call a fine-sounding phrase; but I don't know what it means."

"Nothing is easier than the meaning," said she. "Mr. —— has not had the time for an exhaustive education, he has had to make a fortune; he is a splendid business man, I was told, and so decent and honest, too——"

"*Ça va sans dire*," interrupted the listener; "with a splendid business man, it is part of the splendor!"

My friend continued calmly, "*So*, he has been obliged to get, instead of the long, tedious culture of all sorts of studies and experiences, the short-hand culture of the magazines; and really it is a very fair working substitute."

I had nothing to say, being at this time opposite the Dahomey village and pondering on the extraordinary resemblance between one of the warriors and a waiter in a hotel of my own town; my friend continued, fancifully interested in her own train of thought: "Yes, the provinces are educated by the magazines, and the cities——"

"Are educated by books and travel and—and—and all the rest of it?" queried I.

"Not at all," said she; "the cities *talk* of being educated that way, but they are really educated by the newspapers; they don't even read the mag-

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azines, they only subscribe for them in order to dip into them, once in a way, when any especial article has excited especial attention."

"I wonder," said I; but I was not wondering whether the critic was right, but whether the ferocious warrior whose mild black eyes contradicted his scowl, could be Jim Baker.

And just at this moment a gentleman leaned over the inclosure, and the warrior sank down in a heap with the others, near enough to mutter, "Don't you know me, Mr. S——, Jim, at the Kimball House?"

I saw a cigar travelling not only to Dahomey Jim (he will have to carry that name to his coffin), but to several other black braves. And at the same time I saw a note-book flash out and a black slouch hat bent over a swift pencil. Then the pencil stopped, a boyish face that held some lines too deep for youth, was lifted and brightened with a smile. "I guess not," said the writer; "it's funny; but we don't want to damage any part of this show, just for fun!"

It was a country editor, writing up the Fair. As we walked away I pondered on this vast, subtle influence of written thought which we call the press; and how much unthanked forbearance (too much, it may be!) and kindliness there is in that irresponsible power. I thought of some of the provincial editors that I know.

Before me, amid the stately pomp of architecture and the statues outlined against the burning blue of a Western sky, I saw a dim, innumerable caravan of benefactions that I know first issued from dingy little country offices. I saw worn-out men working when they should have slept, ringing unpopular benevolence into careless or hostile ears. I saw country editors grimly flinging furious letters from their subscribers into the fire and doggedly finishing their protests against the popular folly. I saw them forced into the procession of their party, but ready to help the tide turn. I saw a provincial editor that I know, smiling on legislators, the shrewdest and most winning of lobbyists, for — what? His own paper? his own political future? Not at all, for the better education of his State, for the better management of charitable institutions. I saw another editor who has been able to conduct charitable movements of national importance, for which he has spent his time, his money, and himself lavishly; and yet he is so shrewd, so modest, and such a good fellow, that no one accuses him of being a fanatic. I saw, too, a multitude of trivial acts of mercy and help which to the doers were nothing, done pitifully or good-naturedly, and presently forgotten, but which sometimes changed the world for frightened men and women, and sometimes have lifted up people slipping in muddy places, and always have given the sunshine a better chance. Then my thoughts went back to Colonel Ben and his class, and the fight that they and honest fellows like them are waging against anarchy on one hand, and cruel greed on the other. And I felt a mist in my eyes. But I only said: "Yes, the provincials are not half bad!"

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A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER V.

A DEPLORABLE QUARREL.

THE drive took them round the end of the deep bay of Villefranche, across the bridge at Beaulieu, and out along the back of bold Cape Ferret. They paused where a charming group of parasol pines looked down upon the pretty fishing-village of Saint Jean. There stood the new house.

Barmasso paid, the work was going forward finely. The nucleus was an ancient olive-mill disused for a hundred years or more. It stood by the brow of a craggy slope, which descended in terraces. Old olive-trees gripped their tough roots into the foundation-walls, delightfully weather-stained. A long, one-story body united two unequal wings, each of two stories in height. Leonard had torn out the interior, made a corridor and a long, large, chamber, part salon and part studio, in the centre; fitted his other rooms into the wings; and there was coming on a spacious, simple, comfortable house that could hardly fail to please any lover of home-like charm.

"It is going to look fifty years old the moment it is done," said he. "I should be bored to death with the usual waiting for a new house to settle itself."

As to the view thence, when, toward sunset, the light mellowed upon the grand cliffs across the gulf, threw violet shadows into the gorges, and brought out the two ancient cities of Eze and La Turbie, on the top of those same cliffs, then it was a prospect scarce less than heavenly, in all its lines and hues.

The workmen exchanged a few leisurely comments in Niçois or Piedmontese patois, but did not hasten their pace on the coming of the owners. Little Lucien was amused with the wide, blue corduroy trousers that some of them wore, with deep pockets in them to hold their tools, and with the red cap and sash of a 'prentice boy, a nephew of their cook, Alexandrine, who sometimes came up to the house to beat their carpets. In his company, lively Lucien very soon nearly fell into a mortar-bed.

Leonard was having a long walk made, ground in a sheltered spot cleared for carnations, which give a profitable market crop; thickets of heliotrope set out near the porch, and orange and lemon trees transplanted. Miriam advised him in all these projects. Then they spread luncheon upon the smoothed top of a rock, beside which seats had been cut out the natural rock also.

Little son, in particular, was enraptured with this arrangement. Everything began most charmingly, but shortly a contretemps arose. Miriam had forgotten the salt, and there was no means of getting any. Leonard's uncertain temper had soon turned it into the text for a general arraignment, on philosophic grounds.

It was unpleasant, to be sure, that their sharp-set appetites should have to expend themselves upon the insipidity of viands entirely devoid of salt, but that was a mere nothing in comparison with the alarming traits and tendencies on her part—her neglect of household matters, and the like—of which it was an indication.

Miriam, who had once been a goddess on her pedestal, had now to accept reprimands like an idle school-girl. Alas! he himself was often enough now the cause of deep reflections, not favorable to the interests of every-day life. When he was absent, her fancy hovered round him yearningly. She

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was dreading vaguely the passion for play. Did he tell her truly of all his doings? Had he not perchance gone heavily into play, even before that late notable experience? Would not a foolhardy confidence inevitably lead him back? His displeasure was wont to increase the dreaming habit against which it was often directed. To-day her nerves had been fluttered by the unusual circumstance of being asked to accompany him, and had been disturbed still further, at the last moment, by some perversity of Lucien's. She had arranged the picnic repast with her own hands; the omission had been made, she knew not how; there was a cruel fatality about it. It was indefensible —yet, somehow she could not always express regret for her own fault now with the proper compunction. Perhaps she felt that she had been blamed so much without cause, or with little cause, that a large balance still remained in her favor.

She stayed on listlessly at the table, when Leonard went to direct his men. She listened to his voice, and watched his movements from afar, as she always liked to do. Leonard had been her hero, the idol of her adoration. He was so still, indeed, but she saw herself condemned to watch a gulf between them ever widening. With a safe expansiveness she poured some of her sad reflections into the ears of little Lucien.

"Mamma keeps thinking and thinking and thinking," she said, "oh, so hard, so hard. She cannot do anything to help the dreadful way that things are going. She can only hope and pray for the best. Sometimes she is afraid that she will have no more feeling left, but will grow hard and cold like one of these stones."

"Poor 'ing, mamma!" said Lucien, sympathizingly, but even he was hardly willing to stop long enough from his childish plays to give her a little pat upon the cheek and a soft little kiss.

Except their hospitable mayor, who had spent his liberal wealth in creating a veritable earthly paradise at the entrance of the bold romantic cape, few had yet sought the spot for homes. The land was cheap, but before becoming available the rocky soil had to be cleared by blasting; which entailed an expense much more than the original purchase. The rock blown out, the fine red earth, of excellent quality, though scanty quantity, was carefully put back in place. Leonard went to look at a substantial wall being set up along his front line. He complained because he was not able to get from the slow authorities the final grade of this front to adapt his wall to it.

Presently he returned, and alleged that the afternoon chill in the air was coming on earlier than usual; that he must go down to his nursery-man in the village and bring him back to see some faults in the arrangement of the trees; and so he urged his family off home. The jarring incident, perhaps too the talk of the morning, had revived in him some agitating ideas.

He put Miriam and the boy into the Saint Jean break, which hourly passed their gate. Then he himself pressed "Jojo" swiftly along the Lower Road, by the sea eastward. In an hour's drive he was at Monte Carlo. While Jojo was waiting to be put up, a flashily dressed individual with a very prominent stomach, looked on from the open vestibule of the Café de Paris.

"Want to sell?" he asked, approvingly, with a bad Alsatian accent, making all his "f's" "v's," and his "p's" "b's". "I got a party as was lookin' lately for just such a trap as that. If you want to sell, any time, you know where to come. Ask for Banfi, in the billiard-room of the Café. I'm mostly round here."

He named, too, a shrewd price, which would have been low indeed for the turn-out; but Leonard paid him little attention, and went on into the Casino.

After midnight, Miriam, being awake, looked out and saw the light of "Jojo's" lanterns dancing grotesquely on the dense foliage of the inclined drive. Leonard put up his horse, went to bed, slept late the next morning, and arose with the air of not being much refreshed. He was amiable, nevertheless. He announced his intention of going to Nice, and asked if she had any commissions for him. She sent her watch by him, to be put in order; a valuable

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watch, one of her wedding-presents. She was forever forgetting to have it done.

He took it along with him, left it at the jeweller's, in the Avenue de la Gare, and then immediately entered the granite colonnade of the Crédit Lyonnais, just above, and made a liberal draft on his winnings, lately deposited there.

Both he and Miriam, no longer novices at these *fêtes*, had forgotten that it was one of the active days of the Carnival, which extends its varied diversions over nearly a fortnight—one of the battles of "confetti." He was too wary to trust himself within the precincts devoted to the fray without the protecting costume and wire helmet of convention; for by doing so one might easily meet with serious harm. On the Place Masséna the surface was white with the broken plaster pellets, and from the Square des Phocéens to the end of the Place Charles-Félix, where the principal Homeric conflict raged, they lay as deep as veritable snow. The brilliant carnival toggery stood out upon the white ground with singular vividness. No one spared his strength in hurling this stinging ammunition. Sometimes it poured down from the gayly decorated balconies in whole bagfuls.

Even without the prescribed limits, on the Avenue de la Gare, one had need to be on his guard against an occasional sly shot. As Leonard Bond sallied forth to go to the train, he was encompassed, just at the corner of the Boulevard Victor Hugo, by a frisking group of maskers, all dressed precisely alike in scarlet dominos with a pattern of demons embroidered upon them. They took hands around him and held him captive. He knew not how to escape, yet he had little time for his train, and he must. Something about them indicated that they were persons of position, from the strangers' colony, and not rough, common people. It came into his head that these were "The Twelve Devils," of whom he had heard, banded together to preserve one another's incognito and give one another aid and comfort in difficulties. It seemed to him that he had vaguely heard that Louise Bradbury was to be one of them and was dancing her way in this mad company through the Carnival.

He reached out brusquely, as the only resource available, and seized the figure nearest to him. It was clearly a woman, from a sense of trim slenderness and grace penetrating the cumbersome attire. She seemed to yield with momentary pleasure to his embrace, though protesting with smothered shrieks. The others flew to her assistance, then he easily broke through and was free.

"Oh," sighed Louise Bradbury, for it was she, raising her visor an instant above her flushed, laughing face, "I'm all but suffocated. I hope it will be somebody else's turn next time."

Something in Leonard's serious air and the direction of his steps made her divine where he was going. She had rarely seen him of late. She shook off her engagements, and that evening was at Monte Carlo also.

It did her no great good, except that she had the pleasure—if it was one—of seeing him lose, lose, lose. He was bearish and rude; he was not made of the stern stuff that enables the gambler of tradition to bear toward his losses a front of adamant. On that day and the next, he finished his fifteen thousand francs, and furthermore, sending good money after bad in the usual effort to redeem the case, he added a liberal slice from his own economies.

This being done, he stopped for another period. He had tried still one more illusive road to fortune, tried it most thoroughly, and that was the end of it. He struggled not to disclose to Miriam what had happened, but in time it would come out. She stood aghast when she heard it; she had thought him too sensible, too wedded to certain definite advantages the money was to procure them, to hazard any tangible part of that large sum, even if he went back, as she feared. And now the beautiful money, their little fortune, was all gone from them again.

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard, why *did* you not stop, that first afternoon, when we had it all?" she exclaimed, piteously.

Her lamentations renewed his own sharp sense of loss, which his efforts at a philosophical temper had begun to

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dim. There came on a spell of rain; for nearly a week it poured down at frequent intervals with all the violence manifested on the rare occasions when it rains in the Riviera. Scourging gales beat upon the windows at night; the sea was of a muddy green, indigo, black, purple, anything but blue; and they noted it raging in such an angry surf against distant Cape Ferret, as if it expected to tear the Iron Cape away. In the pauses or abatement, Leonard, and sometimes Miriam, would walk the garden path under their umbrellas. New wild flowers sprang out of the humid soil; the grass grew almost visibly; on the peaks of the distant mountains the rain became a powdering of snow, and gave palm-adorned Nice the aspect of an Alpine vale. When the rain ceased, all nature was glistening bright and fresh and virgin new. A sponge seemed to have passed morally and physically over all the life preceding.

"Don't you think you might promise *now* never to play again?" asked Miriam. "If you would only do that the lesson might prove worth all it has cost."

This time he was in the mood, and he promised. He even spoke of himself openly as one of the *décavés*, the cleaned-out. He announced his new resolution to all.

"What makes you think your husband will never play any more?" asked Mrs. Skelmer, a little afterward.

"He has *promised* me," returned Miriam, with dignity.

"Well, I wouldn't tell you this only that a word of warning in time—But no, good friends though we are, I'm sure you will never forgive me if I go on."

"I insist upon your telling. Do you mean to imply that he has been there again?"

"No, indeed, at least not that I know of. But the other day, Newman, my husband, suddenly asked what anybody would give him for a new first-class point on roulette. Mr. Bond, excited, replied, 'Without knowing anything about it, I'll give you twenty francs.'"

"Don't you see it was only his joke?" said Miriam, much relieved. "He and Mr. Skelmer are always having their jokes together."

"How stupid of me! It *must* have been. But I'm such an ignoramus in those matters, I'm always taking everything as serious."

After the first explanation, Leonard and Miriam talked little of their loss; but it was ever present to the minds of both. Leonard had reconciled himself to his lot, as he said, since he needs must and destiny would give him no escape from it. It was a lot that many would have thought a very enviable one—but this enforced resignation found vent in increased acerbity of temper. Bickerings between them now, that would once have been trifling, became serious quarrels.

One evening, when at dinner, the *facteur* brought their letters. Leonard called in this pleasant little postman, who, in blue uniform-coat, with despatch-box on hip and a packet of journals in his hand, faithfully trudged the communal roads, on a pair of bowed legs.

"How is it you come so irregularly these last few days, Maurel?" he asked. "The letters, too, seem behindhand."

"*Vous savez*," returned the *facteur*, his cap respectfully off, and blinking a little at the light in contrast with the darkness without; "the *receveur* [the postmaster] has just retired on his pension. He's served thirty years, and had a right to demand it. There's a new chief down there." He lowered his voice confidentially, and yet as with a desire to say nothing impolitic of his superiors. "And he's brought in some employés who don't understand their business. Things are rather upside down at present, but that can't last. It is to be hoped so, at least."

Leonard pulled open the correspondence, while Miriam was serving the food. He grumbled at the unsatisfactoriness not only of these, but all letters in general.

"There's hardly one in a hundred that's worth its postage. Look at our dear friends, the Wellsbros, here, who fill up four pages for us once in six months. Not a thing about what they've been doing, not an answer to a question; yet the time has been when we were all but inseparable. It is true they do better than the Norwalks, who never write at all."

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He came to the monthly bill of Schwartz, their grocer at Nice. He made it the text for a new lecture on economy, the form his irritable temper now most often took.

"This won't do," pursing his lips severely over the statement; "the household expenses have got to come down."

"They *have* come down. You know I have done my very best."

"It would be more evident if we could see the figures. For an intelligent person, Miriam, you have some very singular ideas in keeping accounts. For instance, we lay in a quarter's supply of coal one month, and because we get none the next, you call it an economy. No averaging, no spreading of expenses over their proper periods."

Miriam hastily sent Barbara on an errand to the farm-house. Luckily the servants understood no English, and, in spite of the earnestness in their language, had not yet divined their quarrels. They only fancied sometimes, seeing her sad mien, that Madame "ennuyéd herself" after her own country.

"And what more natural," they said to each other, and to Angelo and Angela, the farmers, "when you think how all her family and relations are away off in distant America. It must be two whole days' journey from here."

"It's unfair in you to charge me with that way of keeping accounts," rejoined Miriam. "I can tell you every item, if you ask me. So many little things come in to interrupt, when I am working at them, that I have not yet carried them out. And it's only such a short time since we began this system."

This was true enough; their plan, until lately, had been only, knowing they had possessed a certain sum of money at the beginning, to vaguely wonder what had become of it, when it was gone.

"I would guarantee to keep them in five minutes a day," said Leonard, impatiently.

"You have a very good opinion of yourself; allow me not to share it in all respects."

She felt outraged in a sensitive point. She recalled her laborious efforts over interminable columns of petty figures, her total want of experience in these matters, the difficulty of getting proper bills from the tradesmen, bills in proper time, and the like. As a rule, she was much more self-contained than he, but stung by his cool assumptions, she made him, for once, an answer not of the soft kind that turneth away wrath.

"The truth is," said Miriam, "it is your disappointment and vexation over the loss at Monte Carlo, and not any real fault in the way things are going here, that make you so unreasonable. Yes, you could spend nearly three hundred dollars in one dinner there, yet you begrudge a sou in our most necessary expenses. It is unfortunate that your own home should have to be made the scapegoat of those unworthy feelings."

She did not know how truthfully all his aberrations for many months past might have been ascribed to the same source.

"It was my *duty* to make that attempt at Monte Carlo," he returned, defiantly. "It was no mere love of excitement, no mere passion for play. You can't accuse me of that."

"A curious idea of duty; and how, pray?"

"There is reason for alarm about the future, and something had to be done for the support of the family. My work doesn't go; you see well that it doesn't. My head aches and my heart aches over it; instead of turning to it with pleasure, I take every pretext for escaping from it. I hate it. So we can't depend upon that any longer."

"It's this very distraction, this most unusual excitement that causes it. What more natural?"

"No, no, it isn't that," going on to indict himself fiercely. "It is because I have no real head for it, no real talent nor taste for art. It's all been a mistake from the beginning, and the publishers and the public are right."

"Then, Leonard, dearest," she suggested, thoroughly sympathetic on seeing him so depressed, "why *don't* you go into something else? If your work is so hard for you, let us sell the new cottage—much as I should regret it—and go back to America. Why

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won't you let my father do something? He could put you into the iron-works. That would serve until a better place offered. You know I've asked you to do it before."

She had indeed asked him before. Hearing him so often complain, as now, that his vein of talent had run out, or had never really existed, and being no great judge of the arts herself, she had ended by taking him at his word. She innocently offered these suggestions toward a practical, money-making occupation, thinking she spoke quite after his own heart and just as he would have wished her. In reality they rankled in his mind above all other injuries.

"What!" he exclaimed, inwardly, "to be an artist, and have a wife who does not believe in you? To find no triumphs, no belief in your inspiration, at home, in the one quarter where beyond all others they should be found the one refuge when all others fail? Ah, yes," he summed it up, "I was indeed 'unhappy in love,' I was indeed right in throwing myself into play. Such a situation never offered its cursed advantages more clearly."

As to the alleged disparagement, it did not exist in the least in Miriam's mind. She had loved him as an attractive, companionable human being; she had made him the god of her idolatry, hardly thinking or caring what his life's work was to be. She was not a connoisseur in art nor letters, and had no deft opinion ready for every subject, especially not for the many fantastic subjects to which he often pushed his speculations. But, for a trifle gentler treatment, she would almost have given him her heart's blood. It was most lovable and pathetic sometimes to see her tremulously strive, for the sake of pleasing him, to make a choice, to have opinions, preferences, animation, about matters on which she really felt not the slightest trace of interest.

It might have been amusing to a looker-on to see how little Lucien, sitting up much beyond his usual bedtime, imitated the movements of that great exemplar to his childish admiration, his father. Quite unconsciously, and in good faith, he copied Leonard's animated gestures, his whole air, and even leaned his dear little head on his hand from time to time as in pensive sadness; but there was no looker-on to see this; he was left quite to his own devices.

Leonard, having so vehemently established the fact that he was not a genius, could not immediately turn round and maintain that he was. That would have been rather too ridiculous. He could only brood deeply over his wrongs, and take satisfaction on some other ground.

"It ill becomes you to advise me to change my profession," he said, "when it is you who have done so much to make it untenable. The loss at Monte Carlo, too, was mainly through your own fault."

"My fault?" she echoed, in consternation. "What *can* you mean?"

"Simply this, you checked me—or had most to do with checking me—at the moment of success which could never be recalled. When I went back, a week afterward, it was too late. I was like a man trying to catch a railroad train which is running away from him at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"You shall not treat me with such injustice," she interrupted, in passionate resentment. "I try not to answer you, because I know that success in argument cannot bring back your affection; but I must, I *must*. You turn everything against me, even my effort to save you from a ruinous vice. I will not stay here. I—I—will leave you. I will go to live alone. Oh," choking with sobs, "if I could only die, if I could only die!"

But at this moment a still sharper cry of lamenting broke forth from little son and effected an instant diversion in the matters at issue. Neglected, overlooked, and half nodding to sleep in his high chair, he had burned his rosebud of a mouth severely with hot soup.

"My poor child! my *darling!* my DARLING!" cried his mother, hysterically, catching him to her breast. She bore him out of the room, covering him with comforting kisses; while her own passionate tears, roused by so different a cause, rained down unchecked and mingled with his.

Leonard was made extremely uncom-

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fortable by her tears, though hardened to them, in a way he would never have deemed possible in the early days. Then a single one of them would have utterly broken his heart. He was fully aware of his injustice. Yet even this could not allay the demon of discontent by which he was possessed. He stood irresolute ; lit his cigar twice and let it go out again. He said he would apologize later—he would ask her forgiveness, in fact. And then he went away to his own room and fiercely tried to work at his papers. The more baffled he was by them, the more testily he said to himself that he was a much-abused individual.

He went down and shut up the house, as his custom was. Somewhere about midnight he was aroused in his all but futile labors by hearing little Lucien call out persistently. He went to him. There was no one to attend his childish whims; his mother was not in her room ; her bed had not been disturbed. Made excessively uneasy, Leonard searched everywhere within, but she was not to be found.

"Has she, indeed, gone away?" he queried ; "has she kept her hasty word? Is her patience at last exhausted? It is not possible that there is going to be a scandal in our family such as you read of in others, and that all is at an end between us!"

He recognized now her long-suffering patience. Suddenly another thought made his heart beat with a panic of alarm. Where had she gone in the dark and alone? Surely not to Nice, and there were no friends nearer. Could she have — but no, no, such a thought was beyond belief. And yet, as he feverishly lit a lantern and hurried without, he was overpowered by a flood of memories of her dearer self and their happier days, and was ascribing to her all the beatific virtues, as people do to a dear one who is dead.

He found her sitting on a bench, down the long walk, a dim figure in a cloak, in the lonely dark. The stars shone, it is true, but it was after midnight, and she was one rather timid by nature, with no taste for tragic posing or romantic situations. He had so great a sense of relief on seeing her, that he unconsciously felt himself acquitted already of the need of a part of his repentance.

"Isn't this silly? isn't this imprudent, Miriam?" he began, as if commonplace words could somehow best take the edge off the distressing occasion.

She made him no reply.

"But you'll catch your death of cold, dear, sitting out here so late. Remember it is March, and not July."

"I am not cold. Please let me stay," she responded, in a low, desolate voice, very musical, for her sweet voice was a distinct part of Miriam's charm.

"I did not know you were in the garden when I locked the house ; I should never have dreamed of shutting you out."

"I know ; but it does not matter."

Then he endeavored to take her hand tenderly and lead her back to their dwelling.

She started in aversion when he touched her. "No, no," she said, "I am afraid of you. It is more lonesome there than here. Oh, it has all gone on so long. You are so hard with me, so cold, so bitter. Oh, I do not want to go home any more." And she burst out anew into most violent sobbing.

God, how this terrible indictment smote his heart! What! more lonesome in their own fair home than out here in the coldness and blackness of the night, and far away from her kin in a strange land? Lonesome with him, afraid of him, she who had been the nearest and dearest to him in all the world?

"But Miriam! but darling!" he cried, now thoroughly overcome, "you cannot mean such cruel words? I have been wrong. What I said was extreme — unreasonable — entirely unwarranted. It is continually so. I beg your forgiveness with all my heart, dear little Miriam! Sweetheart! think of all we have been through together. Come, let us talk about it. It is not so bad as that."

He placed himself beside her on the bench and put his arm about her strongly, affectionately, to retain her in spite of herself. She should not escape him so.

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"I do mean it. I—I—," chokingly, "thought if I were all alone out here in the dark, perhaps I might have strength to—to—to die, and leave you and little Lucien together — without me." She sobbed anew, in pity for herself and this piteous prospect. "But I was afraid; yes, I tell you truly, I was afraid. Oh, why have I not more courage? Why have I not more courage?"

This lovable natural weakness moved him more than any display of tragic strength could have done. He clasped her most affectionately in his embrace.

"There, there, these are very silly little ideas," he said, in a rough sort of soothing way. "There is no need of this. You must not make yourself ill. Let us go back to the house; that can't make things worse, either one way or the other, just this once, can it?" And he drew her gently along. She shivered in the chilly night air, and reluctantly yielded.

"There, we will discuss it all. Rest your head on my shoulder; let me pet you, as I used to do—so. Don't you see now, dear, that it isn't so bad yet. We mustn't feel in this bitter way toward each other. I am sorry for it all, from the bottom of my heart, from my very soul. I am never going to be hard with you, never going to breathe a cross word to you again."

What an inexpressible comfort these words gave her. The storm had spent its rage and was dying away; it left, as it were, vague Æolian harmonies in the air, and rare shells and perfumed weed had been thrown up from the profoundest ocean depths, which, but for the storm, would, perhaps, never have seen the light.

"If you could only *make believe* to like me, if you could only *pretend* to love me a little, though you really do not," suggested Miriam, "even in that way I could be almost happy."

"Make believe? pretend? but I do love you, dearly. Oh, do not doubt it! Only sometimes I am so cross, so wretched, I am a hardly rational being."

"And that is the time you ought to let me comfort and console you. Why can you not be sure that after a little while I will do everything you want me to?" He pressed her to him anew as they walked, inexpressibly touched by her sweetness. "Only have a little patience with me. I have nobody in all the world to love but you, then why should I not always please you? Advise me; show me how to learn; tell me things beforehand, and don't wait and find fault with me when it's too late. I loved you so, Leonard, I love you so dearly, I should give up everything to you, at last, whether it were right or wrong."

"And you would have stayed out-of-doors all night, poor little thing?"

"I was startled when I heard you shut up the house, but—but I think I should have been too proud to call to you to let me in."

"And to-morrow you would have been down with a raging fever; and I—— Oh, no! we must not talk about it any more."

CHAPTER VI.

INVOKING LUCK.

Leonard Bond kept his promise well; he spoke no more words of harshness to the gentle Miriam. But this did not free him from money embarrassments, nor did it put an end to the engrossing passion that had drawn him in. On the contrary, he found, in the very reconciliation and good understanding between them, support for a singular new perversion of duty.

"It is now more than ever incumbent upon me to play," he said, "for the sake of this dear Miriam, since I know how well I love her. The dangerous situation shall be redeemed before she becomes aware of it. I must save her and the boy from the actual destitution that threatens them in the failure of our present resources and the paralysis of my capacity for work."

He began to cherish the conviction that, in all this, fate had only meant to try him. It could not be that he, who —with whatever becoming concessions to modesty—believed so firmly in his own ultimate success and his natural right to be among the elect of the earth, was to be allowed to fall into actual straits and squalid misery. But all

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round the wide horizon there appeared, to his distorted vision, no other resource except in play. It was necessary that his luck should change; therefore, he argued, it must change.

He had no desire to deceive Miriam, but he persuaded himself that it had to be done in the interest of her own peace of mind. In the interest of her peace of mind, therefore, he made great efforts at cheerfulness in her presence; he affected to have set vigorously to work again; and, as often as he absented himself, he invented ingenious pretexts of necessary visits to libraries, to acquaintances, or their new house.

On the afternoon of the day when he finally went back to Monte Carlo, there were five regular trains billed. As the scheduled hour of each in turn approached, he fought doggedly against the besetting temptation. For the afternoon he conquered, but in the evening he affected to go to Nice, and was soon at Monte Carlo, beside the tables. Fortune was no more propitious than of old; he departed a heavy loser. He drew more money, and the same ill chance attended him.

From a third visit, however, he brought away a really considerable sum in winnings. Elated, he took the money to Consul Hazlitt, and begged him, with feverish prudence, to keep it for him.

"This time I have broken away in season and not waited for the tide to turn against me," he said, with pride. "Put this money in your safe for me, Hazlitt, and don't give it up to me, do you hear?—no, not for prayers, threats, nor compulsion."

But, no later than the very next day, he was back, in a flurry of agitation, to demand it. It so happened that the consul was absent, and it was not the secretary's affair to give it up, even were the key of the safe in his possession, as it was not. The Consul would return within the hour.

"But I cannot wait an hour; it is beyond endurance," grumbled the visitor.

He paced the floor, fuming immeasurably. His eager eyes would have pierced the safe like diamond drills, and his impatience was of a dynamite quality that might almost have blown the door from its hinges. Fortunately Mr. Hazlitt came back sooner than was expected.

"I find I've got to have the deposit, after all, old man," burst out Leonard, without further preamble, though endeavoring to impose a certain calm upon himself.

"You told me not to give it up to you—not for prayers, threats, nor even 'compulsion.'"

"Well, you see I don't use prayers or threats, and I have too much respect for that muscle of yours, as an old college boating-man, to try force. But just give me the money, old fellow, and be quick about it! I'm in something of a hurry."

"Where is this money going to?" the Consul asked, gravely.

"I—er my builder—the fact is I hadn't made my calculations quite right. I'll let you know all about it later." He had not even taken time to frame a plausible excuse.

The other was inclined to expostulate with him at some leisure, but Bond broke forth, almost beside himself:

"God! Hazlitt, give me what is mine. I'm not asking you for any of *your* money, am I?"

It was a tone that even patient friendship could not endure. Without a word further, the Consul turned to the safe and handed him out, from one of the small compartments, the thick package of bank-bills that had made but so brief a stay there.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Leonard, when the package was recovered—for he had had an insane sort of dread that he might never possess it again. "Let me take back my words. It is no way to talk to you, in return for your many kindnesses. The fact is I need the money. I——"

"I have no right to call you to an accounting," said the Consul, suavely.

But he took a resolution henceforward to mix himself up much less with the concerns of others. This resolution, however, did not prevent him from going out next day, and again a couple of days after, to see if anything was wrong with the family at the Villa Soleil. But to all appearances everything there was placid and serene.

Leonard lost, in short order, the

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money thus withdrawn, and then he entered upon a career of reckless financiering. He exhausted all his near-by resources, and next drew upon those farther away. He even got money over by cable from America. He paid exorbitant interest for short-time loans; and the proceeds of the whole were tossed into the same all-devouring gulf.

When he went to his bank, he no longer set foot in the comfortable reading-room, where the strangers perused their papers; and with the same object in view, to avoid acquaintance, he made his way to the trains for Monte Carlo by the shabby Rue de Russie and Rue Paganini, instead of up the Avenue de la Gare. Ambitions, loves, hates, every other passion and interest were postponed for the moment to his blind struggle with the god of chance. His work, his hopes, his past life, his friends, Miriam, he himself, were as if involved in a thick fog. The only light apparent in it was a pale sickly gleam, reflected outward from the green table. In this false radiance he was vaguely conscious of a circle of heads around him, heads of tourists, diners-out, cocottes, roués, blacklegs, looking on at his play with amusement, with gaping wonder or scorn.

Still he played. As fortune went against him, he abated the magnitude of his early demands. At first he had demanded riches; then he would have been content merely to recover his losses; then only the half of them; and now, finally, he was ready to say:

"I will play no more, if I may get out of it only enough to take us back to America and keep us there, till I can get something to do."

But, strangely enough, he was less gloomy now over great losses that threatened their very means of existence than he had been over comparatively petty ones in the beginning. He was possessed of a general apathy, only broken at times by the gambler's mad exhilaration.

"One must have plenty of 'sand,' as Skelmer says," he assured himself. "He must be able to look unflinchingly into the eye of ruin, and this boldness will check and vanquish it, as they say the determined human eye will quell the fiercest wild animal."

Some people, looking on at his heavy play and losses, and knowing his modest way of living, asked "Where *does* he get his money?" But the gambler always has money. It was reassuring to him now to feel that large capital was not necessary. His one great success had been made with but a hundred francs. As long as a single five-franc piece remained to him, he might at any time hear, as it were, the voice saying "Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor of London." A single five-franc piece was not too small to become the seed of a dazzling affluence.

His assets at length consisted of no more than the house in process of construction, and a few forlorn building-lots in America. The latter could not profitably be turned into cash, and indeed might be crossed off the account altogether. As to his house, the object of so much labor and affection, he decided that he would not sell it, but would mortgage it. He went directly to the well-to-do Barmasso for the loan. His builder received the request with a deprecating shrug. "*Ces jours-ci*—and *enfin*, and *et puis*, and what will you," stammered Barmasso. "If it was only a house in the regular style, I wouldn't mind letting you have—so much; but, being as it's an old kind of place, made after ideas of your own, and nobody would take it off my hands if anything happened to the mortgage, I can't possibly let you have more than—so much." And he named a ridiculously small sum.

"It's infamous!" said Leonard. "You know all the good material that's gone into that house; you know the real value of it better than anybody else, because you've built it. But I can't argue with you. Will you stand to the offer you have made?"

"I'll stand to this one anyway, M'sieu Bond." And he diminished his offer anew, by an appreciable fraction.

"Can you let me have the money at once?—on the instant?"

"Hem! h-m! this is Tuesday; the quickest I can let you have it is on Saturday."

Leonard was obliged to close with

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him. This transaction, the cold shrewdness of Barmasso, sent a throb of terror through him. His apathy was stirred; the enveloping fog in which he was voyaging was briefly rent, as by a lightning flash, and he heard the roar of snarling breakers, and had an imminent vision as of his total undoing near at hand. If now he could only command some small resources, in the meantime, even very small ones, he might redeem all before Saturday, and not have to take the knavish Barmasso's mortgage after all. Casting about for something on which to raise money, he thought of his watch, not a very choice one, and he pawned it and lost the proceeds the same day. Then he pawned Miriam's watch, lying at the jeweller's for repairs. He was heartily ashamed of the latter step, but assured himself that it was but momentary; it should be back again in the jeweller's hands on Saturday, whether he lost or not. And lose, he did.

His own wits had served him so poorly, that he had long felt the need of some higher wisdom than his own to guide his play. It was an aspiration not likely to be gratified, but it led him to discourse with Scaithewaite, the system-maker. Scaithewaite was only too content to secure an intelligent listener, and they sat down a couple of hours over it at a little table in the Café Régence, at Nice. It led him to buy all the brochures with infallible secrets for winning, displayed in sealed envelopes, at the news kiosks—and sold dear, because no purchaser would ever think of buying one a second time. And it led him vaguely among the charlatans whose offers of infallible systems, in the newspapers, he had been wont to mock at so scornfully. He knew, as well now as then, that they were unreasonable, absurd, but the chronic gamester does not disdain to be unreasonable nor even absurd. Out of all the bushel of chaff, there might come a small grain of wheat, in the shape at least of some useful suggestion that would throw him out of his rooted habits and set him upon some fresh new proceeding. The benevolent Professor, the Ex-croupier of Monte Carlo, the distinguished Engineer of Roads and Bridges, "A.A.," *très sérieux*, and "Y," also very serious, being seen and corresponded with, had no healing to offer. He even visited the motherly Baroness de Niche, whose hand-bill pretended to call down righteous maledictions upon the Casino and sweep it from the face of the earth as a philanthropic boon to the human race, and he found her a little sharper than all the rest.

"Such semblance of plans as they have got is simply copied out of old Cagliostro's book," said Leonard, summing them all up. "And their game is threefold—either to make off, pure and simple, with the money put in their hands, or to pluck their victims at private play, or to serve as stool-pigeons for Monte Carlo, where no doubt they get a commission on the business they bring."

"The numbers tend to come out of the roulette-wheel in mysterious series, controlled by sympathy among themselves," said the Baroness de Niche. "I have found the secret of these series through my profound investigations, by means of the science of algebra."

The secret was divided into two parts, for sale separately or the whole for a round sum—which was of no moment at all in comparison with the losses one might sustain without it, at a single sitting. No, no, no aid, no resource here; all was hollow, fallacious mockery.

Nor was there more in the private roulette, defying law, to which he was introduced, in a considerable villa, not far from the Pont du Magnan. The risks were greater, the management probably even less honest than at Monte Carlo. Some people there told him of clairvoyants who had done most wonderful things. To make his experience complete, he fatuously visited some of the clairvoyants, bought their lucky numbers, and some of these numbers, written out on tissue-paper, he soaked in his cup, and swallowed with his breakfast coffee.

On Friday morning, preceding the Saturday when he was to have his loan from Barmasso, he was once more, despite clairvoyant and lucky numbers, in the unhappy class of the cleaned-out, the *décavés*.

That morning, Miriam having gone

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down to the village to do her marketing, Leonard caught sight of Jojo, led out by Angelo to crop some mouthfuls of fresh grass. For the first time, Jojo occurred to him as negotiable property. —A thought to be repulsed with loathing!—No, a thought to be accepted with gratitude, a sad necessity, no doubt, but a happy solution that might save all.

"Miriam will grieve, to be sure, and little Lucien will be inconsolable for a while," he reflected. "But, then, Lucien is forever getting under Jojo's feet and in imminent danger of being trampled to death. And it *may* save us the need of putting the mortgage on the house. And, furthermore, I shall not sell the pony, but only put him in pledge; and I shall get him out again just as soon as my winnings allow it."

He ordered Angelo to give Jojo an extra feed of oats, and then harness up and let him know when all was ready. While waiting, he took the seat in the corner of the house-terrace, and lost himself in intricate tables, involving mathematical doctrines of chances, on which he was now always figuring.

Little son ran out from the supervising care of Alexandrine in the kitchen, and began a favorite game of throwing things over the parapet. Athletic for his years, he would unconsciously take strong, proud little poses, like a baby Ajax defying the lightning. He threw over all the small articles he could lay hands on, and the worst of it was many of them were useful ones. You might have thought he was lightening cargo to avert an impending shipwreck.

Tired of this, and yielding to the magnetism the larger body naturally exercised upon such a smaller one, he gravitated nearer and nearer his father. He played about him as quietly as a little mouse, for a while, bringing leaves, sticks, and pebbles, and arranging them beside him on the bench. Then he would put them into one of his father's side-pockets, then industriously take them out again, and put them in the other. He ran down the garden-walk, where wild flowers were springing in the tall grass — he himself was like but a larger flower among them—and brought back, for his father's buttonhole, a coquelicot that he had ruthlessly broken off, with much too short a stem.

When Leonard was his normal self, the doings of his little child were a continual source of curious interest and affectionate pleasure. But of late, these pretty nothings were rather a reproach to him; he inclined to avoid the baby caresses, or to get them over with as soon as possible. This, too, in spite of his specious argument that it was largely to insure the child's happiness that he was engaged in his present singular career.

Again, at a most engrossed moment, when Leonard was counting about three abstruse columns of figures at once, Lucien approached, with his innocent adorable little smile, that showed all his excellent white teeth, and called "*Manina! manina!*"—Little hand! little hand! a word caught up from his nurse, Barbara's semi-Italian patois. It was his ingenuous idea that his father should now stop everything, and have nothing more important in the world to do than to hold his dear little paw in both his own.

Finally, he must be taken up into Leonard's lap. He was as gentle and adroit about it all as any irrepressible child could be, but he was in both an affectionate and an inquisitive mood. While Leonard absently kept on with his work, he was sensible of Lucien's laying his soft cheek against his, exploring the dog's-head pin in his cravat, with murmurs of "bow-wow! bow-wow!" and taking out and replacing his handkerchief. Suddenly he became aware that he was being relieved of a memorandum-book he carried in an inner pocket. The infant had it in his hand and was sliding down to the ground with it to carry it away.

"No, no, not that, Monsieur *Touche-à-tout*. Mr. Touch-everything, *that* won't do at all," he protested, rousing himself to take it back.

All things, as to Lucien, seemed divided into "No" objects and "Yes" objects. Nearly everything belonged to the former category, this memorandum-book decidedly. Its destination, furthermore, had it not been recaptured, was to be thrown over the terrace wall.

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Angelo came to announce that the trap was ready. "Ready in a moment," responded Leonard.

He rose to go; but, taken by a singular impulse, he caught up little Lucien into his arms and carried him down toward the middle of the garden walk. He paused there, between borders where scarlet flowers kindled their bright flame amid the grave, poetic green of the olive-orchard. He cradled the infant a little in his strong embrace, pressed him against his breast, then, lifting him higher, tenderly kissed him twice. Lucien took the kisses in a half-coquettish little way almost like that of a girl evading her lover.

"Now we are alone, all alone, papa and his dear little sweetheart boy," said Leonard Bond. "Here we are, all by ourselves, out of sight and sound of everybody. Nobody can hear what I am going to say to you; and you yourself, poor little midget, don't understand the first syllable of it either. I want you to wish papa 'luck.' Papa is going away pretty soon and has need of all the help and favor he can get. Who knows? perhaps the wish may have some good effect, coming from your innocent mouth. There, now, my dear little pet, say, after papa, '*luck!*' Say it this way—so—after papa—'Luck!'"

"*Luck!*" repeated the child, displaying a perfect docility that was by no means habitual with him. And he smiled radiantly up at his father, as if he appreciated the humor and the compliment of it that they two should have a secret between them.

Leonard kissed him again, and put him down. He had at once a remorseful sense that he was desecrating the finest feelings of the human heart to the purposes of his unhallowed occupation. In a few moments more he was bowling along the smooth road to Monte Carlo, driving their pretty pony, Jojo, to the sacrifice.

He alighted before the Café de Paris. Entering the billiard-room, he walked at once straight across it, and stood for a moment by a window. Although he appeared quite unobservant, his cursory glance had assured him that Banfi, the habitué of the place, the man he wanted, was there. He must catch his breath a bit first, and think in what words the sacrifice he was about to consummate were best proposed.

As he stood by the window, the view commanded the mountain prospect, with the mediæval village of Roquebrune near the top. Yes, it was evident there had once been a landslide, the traces of it were plainly visible on the scarred cliffs; and in the hamlet itself bowlders and houses were indistinguishably mixed together. The village had slid, and it had been somehow stopped in mid-career to the sea—stopped, the story went, by a sprig of flowering broom—the cytisus of Virgil and Theocritus, the plant on which classic shepherds were wont to pasture their goats. For an instant, the legend came vaguely before his mind, with the scene.

"Ah, if only something could have stopped me!" he sighed, heavily.

Turning back, he sought out Monsieur Banfi, the man who lent money at one hundred per cent. a day to persons temporarily embarrassed in their dealings at the Casino, just there across the velvet lawn. The usurer paused in a game with a young man having a weak chin and snaggly black teeth, and came forward billiard-cue in hand. His gross, heavy jaw, his drooping eyelids, his florid costume, already portended an unfeeling hardness; and, on the other hand, something in Leonard must have indicated to his experienced eye both the novice and his urgent need. He repulsed the application as soon as it was made, saying, roughly.

"*I've* got no money."

"If the collateral were good, I think you could find some," rejoined Leonard, quietly.

When Banfi was led out to see the trap, in fact, the affair took quite a new complexion. He walked around Jojo, poked him in the withers and felt of his legs. His admiration, it was plain to be seen, still held good.

"I can't loan any money on that outfit," he announced.

"And why?" demanded Leonard, surprised and aggrieved.

"Because I like it, as I told you before, and I want to *buy* it."

"No, no; I can't think of selling."

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"Hold on! don't gather up them lines yet. You can make more out of me than you can out of anybody else. You may get something on the outfit, but they'll charge you a couple of hundred per cent. — the good borrower pays for the bad, you know—and anyway what you want to do is sell. When you come to play, you'll find you'll have need of all the money you can get, and then you'll wish you'd listened to me."

It was but a foregone conclusion that Leonard should come to his terms. He took a last glance at the trim cart that had drawn them in their modest triumph at the Battle of Flowers, and lingeringly patted poor Jojo's neck for the last time. He went and cast down in the gamesters' temple the pieces received from this species of treason. The invocation, too, through the aid of little son proved as absolutely ineffective as all the rest. At the end of the day, could he have redeemed Jojo for the round disk of a single five-franc piece, he would not have had the wherewithal to do it.

But, at any rate, the day of small things was past. How could he have expected anything from the use of such mere driblets? he asked himself. He now welcomed with some cheerfulness the morrow and Barmasso's mortgage-loan. "Here, at last," he said, "is something you may really call a capital."

By the time he entered into the possession of the mortgage-money, the train had gone. Delaying a little he might have caught another, and been set down at Monte Carlo for a couple of francs. But he could not wait for another. With such fever of impatience was he consumed, that every instant seemed precious. Not a minute, not a second of the valuable time was to be lost. He laid out forty francs, instead, for a carriage and pair, in the Place Masséna. It was a pair of the swift trotters, with jaunty cocks' feathers in their bridles, which tear like mad along the road, back and forth from Monte Carlo, for the especial use of the grand gamblers and similar luxurious persons.

"*Hue! hue! allez! allez vite!*" cried the coachman.

He snapped his whip; the little bells on the collars jingled gayly, and the flying hoofs of the horses devoured the route.

"If a man take on with fickle goddess Fortune the airs of a successful player, perhaps she'll really think him one and so make him one," philosophized Leonard.

Once, during the journey, his face, set and eager with expectation, relaxed into an indulgent smile, when he had discovered in his side-pockets a miscellany of twigs and pebbles that Lucien had put there the day before. He tossed them out into the road.

"Dear little chap!" said he, half aloud, "we ought to have a civil engineer, all to ourselves, to keep up with his numerous inventions."

He scarce remarked his own home, as he flew past it. Could he have done so, he might perhaps have seen Miriam sitting under a tree in a very disconsolate attitude. She had missed Jojo, and she had guessed at the cause. She sat much, all that day, under a remote tree, in the orchard. Alexandrine, Barbara, and the farmer's family thought that "Madame" unusually ennuyéd herself and mourned for her own country. She was so lonesome that day that even the amusing pranks of little Lucien could not divert her.

(To be concluded in June.)

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A CORNER IN A MARKET.

PAINTED BY JULES MUENIER.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

JULES ALEXIS MUENIER, one of the best known of the younger French painters, was not born at Vesoul, as is stated in the catalogue of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, but at Lyons, just thirty years ago. "The chances of life," he says to me in a letter, "took my parents to that town; nevertheless, I am really, and in heart, a Franc-comtois. It is in Franche-comté, in a little village near Vesoul, that I have painted all my pictures. It is there that I have brought my family together, and have all home and household ties."

The little village is that of Coulevon, which has less than two hundred inhabitants, of whom M. Muenier and his family appear to be the leading people, as his wife is the owner of the château and the property belonging to it.

After having gone through the usual French school education young Muenier became, at the age of eighteen, a pupil at the École des Beaux-Arts, in the studio of Gérôme. That distinguished artist is also a Franc-comtois, and was born at Vesoul, so there was a tie of local patriotism between master and pupil, not unfavorable to sympathy and progress. Muenier afterward became the friend and companion, and also, in a certain sense, the disciple of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who, if not a native of Franche-comté, is strongly attached to the Haute-Saône, where he has a country-house, in which he spends several months of every year. M. Muenier desires me to say, in this place, with how much mingled respect and affection he looks upon "that great artist," to whom he owes whatever may be in any degree of interest in his work. He adds that M. Dagnan-Bouveret is not only his master, but his dearest friend, and that he is proud of having been influenced by him.

The first picture exhibited by M. Muenier was the "Breviary," in the Salon of 1887. This gained a third-class medal, voted unanimously, and a travelling "bourse" from the Ministry of Fine Arts. The young artist travelled through Italy, Spain, Morocco, and Algeria. During several months of African travel he enjoyed the companionship of Dagnan-Bouveret.

One result of these African travels was a picture of "Algerian Women on their Terraces," which was exhibited in Paris, in 1889, and afterward won a second-class medal at Munich. This picture was sent to Chicago, in 1893, along with "Aux Beaux Jours," which, I suppose, one ought to translate "In the Fine Weather," though that would not convey the full sense of the original for lack of certain contrasts and associations. The subject of this work is extremely simple. An elderly man and his wife are sitting at table out-of-doors, *sub tegmine*, according to the pleasant French rural custom in summer. The moment chosen is that pleasant one after *déjeuner*, when the sensations of physical satisfaction are agreeably completed by coffee, and sometimes also by cognac and tobacco. It seems to be so in the present instance, as there is a bottle conveniently near to the old man, who is also enjoying his pipe. His little daughter, or perhaps grandchild, does not share these pleasures, but gives, by her mere presence, a joy of a higher kind. The art in the picture is that of simple realism, but without and of those errors of taste that have been so frequently associated with that word. This work was of great importance in the career of the artist, as he sent it to the Champ de Mars, in 1890, where the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts then, for the first time, organized a salon on new principles in opposition to the old Salon of the Champs Elysées. M. Muenier was elected an associate of the new society, and has remained faithful to it

* See frontispiece.

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ever since. In the same year he exhibited "On the Bridge," a peasant girl seated on a rustic bridge and gazing meditatively at a quiet pool in a brook that passes through level fields, with a village on the rising ground in the distance.

The year 1891 was important for M. Muenier, as he then painted "The Catechism," which was bought for the state, and is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. A rural French priest is in his garden, the garden of the *presbytère*, and examining the little boys and girls of the village. The state also bought M. Muenier's large decorative panel of the "Harbor of Villefranche at Twilight," before the opening of the Champ de Mars, in 1893.

It is tedious to give mere catalogues of works when there is not some special reason for dwelling upon them one by one. Besides the state, M. Muenier's pictures have found several distinguished buyers, as, for example, Alexandre Dumas, the dramatist; Albert Wolff, at that time the most famous Parisian critic; Jules Claretie, and Coquelin the Younger.

Although M. Muenier is one of the younger French artists who exhibit at the revolutionary Champ de Mars, and although he is open in all ways to the influences of modern art, and is not bound by any special ties of artistic ancestry to the past, he is still entirely free from the false pretension and wilful eccentricity that have led to the present lamentable decadence in French painting. A real decadence in painting may always be known by its substitution of an empty manual display and of temporary fashions in drawing and coloring for the observant study of nature. The "decadent" artist has for his real motive the desire to draw attention to himself, a desire suggested either by vanity or by a shrewd commercial calculation. When there are several decadent artists together they adopt some eccentric "fad," and work it to its ultimate consequences without caring either for veracity or genuine technical excellence. For example, of late years it has become the fashion among certain decadents to color in crude, pale hues, particularly pale, raw green and violet, whether the objects represented had really that coloring or not, and as to manual execution, a peculiar streaky way of painting has been adopted which is very ill-suited to the interpretation of the majority of natural objects.* M. Muenier paints without any technical *parti pris* of this kind. He simply has in view the honest representation of what he sees, and, as his local interests and affections are very strong, he thinks more of representing the good folks about Coulevon as they are, than of exhibiting novel tricks of execution. His manner of drawing is firm and clear, and its definitely linear character gives it a certain hardness which reminds us, in some pictures, of the early Flemish or Italian masters. His modelling is careful and rather primitive. I like it none the worse for that, and only mean that he does not usually care for startling and salient relief. There is a certain preciseness, a sort of primness in M. Muenier's work that seems almost an anachronism in these days of manual display. His system of light and color is not founded on the strength to be obtained by sacrifices and violent oppositions, but rather on the truth of contrasts; as, for example, between the glowing sunshine on a field or hillside, and the half-light on foreground figures that do not catch the sun and yet are not by any means "forlorn of light." As a general rule there is great placidity among M. Muenier's figures, which are quiet, rustic folks, mainly women, living in a healthy way in sun and shade and in one of the pleasantest parts of France, but neither thinking nor doing very much. Sometimes,

* Since French artists found out a few years ago, what had been long known to Englishmen, that under certain circumstances the coloring of shadows is blue (or bluish), and that of lights in sunshine yellowish, the blue or violet shadow has become a fashion among the decadents, with little or no reference to the varying circumstances of nature. I have often made studies for truth of relation between the lighted and the shaded sides of objects, from mountains to foreground buildings, and I find that sometimes the shadow is rather blue or violet and sometimes it is not. I put this question to a most experienced old landscape-painter about a dozen years ago, before the present fashion came in, and he entered into the subject more at length than would be suitable for a footnote; the result being that shadows, or the shaded side of things, were sometimes cool and sometimes warm, the difference being due to distance, to local color, to reflections, and to the state of the atmosphere. The decadents take no account of these various conditions, but make their shadows blue or violet under all circumstances.

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Jules Muenier.

however, the artist goes in for action, and there is one picture of his in which the action is, or has just been, most violent and the consequence of it tragical. I allude to the "Querelle de Charretiers" ("Carters Quarrelling"). The incident appears to happen on the wonderful Corniche road, on the French Mediterranean coast. Two carters have had a dispute, and one of them lies prostrate—being wounded, if not dead—while the conqueror glares at him fiercely, with a knife in his hand. The tragic incident is in strong but by no means rare or improbable contrast with one of the loveliest regions on earth lighted by the bright sun of the warm south. It is just one of those enchanting turns of road which are dear to the pedestrian or the bicyclist, when on one side he looks over an expanse of azure waters, and has on the other the rich and beautiful southern land. Notwithstanding the strong realism of the figures and the savagery of the too possible incident, the object of the artist has still been beauty as well as truth—in other words, he has not lost sight of what must always be the essential quality and interest of a work of art.

The picture which we have reproduced requires no especial comment. The subject is very simple and explains itself. I need only add that a reproduction in black and white, however faithful as to drawing, cannot do justice to the richness and warmth of coloring which belong to the original work.

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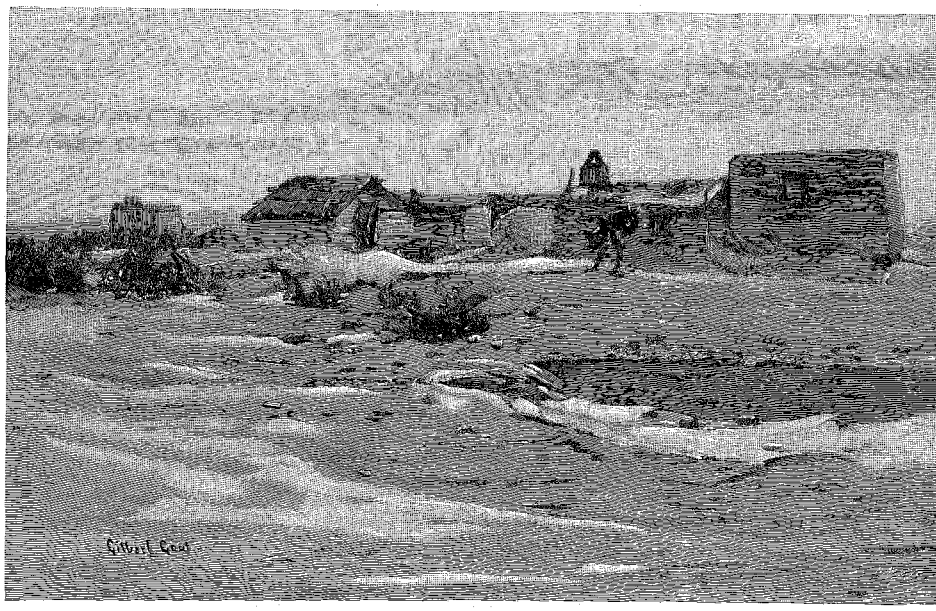

Sand-Storm, or "Norther," in a Mexican Village on the Rio Grande.

THE AMERICAN CONGO.

By John G. Bourke.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY GILBERT GAUL.

SEVERAL winters ago, all that portion of the State of Texas lying between the Rio Nueces and the Rio Grande was the theatre of an attempt on the part of certain reckless, ignorant, political refugees to organize an armed force to set at defiance the Neutrality Laws of the United States and subject to annoyance the people residing in the isolated districts of the northern frontier of the friendly republic of Mexico.

The effect of this disturbed condition of affairs was little if any beyond attracting public attention to the general ignorance of the region under consideration and the peculiar population by whom it has for several generations been inhabited.

It is the purpose of this brief and necessarily synoptical sketch to lay before the readers of SCRIBNER'S an outline description, both of the territory under consideration, and the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Mexicans to be found within its limits.

Although the Rio Grande, or as it was known to the earlier Spanish explorers, the Rio Bravo del Norte, figures on the maps as the southeastern boundary of the United States, it can in no sense be regarded as fulfilling any of the conditions of a line of delimitation. For months in the year its current shrinks to such insignificant proportions that it can be forded on foot or horseback at almost any point, and smugglers find no difficulty in crossing with trains of loaded pack-mules and making their way across the "Zona Libre" to the protection of the mountains of Coahuila and Nuevo Leon.

In an official communication which I once made to the War Department, and which has long been slumbering its last sleep in some one of the waste-paper baskets of the national capital, I compared the Rio Grande to the Nile in the facts that, like its African prototype, the fierce River of the North had its

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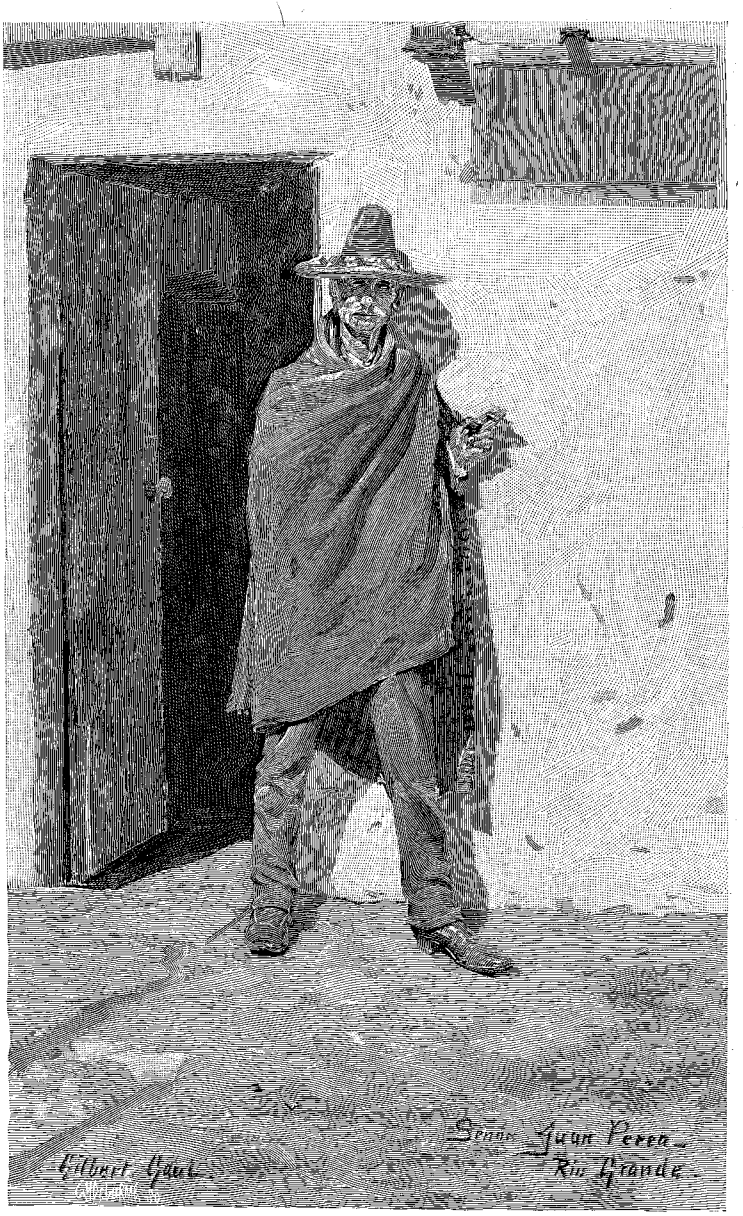
origin in snow-clad sierras far away in Colorado, which until within a generation or so have been as little known to wild tribes of Central Africa kept the forces of civilization at bay when they advanced beyond Khartoum, so the



A Native.

the dwellers near its mouth as were the Mountains of the Moon to the Ptolemies; like the Nile, it made its way to the sea unswelled by any affluent of importance; and much as the fierce Apache and his equally fierce brothers, the bold Comanche, Ute, and Navajo raided and plundered the meek Pueblo and Tlascaltec from time immemorial in wars which had given rise to

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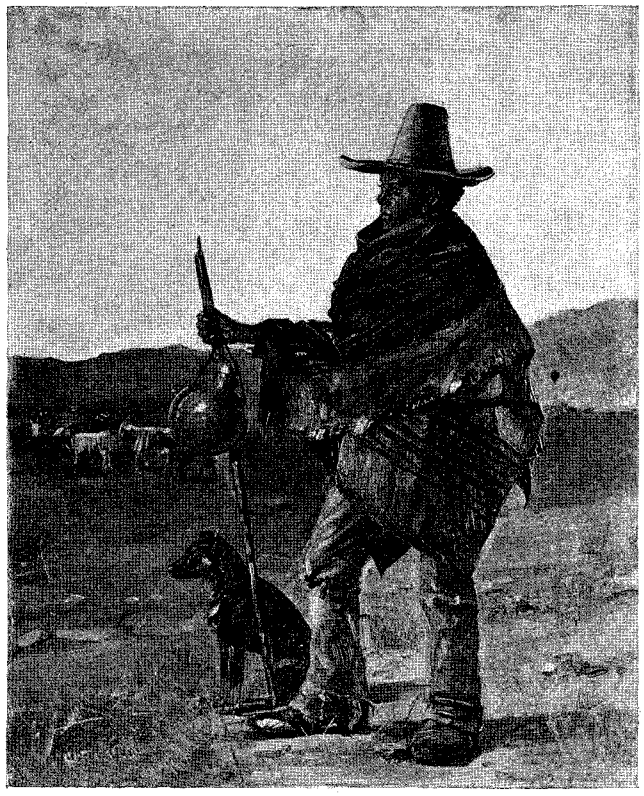

Mexican Goat Herder.

legends as weird and improbable as any to be found in the pages of Strabo or Herodotus.

In like manner, much as the sentinels of the Pharaohs watched the downcoming of the African water-god, so the "peons" and "pelados" of New Mexico, Texas, and Tamaulipas noted the spring-rise of the Rio Grande, because in each case the volume of water assured the success or failure of the crops and the prosperity or misery of thousands of toilers.

With the incoming of the American element, shortly after the termination of the Mexican War, and especially upon the completion of the various lines of transcontinental communication, the wild tribes at the head of the Rio Grande were subdued and placed upon reservations, and the mineral and arable wealth of a great empire made available to the commerce of the world.

No such good fortune smiled upon the lower part of the Rio Grande valley, which remains to-day, as it has been for more than forty years, a sealed book, a *terra incognita* to the rest of the United States. Twice the waves of North American aggression have swept across this region, bearing down all in their path; but as the tempest abated the Mexican population placidly resumed its control of affairs and returned to its former habits of life as if the North American had never existed.

The first of these ethnic storms was the advent of the army of General Zachary Taylor, in its march from Point Isabel, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, to Camargo, Monterey, and Saltillo.

This war between the two great republics of the American continent began, as every school-boy knows, near Point Isabel, and, although it undoubtedly resulted in the development of immense areas of most productive country, the necessity for beginning or continuing it has been doubted by no less an authority than the late President Grant.

The second period of exploration and examination arose during our own Civil War, when the needs of the Confederacy suggested the transportation of all the available cotton from the fields of eastern Texas and western Arkansas across the Rio Grande to the Mexican side, and then down to the city of Matamoros, there to be placed on steamers to be carried to Nassau and Liverpool. Those were the halcyon days of the "Heroic City," which saw itself advancing from the primitive insignificance of a fishing village, patronized by the pirates of Lafitte, to the dignity of a commercial metropolis,

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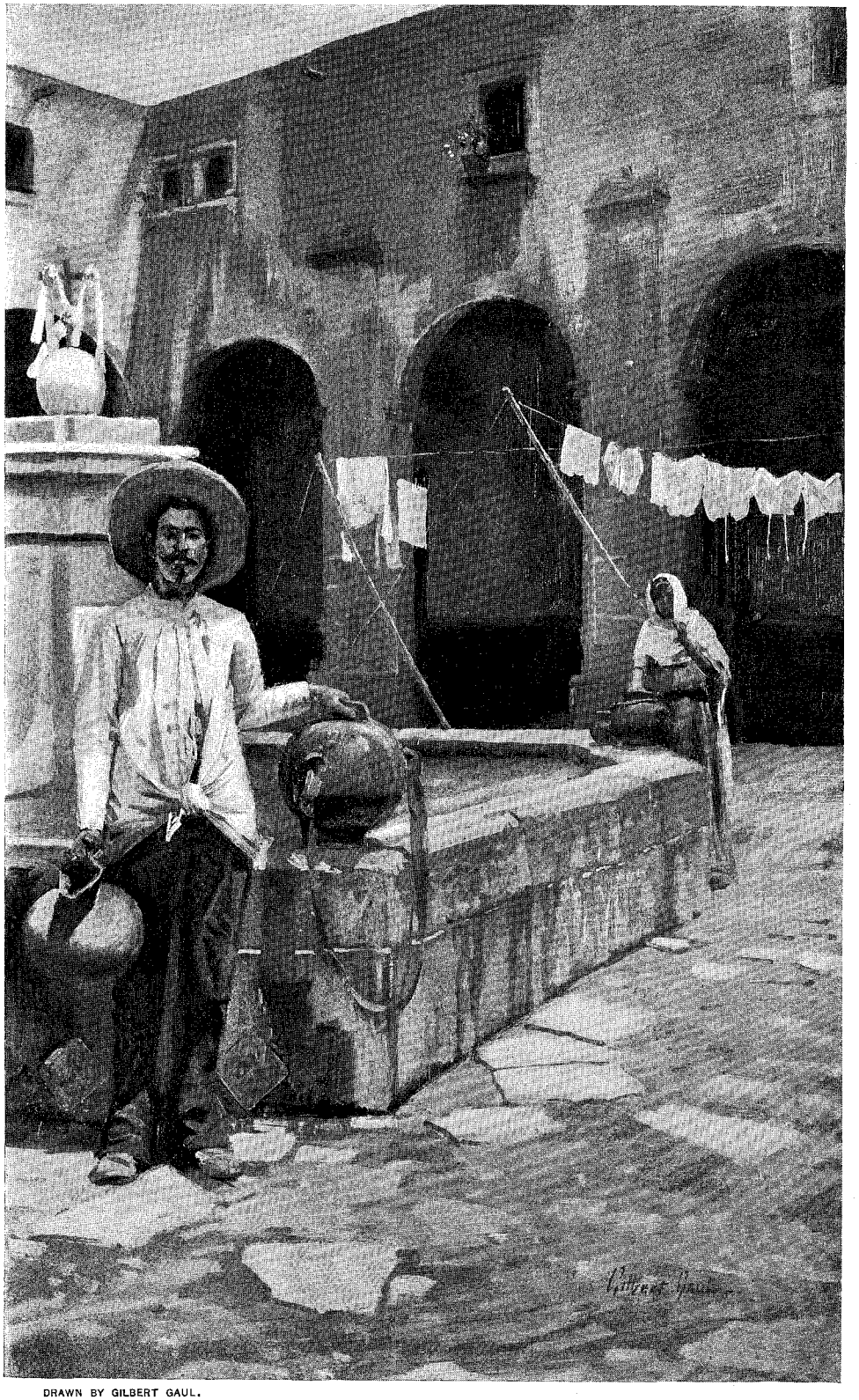

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

The Hacienda Fountain.

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frequented by the traders of Havre, Liverpool, and Hamburg.

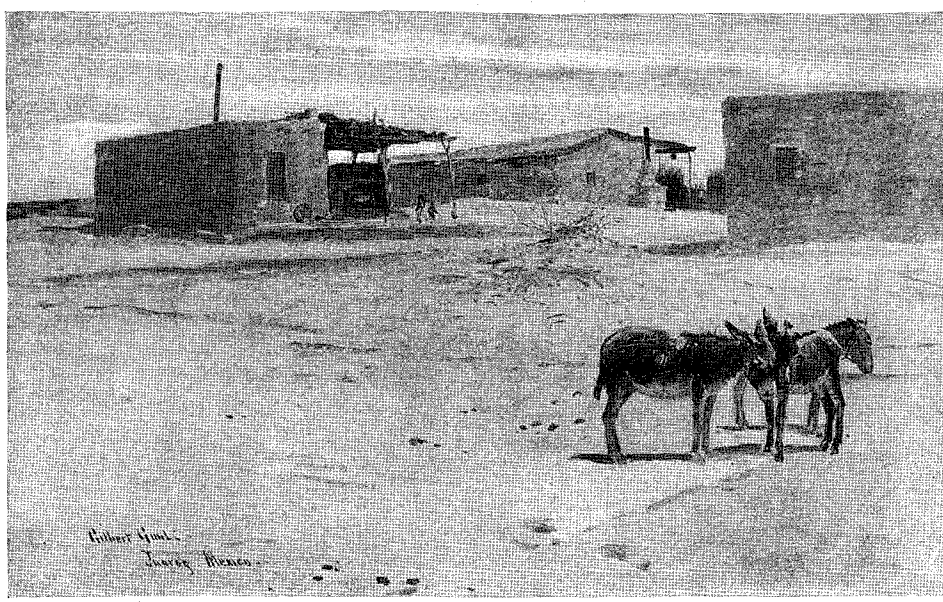
From the Nueces southward the whole country was furrowed with "cotton roads," while the waters of the Rio Grande were made familiar with the keels of more than twenty steamers, bearing the flags of such enterprising firms as the Kennedys, Kings, Kellys, and Dalzells.

He would have been a man of more than ordinary boldness who should have then dared predict the disappearance of all this commercial energy and a reversion to the old-time apathy; but such has been the case, and all that now remains in the way of commerce on the bosom of our boundary stream is the stanch little iron-hulled, one-hundred-and-fifty-ton steamboat Bessie, Captain Jesse Thornham, commander.

Of the presence of the conquering hosts of General Taylor there are few evidences left, save and excepting the copper grape-shot still dug up from the battle-fields of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto, between Point Isabel and Brownsville. General Taylor's old drunken moments prattles garrulously of the achievements of himself and his old commander.

Through the centre of this unknown region, fully as large as New England, courses the Rio Grande, which can more correctly be compared to the Congo than to the Nile the moment that the degraded, turbulent, ignorant, and superstitious character of its population comes under examination. To the Congo, therefore, I compare it, and I am confident that all who peruse these lines to a conclusion will concur in the correctness of the comparison, although stress cannot be too pointedly laid upon the existence within this Dark Belt of thriving, intelligent communities, such as Brownsville, Matamoros, Corpus Christi, Laredo, San Diego, and others, in which are to be found people of as much refinement and good breeding as anywhere else in the world, but exerting about as much influence upon the *indigenès* around them as did the Saxon or Danish invaders upon the Celts of Ireland.

As the Rio Grande is the main line



Adobe Houses of the Mexican Indians.

Mexican guide, who piloted him up the river and on to Monterey, still lives in the little town of San Diego, and in his of communication, a trip along its waters will be necessary for any one who desires to become even fairly well

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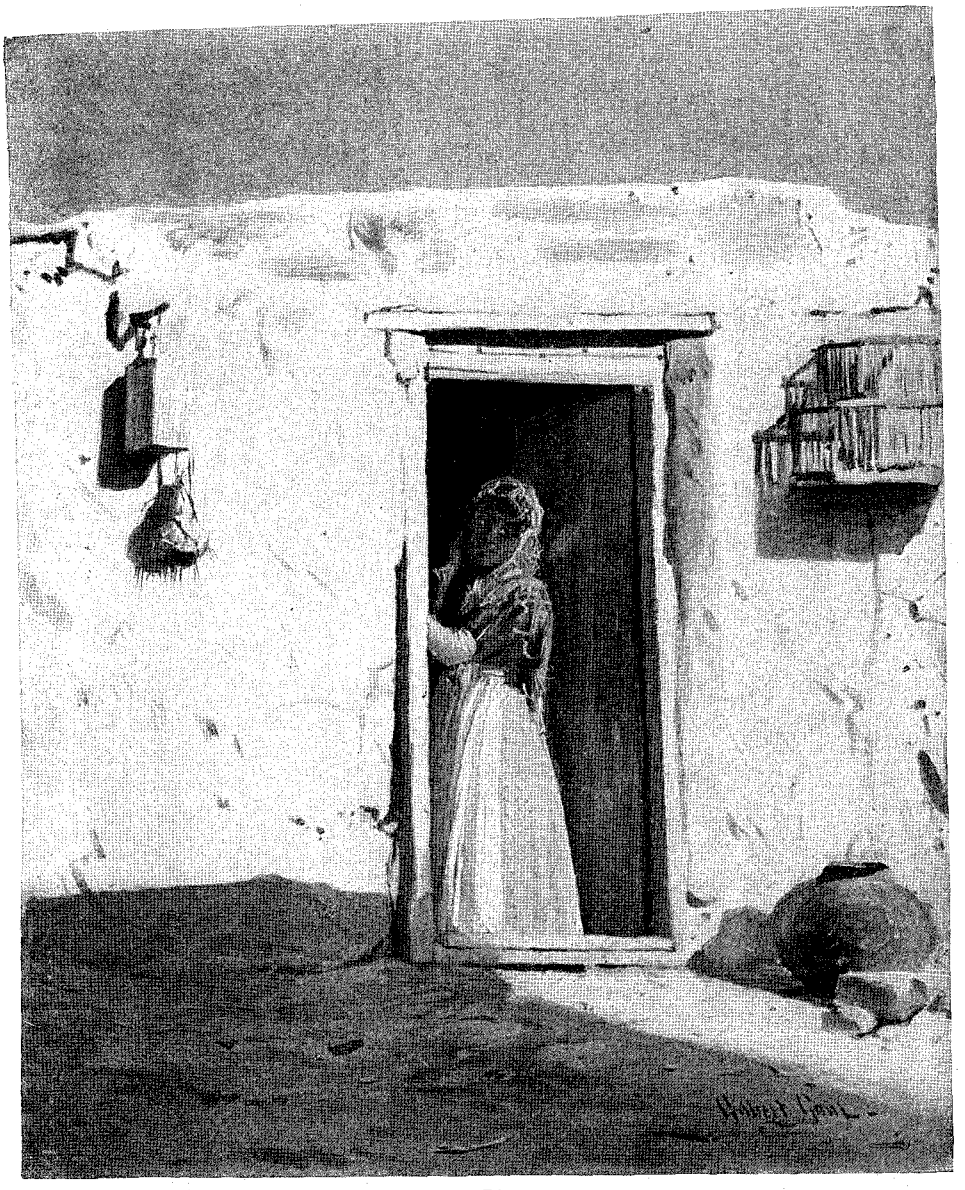

A Flirt.

acquainted with the general character of the country and that of the people living in it. The head of navigation is at Roma, close to Fort Ringgold, but the boat ordinarily does not ascend beyond the latter point. It makes about two or three round trips monthly, the downward passage being a matter of no difficulty, but the ascent altogether another affair on account of stiff current, uncertain depth of water, and treacherous sand-bars. While the distance overland from Ringgold to Brownsville or Matamoros is not over one hundred and ten miles, measured by the thread of the stream, it is fully four times as much, but every mile has its own story.

Such a voyage will, of course, give only an idea, but a perfectly correct idea, of the situation, and where a more thorough acquaintance with affairs is

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deemed necessary or desirable, this steamer excursion should be supplemented with trips over the various roads, on both sides of the river, from Piedras Negras to its mouth.

Whether the traveller be merely weary of the guide-books of better-known sections, and desirous to trace out for himself paths not trodden by the ordinary globe-trotter, or be engaged on more serious business and interested in the study of the history, the anthropology, the folk-lore, the botany, or the zoölogy of the valley, he will have no moment for idleness from the time he enters upon his labors, but will find each hour that material of the most valuable kind is accumulating upon his hands.

The scenery along the course of the river presents no especially attractive features, the country being a dead flat, covered thickly in most places with a jungle of vegetation unknown to the dwellers of the States farther to the east. Still, there are many picturesque bends and "reaches," which during the moments that the rays of the rising sun are falling upon them, or the ruddy light of evening is reflected in their waves from the west, or the radiance of full moon or twinkling stars beams down from the zenith, will challenge comparison with localities whose beauty has been most highly extolled by poet and painter.

There is an almost unvarying succession of the mesquite, or acacia, believed by the Mexicans to be especially subject to lightning-stroke; of the "nopal," or prickly pear, which enters in so many ways into the domestic economy of the valley; of the melancholy "retama," whose long, pendulous leaves so closely resemble those of our own weeping willow; of the "huisatchi," the "tasajillo," the "coma," the black ebony, whose wood will sink in water and whose "beans," well dried, are parched and employed by the inhabitants as a substitute for coffee; the "chapote," or Mexican persimmon; the awe-inspiring "coyotillo," of which such curious tales are on every lip, ascribing to it the peculiar property of having perfectly edible fruit, but seeds which if swallowed will cause paralysis of the lower extremities; the "toloachi," the "mariguan," and the "drago," the first two used by discarded women for the purpose of wreaking a terrible revenge upon recreant lovers, and the last one

"Jacales"—Houses of Wattle-work and Mud in a Mexican Village.—Page 601.

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much employed by the "medicine-men" of the Indian tribes as a narcotic to induce prophetic dreaming; the "pitahaya," or ice-cream cactus, which is truly delicious in every sense; the "palo blanco," or hackberry; the "jarral," much resembling a cross between the willow and the cane of the Mississippi Valley; the "cenicilla," a variety of sage-brush bearing a lovely blue flower; the "junco," "uña de gato," "tenazas," "chapparo prieto," and dozens of other forms of plant life, a fuller description of which at this moment would be foreign to the purpose and scope of this brief sketch.

A Curandera—Woman Herb-doctor.—Page 606.

With all this plant-life there is connected a folk-lore which is most entertaining; the same lore of the "peon" attaches to the animals which lurk in the shelter of the jungle which the matted mass of all these thorny bushes presents to the entry of the stranger; in truth, the vegetation of the valley is rather one of interlaced bushes than of separate and independent trees, and it is not often that one can look upon a willow, a cotton-wood, or a palo blanco of respectable size, or expect to see the the lordly pecan, most beautiful of all trees — more beautiful than pine or palm or oak or elm.

As there are strange forms of vegetation, so there are curious animals. Here is to be encountered the "jabalin," the wild boar of America, fierce, swift, and intelligent, attacking man in the jungle but yielding readily to domestication when brought within the restraints of civilization. Swiftly darting through the lower branches, or racing more rapidly than a horse can trot along the half-effaced trails in the mesquite brush is the "road-runner," or "chapparal cock," credited by the Mexicans with a cunning and astuteness almost human in its dealings with the rattlesnake; through the dense fo-

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Washing.

liage of mesquite and granjeno sounds the harsh cackle of the toothsome "chachalaca," nowhere else found within the limits of our country; and, as if in answer, comes the deep, tender cooing of the white-winged dove or the rasping noise of the "urraca."

Clumsy-looking, mail-clad armadillos move rapidly from point to point; occasionally the branches break under the timid tread of graceful fawns, or bend stealthily under the weight of amber-eyed, stump-tailed wild-cats.

Raccoons, 'possums, land-tortoises,

The Clothes Line.

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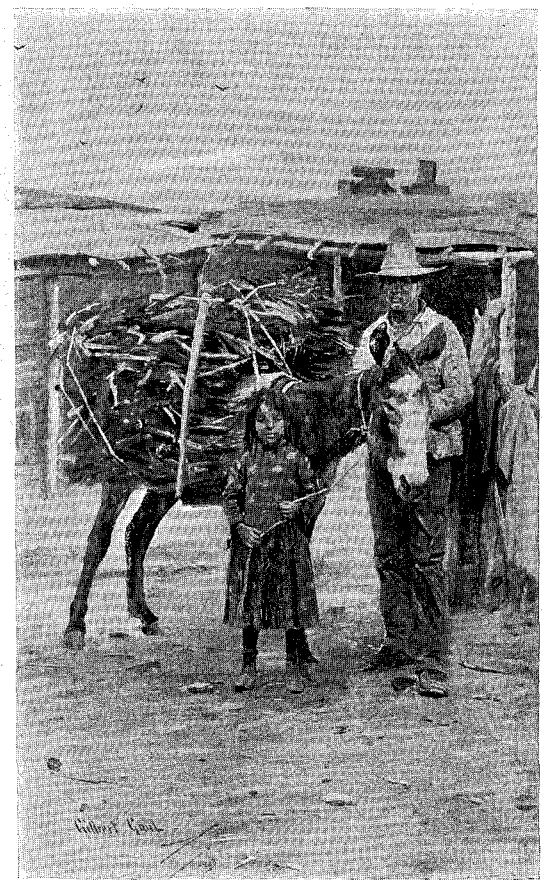
and the slinking, untamable coyote fill out the list of animated life to be ordinarily looked for in these thorny recesses, while it goes without saying that there is the full complement of snakes, both venemous and non-venemous, which infests every jungle upon which the hand of man has as yet made so little impression.

As the current impels the little steamer against some projection of the bank and great clods of rich earth succumb to the stroke and fall with a splash into the water, there are whole schools of the soft and hard-shelled tortoises to be seen scampering up and away to the nearest sand-bar to avoid impending calamity. Then there may be a hapless pony mired in quicksand, a heifer or calf drifting down with the force of the stream, a squad or two of ox-eyed Mexican laundresses lazily desisting from their labors to gaze upon the passing transport, a bevy of merry-voiced girls or their noisy brothers shouting cordial greetings, or a strong picket of cavalry and infantry troops watching with vigilance every movement made from the northern bank because this is the land of Garza, the wife-beater, defaulting sewing-machine agent, blackmailing editor, and hater of the Gringoes, who suffered under the hallucination that the people of northern Mexico were eager to salute him as their president.

These are all that can truly be specified as the attractions of landscape on the lower river; but as the boat keeps on its downward course it passes close under the overhanging bank upon which are to be found perched the ranches of Santo Domingo, or "La Grulla," from the latter of which crossed the petty detail of smugglers and outlaws who not long since hoped to set at defiance the laws of the two republics. Fifty miles below Ringgold is the pretty town of Hidalgo, or Edinburgh, deserving of some attention as the last place in which human blood was shed in our dreadful Civil War; not even a cross marks the spot where brother looked upon brother for the last time with the glare of hate and despair; a score or more of the dead were, so it is related, buried by kindly Mexican hands in a little "Campo Santo," wherein the rude monuments and tablets and crosses bedecked with wreaths of colored paper and calico preserve in local memory the virtues of those gone before. Let us hope that the same prayer which covers the bones of the villagers may have due efficacy in behalf of Unionist and Confederate. "Que en paz duermen"—May they sleep in peace.



Wood for the Ranch.

Almost opposite the "Grulla," on the Mexican side, is the pretty hamlet of San Miguel, now the terminus of the

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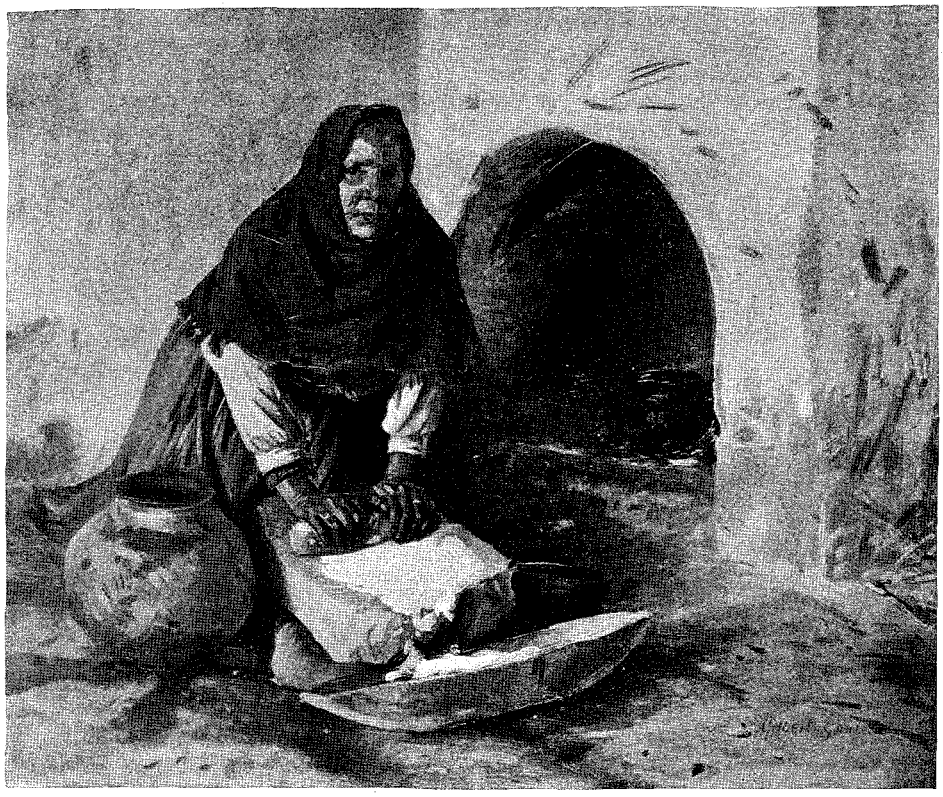

Grinding Corn for the Christmas Fiesta.

Matamoros division of the Mexican National Railroad, formerly the scene of a terrible fight between Texas "Regulators" and a prowling band of cattle-thieves who had carried on their nefarious work on the wrong side of the river and paid for their folly in the matter by having fourteen of their number killed outright in the streets of the village, while eight others were captured on the American bank, just as they were about to escape to the south bank with three thousand head of horned cattle, and hanged to the nearest ebony trunks in plain view of their friends and relations.

Reynosa, opposite to Edinburgh, is a place of increasing activity, and under favorable conditions a good trade may be developed there. The church of this town was, a generation ago, noted for the possession of a valuable communion service of solid gold and silver, guarded with unusual jealousy by the young priest in charge. No one was allowed to draw too near the sacred vessels, but one day, so the story goes, the young curate disappeared, and the sacred utensils were found to have been by some mysterious process suddenly transmuted into tin.

The Mexican rancho, from Laredo clear down to the Gulf, adheres strictly to the one model; to describe one is to describe all, the differences being principally those of size and population.

There is always a "plaza" or "placeta" in the centre; if the rancho be unusually large, there may be two or even three such little squares, which serve all purposes of business, recreation, or, when necessary, religious function. From these radiate the streets, unpaved and dusty, sometimes shaded by the overhanging branches of trees, but oftener left to the full glare of sun and force of wind.

The two or three petty stores, or "tendajos," are fond of displaying sonorous names quite as high-toned as

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the prices charged; these may be buildings of stone, but the other structures are mainly of the class called in this section of Texas "tecaruchos" or "jacales."

To make a "jacal" the owner inserts half a dozen stout poles of mesquite or ebony or huisachi at the proposed corners, and then fills in with a wattle-work which may or may not be daubed with mud, according to the exigencies of climate, the depth of the builder's purse, or his sense of the æsthetic.

Inside there may be a table and there may not—generally there is none; chairs are never seen, their place being supplied by stools made of an appropriately shaped root.

Should you seek for carpets, stoves, table-ware, kitchen utensils, beds — for any of the comforts and conveniences which the humblest workingman demands as a right in the more favored parts of the Union—you would seek in vain; there are absolutely none to be seen. These people live in a squalor and degradation which words cannot adequately portray. Nothing in Ireland or Russia can approach the destitution of the lower Rio Grande, where, fortunately, Providence has been kind enough to grant the finest weather for the poor in all the world. The poverty of each family can be measured by the number of dogs kept around the house; the poorer the people, the more dogs; sometimes there are chickens, and even tamed "chachalacas," and there may be two or more reed cages with mocking-birds or turtle-doves, as the humblest Mexican is at all times fond of tame birds, but in all other respects chill penury represses the noble rage of most of these families, whose husbands and brothers depend rather upon the career of smugglers for a precarious livelihood than upon the irksome labors of the husbandman.

A drought which prevailed all over this great region during several years is commonly adduced as a reason for this indifference to the generosity of an exuberant nature, which is disposed to reward the exertions of the intelligent and earnest tiller of the soil with two crops each year; but the drought had little to do with the occupations of the Rio Grande "ranchero." He has his herd of goats, which find abundant food upon the juicy plates and fruit of the nopal; these afford him all the meat and horny cheese his appetite may crave; he has a score or a hundred of mangy, unkempt sheep, whose wool is woven by the deft fingers of wife and daughters into blankets of wonderful warmth and beauty; and herds of burros and ponies "hustle" for sustenance in the "chapparal" until the moment may be opportune for loading them with the spoils obtained from the merchants of Rio Grande City and Roma, and stealthily gliding in the dark of the moon across the sand-bars of the Bravo into the Zona Libre of Tamaulpas, and on by devious by-paths to the shelter of the foot-hills of Coahuila and Nuevo Leon. That anything and everything will grow with the least care, or without it, is made plain by a glance at the surroundings of these very hovels, where pomegranates, castor-oil beans, peaches, figs, mulberries, bananas, oranges, roses, oleanders, jasmines, geraniums, verbenas and other forms of vegetation may frequently be seen.

But only rarely does the lordly smuggler care to scratch the earth for more than an acre or so of "jilotes" (roasting ears), and the accompanying "rastrojo," or fodder for burros and horses. When you add a half-dozen rows of onions, chile colorado, frijoles, and pumpkins, and, in exceptional seasons, water-melons, you have the sum total of the food yield of the ranch.

Yet, with the slightest exhibition of energy the humblest "pelados" of the valley might live upon the fat of the land; the soil will produce anything with irrigation; sugar and bananas will shoot up on the merest excuse, and, as has been shown in the great ranchos of the Brulés and Starrs and Rabbs, nearer to Brownsville, can be made a most important article of commerce.

Monsieur Brulé, on two hundred acres of the chocolate soil near the mouth of the Rio Grande, produced over six hundred thousand pounds of as fine sugar as I ever tasted, equalling in every respect the best to be had in the rich Mexican town of Linares on the other side. Starr and Rabb are entering into

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this industry on a much more extended scale, but data have not been obtained as to the precise acreage. Judge Lorenzo Hines, at his Santa Maria ranch, twenty-nine miles above Brownsville, has also shown what a progressive, intelligent man with moderate capital could effect in this region, so long abandoned to the coyote and the peccary.

These are the principal ranchos which have bestowed especial attention upon agricultural matters; there are others, such as the famed Santa Gertrudis ranch of the King family, said to be the largest in the world — seven hundred and fifty thousand acres; the Collins ranch, about two-thirds as large, the Delamar ranch near San Diego, the Santa Anita ranch of the Young-MacAllan families, north of Hidalgo, and one or two others which devote time and care principally to the raising of fine cattle, and which demonstrate equally well what can be done in that line of business by intelligence and thrift.

Of all these places and their owners I could write much, but here I must content myself with saying to the would-be traveller in the Mexican part of Texas that he will be astonished by much that can be seen upon them; the Santa Gertrudis ranch has been referred to by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in "The West from a Car Window." The lady who now owns it is the widow of the most enterprising of the Americans who penetrated into this section in the early days. The name of Colonel Richard King is still quoted for everything by both Americans and Mexicans; he was noted for his intelligence, courage, and unstinted generosity, and made the best possible use of the great wealth which he had succeeded in accumulating; he died, followed to his grave by the respect and good opinion of all classes.

The King family have for more than a generation prided themselves upon the kindly hospitality they have been able to extend to all visitors, and surely never was great baronial mansion more worthy of a visit.

From the front door of the mansion to the front gate is thirteen miles, but whenever Mrs. King may feel the need of an airing, she can drive in her carriage for sixty-five miles in a straight line without going outside of her own fence line.

All these vast interests she manages with a consummate tact and energy, derived from an intelligent father, the first Presbyterian missionary to the Rio Grande.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the breeds of cattle in all these ranchos, and the result has been here, as in all parts of Texas, that the long-horned steers, with which we were so well acquainted twenty or thirty years since, and which required a ten-acre lot to turn about in, have now entirely disappeared from the southwestern country.

The Kings are credited with the ownership of two hundred thousand head of horned cattle; but this estimate is an exaggeration, as I am informed by Mr. Cleburg, son-in-law of Mrs. King, and her general manager. The total brand of calves during the season has been between thirty-five and thirty-six thousand, every one of improved strains. When I was at the ranch, a young man, clad from head to foot in armor of leather, informed me in a nasal drawl that he "wor a' holin' daown a bunch o' steers 'n th' new pastur';" when I learned afterward that the "bunch of steers" numbered more than fourteen hundred, and that the "new pasture" was some six miles by six in area, I formed a most favorable opinion of the young man's modesty. At that time the Aransas Pass Railroad had one hundred and ten empty cars on the sidings at the station of Alice, eighteen miles away, waiting for the last of the stock which Mrs. King was sending to market.

And this was during the bad times for stock in southwestern Texas, after several years of drought which had starved nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a million head of steers and cows, and made the shipment of their bones an important item on the freight schedules of the Aransas Pass and Mexican National Railroads.

The cattle of the Young-MacAllan families do not number more than fifteen thousand, but they are of very fine blood and well cared for, and no more interesting sight can be imagined than

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the spring round-up, with the great water-troughs surrounded by scores and scores of lowing cows and bellowing bulls, each worthy of being immortalized by the pencil of a Bonheur.

Before leaving this subject of the ranchos, into which a goodly share of American energy has infiltrated, mention should also be made of the plantation of "Esperanza," conducted by Monsieur Celestin Jagou, of Brownsville; this might well be called an annex of the Agricultural Department. Here may be found growing in full perfection fruits and flowers until the mere enumeration of the list becomes a task. There are bananas, figs, grapes, pomegranates, peaches, apples, aguacates, oranges, limes, lemons, and dozens of others, proving, in the most eloquent way, the owner's boast that anything can be produced on this rich soil with very little effort.

It goes without saying that these people live in a manner far different from that of the native-born smugglers and bandits, who are content to exist, while quietly waiting for the moment when a small lot of goods can be slipped through the "resguardo" (custom-house officers, their enemies to the death).

A visit to these Rio Grande "tecaruchos" cannot be recommended; the accommodations are the meagrest imaginable; lucky indeed will be the guest who shall be invited to partake of "carne seca" (jerked beef) broken up and fried in grease with scalding hot "chilchipines" (a fiery pepper growing wild in Texas and Mexico, and forming the basis of Tabasco sauce); "cabrito," or goat meat, made into a stew with frijoles and the wild tomato, tortillas, slapped on the table every few minutes by the none too clean hands of the fair daughters of the house, who attend to the culinary department; stewed "jabalin," or wild boar, or a ragout of the scaly armadillo, the whole accompanied by draughts of an alleged coffee made from the "beans" of the ebony-tree, and concluding with a "traguito," of the mescal introduced from the other side of the river without going through the formality of consulting with Internal Revenue or Customs officials.

Adventurous young men in search of a mild form of excitement may find pleasure in such collations, but the hard-headed conservative thinker will always prefer to sup with Lucullus.

Such are the meals of the wealthier classes, those of the very poor cannot be described to the readers of SCRIBNER'S, involving as they do in the main the wild fruits of the region with which they would not be acquainted; mesquite beans and the juicy fruit of the nopal, or prickly pear, are the principal components.

One can never see wild-fowls in use, notwithstanding the fact that the Rio Grande is at nearly all seasons full of wild-ducks of many varieties, wild-geese, chachalacas, plover, quails, and doves, nor any form of fish unless it may be during Holy Week, although the river is fairly alive with the most palatable kinds of tortoises, and in its mouth and in the waters near Point Isabel the epicure from the States would go wild with the display and the ridiculous cheapness of everything he might demand in the shape of June fish, rock, sheep's-head, pompano, red snapper, green turtle, shrimp, and toothsome oysters.

The mouth of the Rio Grande, during the fall and winter months, is the Paradise of the yachtsman, the fisher, and the duck-hunter, but its fame is as yet strictly local.

I was going to say that American ideas and improvements had made no impression whatever upon these Rio Grande Mexicans, but to be perfectly accurate it must be admitted that the sewing-machine has forced its way into the most squalid ranchos, and to a very perceptible degree has been followed by the coal-oil lamp, American locks, carbines, revolvers, saddlery, and cotton goods.

Newspapers are never seen, and the number of books in the whole region from Piedras Negras to the Laguna Madre, and from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, excluding the American ranchos and the large towns and some school-books now in the hands of children, will not foot up one hundred.

The State of Texas, like the Republic of Mexico, is making heroic efforts to

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break down the barriers of ignorance and superstition, and schools are springing up on every side and in every hamlet, which in another generation will be telling their own story.

In dress our Rio Grande Mexican patronizes the cotton goods which are retailed in the "tendajos" at fearfully high prices, and going in debt, as he at times must, he finds it difficult to rescue himself from the "peonage" which still prevails, let the law say what it may.

In the matter of head-gear he is not always happy. Were he to consult his own tastes and inclinations he would dazzle his neighbors with a sombrero bigger than a cart-wheel and heavy with a rim-band and a snake of silver; but in these degenerate days one must conform to circumstances, and Don Ramon remembers sadly that the "chapparal" is so thick that he could not penetrate it one hundred yards with his appropriate head-gear, therefore he reluctantly contents himself with the less pretentious Kossuth.

He must wear "chapparejos," or overtrousers, of sheep- or goat-skin, and if he can scrape together enough money he will indulge in the luxury of a pair of boots; but if not, he complacently wears the sandals, or "guarachis," which so many of his neighbors still affect. There may not be half a dozen dishes of all kinds in his hut, his wife and children may be forced to run the gamut of distress from half-naked to completely naked, but if he "make a stake," either by successful smuggling or by a lucky turn of the roulette wheel at some "fiesta," he will invest the major part in a saddle and bridle, and spurs of astounding proportions and most intricate decoration, and mounted with silver if his money still hold out.

It is a popular fallacy that these people never use soap; they do not need to, as there are several varieties of saponaceous roots which serve their purposes equally well and even better.

But it is true that, especially among the poorer classes—I drop in this expression with some misgivings because they are all of them wretchedly poor—these Mexicans will sleep on the earthen floors of their hovels arrayed in the garments of the day, and these are changed only once a year, at Saint John's Day, in June, when whole villages may be seen on the river-bank taking the annual bath, the young girls on the same day cutting their hair in the hope that the new growth may be longer and softer.

Were a traveller to pass along the lower Rio Grande on June 24th, he would surely put down in his note-book that he had been among the cleanest people in the world—not a man, woman, or child would he see that was not arrayed in spotless attire, with hair cleaned with the amole root and carefully brushed back from forehead; he would think, too, that they were the merriest and lightest-hearted folk in the world were he to see them charging over the country, mounted on ponies, trying to snatch from the grasp of the possessor the simulacrum of a chicken, made of paper, ribbon, and feathers, which does duty for the live hen of the villages farther up the river, in the game of "Correr el Gallo."

On these occasions there is always music of some kind—it may be nothing more than an accordion or a mouth-organ, but it is music; and here it may be said that there are but two kinds of Mexican music, the very good and the very bad, or, as the Kentucky colonel said of the whiskey of the Blue Grass region, "There is no bad whiskey, suh; it is all good, suh, but some on it, suh, air better than others, suh." This is a faithful portraiture of the American side of the Rio Grande and its Mexican population, and the question may naturally suggest itself why are these little communities so far behind those of the same race on the Mexican side. The answer will come readily enough. On our side there are always to be found great numbers of gentlemen who have crossed over from Mexico for their country's good, who have—not to put too fine a point upon matters—broken away from the restraints of the jails and penitentiaries of Monterey and Tamaulipas, and who have never become affiliated with the Americans, and who never will; add to them the old smuggler element already alluded to, and a contingent of persons who have crossed over because they

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have been politically disappointed in their own country, and who live in hopes of some change occurring which will enable them to return in control of affairs in their respective States or precincts, and the reason why agriculture should be in a backward state will be apparent to the most obtuse.

Were these individuals to behave themselves and conform in good faith to our laws, the mantle of charity might be stretched enough to cover the ex-train-robber or hide the peccadilloes of the disappointed Mexican office-seeker; but, the great trouble is that they persist in running the country to suit themselves, and the American fragment, or remnant, is completely snowed under.

Our iniquitous election laws permit foreigners to exercise the elective franchise upon "declaration of intention." All that a Mexican refugee has to do is to join some one of the political clubs with which the valley is still encumbered—the "Azul" or the "Colorado," and sign a document declaring that he intends to become a citizen of the American Union at some remote date in the future, and the rest of the business is cut and dried. There will always be found some obliging countryman to make affidavit as to length of residence, and our "political exile" or fugitive from justice, as the case may be, has a wonderful career opened before him.

Instead of being "Pablo Tuerto" (Cross-eyed Paul), or "Pancho Cojo" (Limpy Frank), he is suddenly elevated to the dignity of Don Pablo Muñoz, or Don Ramon Francisco Gonzalez y Montoya, or whatever the name of his father and mother may be.

He is not even permitted to drop his ballot in the box in peace; his views are consulted, because as there are one hundred and fifty thousand of the Mexican population within this portion of Texas, no political slate can be made up without paying especial deference to it, and it thus happens that the poor escaped train-wrecker or highway robber, who sought no other privilege than that of changing his name and concealing his identity so that a warrant of extradition could not reach him, finds himself suddenly elevated into a political factor—he becomes a "living issue;" his hand is warmly grasped by every heir-expectant to the honors of the county shrievalty; adipocerean aspirants for gubernatorial distinction fall on his neck, clasp him to their bosoms, and drink out of the same gourd with him; congressional nominees tread on each other's toes in their mad rush to greet him with the welcome expressions of "compadre," "cuñado" (brother-in-law), and "tocallo" (namesake).

This is no ephemeral friendship which is extended to Don Ramon or Don Jesus, as the case may be; time flies on, but he is still the great fulcrum around which State and local politics must revolve; the nearer election-day approaches, the warmer and more cordial the attitude of the patriots who seek to serve the country and the precinct for another term. He has by this time been formally amalgamated with either the Blues or the Reds, or, as they are styled in the vernacular, the "Botas" (Boots), and the "Guarachis" (Sandals), from the supposed ordinary foot-gear of their respective adherents.

Torchlight processions with music soon become the order of the day, and Don Ramon and his brother, Don Jesus, are prominent in every one of the marches made. The music is not of the inspiring order known to the politician of the more eastern communities; there is little of the Yankee-Doodle business about it, for the very good reason that Don Ramon and Don Jesus don't know any more about Yankee Doodle than a hen knows about astronomy; but it is very good so far as it goes and comprehends such selections as the ever-popular "Paloma," the "Golondrina," "Cantar Llorando," "Sobre las Olas," "Yo te Amé," "Pensando en ti," "Amelia," "La Mañana," and many others in the plaintive minors of the Hispano-Aztec.

It serves its purpose very well, especially as both Don Ramon and Don Jesus are by this time comfortably full of mescal, a stimulant which would make the worst form of Bowery election whiskey turn pale with impotent envy.

By a chivalrous agreement, tacitly

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made, between the leaders of the contending parties, rival political processions never pass along the same street; not that there is any danger of conflict; the Mexican is not quarrelsome, even in his cups, and the gentlemen here under discussion have simply been drinking their mescal, flaunting their banners and torches, and accepting their two-or-three-dollar bribes as a matter of course, and not with any thought of provoking strife with their own relations and friends who have been employed by the opposition, but because there is danger that Don Ramon, having taken perhaps a drop too much, may reel over into the ranks of the "People's Party" and be lost to the "Reformers" forever, for it cannot be too well understood that all is fish that comes to the "People's" net, and Don Ramon would never get back to his own party, that is to say, the party which first employed him, until after his ballot had been cast and counted for the wrong candidate.

This all sounds very funny, but it is thoroughly American; we have cast the precious pearl of the ballot before swine, and nowhere more freely than on the Rio Grande.

If we enter into the homes of these people and mingle among them, it soon becomes evident that we have encountered a most interesting study in ethnology and anthropology; they constitute a distinct class, resisting all attempts at amalgamation. There are to this rule, as to all rules, notable exceptions, and there are on the river some few representatives of a higher stage of evolution; but, in general terms, the Rio Grande Mexican resists to-day, as he has always resisted, the encroachments of the Gringo, and the domination of his own Mexico.

The Rio Grande Mexican is not a law-breaker in the American sense of the term; he has never known what law was and he does not care to learn; that's all there is to it. His manners are singularly gentle and polite, and for that reason most Americans upon first coming in contact with him are liable to espouse his cause and regard him as a very much maligned individual. Time destroys this illusion.

It is soon well understood that this mantle of urbanity covers a disposition most malignant when crossed by the slightest disappointment, as, for example, the case of the smuggler arrested in Laredo last winter for bringing five gallons of mescal across the river. He acquiesced most pleasantly in his arrest and accompanied without demur the two deputy-marshals who had him in charge, but before they had taken him two blocks—just long enough to completely lull all suspicion—he quickly drew his terrible "belduque," and slashing right and left he made his escape from two stiffening corpses.

The records of the Department of State, as quoted by Wharton in the first volume of his "Treatise on International Law," will show to the curious that this same state of affairs has existed on the Rio Grande for more than forty years.

It has been said that there are no books or newspapers to be found in all these ranchos; to this there must be the reservation that wherever there can be found a family some of whose members can read and write, there will be found the "Oraculo," or Dream-Book, to be consulted upon all events of the future.

Then there are professional "curanderas," or female herb doctors, the line of demarcation between whose domestic medicine and the nefarious practices of the professional "bruja," or witch, is not very clearly or definitely drawn.

Rio Grande City, indeed, may lay claim to the distinction of being the last community in the civilized world to witness the imprisonment of open and avowed witches; it was sturdy old Judge Stewart who sent ten of them to the "calaboza," in default of ten dollars fine, which each and all had to work out in spite of the powers they claimed of being able to put other people on the track to sudden wealth.

These "curanderas" assert that they possess "remedies" for the cure of every ailment; but they do not seem to reduce the number of cases of consumption, cancer, sore eyes, epilepsy, and small-pox, at all times to be dreaded in these little hamlets, and which are not

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developed by climatic changes so much as by penury, filth, and ignorance.

It is difficult to get any of these people to consent to vaccination; most of them are fatalists, and when one of the children of a family is taken down with the small-pox, the others are made to go to bed with it, because "they must have it sometime." If a hapless child die, the fond parents will say, "Dios lo quiere" (It is the will of God).

Page after page could be filled with the weird pharmacy and therapeutics of the border, but my own interest in such matters might be wearisome to my readers. Let me, however, present one or two out of a hundred or more collected examples.

To cure consumption the patient should be rubbed with the warm body of a black cat, which has been skinned alive; a decoction is then made, with the cat's blood as a principal ingredient, and administered three times a day. Somewhat analogous ideas concerning the efficacy of cat's blood in the cure of phthisical ailments obtain among the Chinese.

For the relief of epilepsy there is a strange lot of mummery, in which a poor old black hen is coated from beak to claw with yellow mustard and then shut up in an oven and baked alive.

If you are troubled with warts, tie around them a woman's hair and wait for the first rainbow; look fixedly toward the iris, and as it fades away the excrescences will disappear.

To secure the affections of one of the opposite sex, get a piece of lodestone, called "piedra iman;" if you are a man, you must get the male stone; if a woman, the female; have it blessed by a witch, who will recite some incantation, and give it to eat and drink on a Friday, at the same time repeating the name of the adored one; this never fails.

Many children on the river have been afflicted with the "Evil Eye;" if you can detect the person who has caused the trouble, you must take him prisoner, and all your neighbors will aid you, and when you get him back to where the child is, the miscreant must fill his own mouth with water and eject all the liquid into the mouth of the child, which will immediately recover.

If he decline to right the great wrong done, let the nearest magistrate know about it, and he will run him into the "calaboza," although since the introduction of the new-fangled notions, which seem to be changing the very face of nature, many of the more timid "jueces" prefer to have a charge of assault and battery, or something akin to it, entered on their papers.

For such maladies as baffle the skill of the "curanderas," recourse must be had to the aid of the recognized heavenly powers; there are miraculous shrines to be visited and novenas to be recited, or, if one cannot go in person to the spots indicated, sacred earth brought by relations who have in previous days made the desired pilgrimage is not altogether without healing effect.

There are two of these sacred shrines in repute among the Mexicans of southern Texas and the States of Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas; the first is that of "La Virgen Sudanda" of Agualeguas (The Sweating Madonna), of which tradition insists that whenever there has been a revolution in the country profuse perspiration would break out all over the face, and that the party in whose hands the Madonna remained at the moment would win in the contest.

When I saw this Madonna during my first visit to this very interesting town, it presented the appearance of an elegant French doll enshrined in glass. Attached to the skirts were numerous votive offerings, called by the Mexicans "milagros," made of gold and silver, and shaped like heads, hearts, legs, arms, feet, hands, ears of corn, horses, cattle, pigs, goats, and things of that kind.

Whenever the prayer of a devotee has been granted, gratitude compels him to attest the interposition of "La Virgen Sudanda" by this formal proof in the shape of the appropriate "milagro."

It is a remarkable fact, but one well known, that when archæologists were making excavations in Rome some years ago, close to the ascertained site of a former temple of Æsculapius, they found handfuls of these same "milagros," which had been offered by the pious heathen of those days to the God of Health. They were not of gold or

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silver, but of terra-cotta, the difference being only in material; the "milagros" of Mexico are not always of the precious metals; I have seen them in Celaya and other cities, and bought them made of white paraffine.

There is a still more curious shrine farther to the south of the Rio Grande, which appears to be an old Aztec idol, made to do duty as a Madonna; it deserves to be more accurately described than I am able to do in these pages; it is nothing more than a stalactite in a cave, which has assumed, under the action of the elements, the appearance of a woman dressed in garments of flowing white; it is reverenced by the superstitious Indians because it is a statue which has not been made by human hands. It is much resorted to by women and by the old and infirm.

There is a native quack doctor, calling himself "San Pablo," and claiming to be in some way under the guidance and control of the Apostle, who now lives near the village of Los Olmos, Cameron County, Tex., and has gained a great ascendency over the minds of his dupes. He will prescribe for all sorts and conditions of men, but places no value upon his services, trusting to the gratitude of those whom he frees from physical or mental ills.

Personally I have never been able to see him, but from witnesses of candor and intelligence I learn that great cures are with some basis of truth ascribed to him, as the main points of his treatment seem to be rest from worry, abstinence and frugality in mode of life, cleanliness, and moderate exercise.

This St. Paul lives the life of a hermit, but not absolutely that of a recluse, in which respect he differs slightly from a rival in the vicinity of Salineño, on the immediate bank of the Rio Grande, who shuns worldly contact and confines himself as much as he can to a little den in a ledge of rock, beneath which extends a diminutive garden, where he has a studio for the fabrication of statues from the soft stone of the ledges for which a ready sale is found among the afflicted families of the country in search of monuments for the decoration of the "Campos Santos."

His much-lauded masterpiece is to be seen in the northeast corner of the cemetery of Peneño, where I had excellent opportunity for examining it. With some diffidence I take upon myself the office of an art critic, never having had the training or experience necessary to put me perfectly at ease among the works of the Angelos and the Da Vincis; but, as no other writer seems to have presented this statue to the notice of our countrymen, I make bold to say that it has few of the Hogarthian curves which combine to make human symmetry.

The artist modestly confessed that his work was restricted in all cases by the natural outline of the slab selected for the statue, and in the case now described there was on one side of the Guardian Angel represented a redundancy of hip, while on the other there was not the slightest projection; one arm was abnormally long and reached below the knees, while the other seemed to be atrophied and scarcely touched the waist; the bust, like the wings, was simply rudimentary, the nose a decided pug, but the chin prominent, and, as if to show what he could do when he had full scope for his talents, the artist had worked out an old-fashioned chignon as a head-dress. The Angel was intended to represent a female figure, but the effect was that of a petrified nightmare.

Only one word can be given to the oddest of mortals, known to the American soldiers as the "Wandering Jew," who tramps without cessation from Matamoros to Laredo, from San Antonio to Monterey, always on the go, in rain or shine.

In a long conversation with him, preluded by a substantial lunch, I learned that he was the Emperor of France, driven out of his own country by a revolution, and now awaiting the arrival of a fleet of iron-clads to restore him to la belle France and his throne.

There are whole reams to be filled with accounts of the games and sports of old and young, but again space demands fullest consideration; it may be said that while chicken-fights are in great favor, there were at the time of writing no bull-fights on the Rio Grande —at least on the American side; there

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have been some fierce ones in New Laredo, on the Mexican side, but generally those who desire to see them in anything of their pristine glory must run down on the Mexican National Railroad to Monterey or San Luis Potosi.

As Christmas approaches all the villagers prepare to take their several parts in the Miracle Play of the "Nacimiento," in which the incidents of the child-life of our Saviour are delineated —the wrath of Lucifer when his minions hurry down to Hell to apprise him that the Babe has been born in Bethlehem, the visit of the Magi, the Adoration of the Shepherds, and the joy of men and dumb beasts to know that at last the chains of sin were broken.

I have been present at a number of rehearsals of this play, the words of which are committed to memory by the little children who take the part of shepherds and shepherdesses, and have procured the full libretto for the Smithsonian.

As might be expected, there are numbers of anachronisms and all sorts of ridiculous blunders, but the evident sincerity and earnestness of the performers robs the shaft of criticism of its barb.

There is an old Hermit who announces the birth of the Redeemer and puts Satan to flight, he being all the time armed with a crucifix, before which the Enemy of Souls recoils in abject fear.

Through some distortion of the intellectual faculties, the managers of the play desire to have the Devil represented as a cavalry officer. Just what the origin of this quaint fancy has been, I have never been able to discover, but I know that it exists, because in Rio Grande City, I was once asked to lend a cavalry uniform for the purpose, and when I offered to secure one of the infantry, the offer was declined.

For one week before Christmas every woman who can afford it keeps herself and all her "comadres" busy in the preparation of the greasy "buñuelos," or fritters, which are made at no other time. A peculiar cup-shape is given by indenting them over the knees of the fair cooks, and when baked they are crisp like our own "short-cake." These cakes are the ancient "crispillæ," much delighted in by the Normans, described by Ducange in his "Glossarium," and traceable back to the earliest days of the Romans, who probably offered them to their goddess Fornax long before the time of Christ.

Were the traveller to cross over into Mexico and prosecute his researches on the south side of the Rio Grande, there would be much more to describe; sleepy but interesting little towns, such as Agualeguas, Ceralbo, Monclova, Matamoros, Linares, Quedereyta, and Montemorelos, would afford him many themes upon which to exercise his pen; Monterey, Tampico, and Nuevo Laredo springing into renewed life and vigor would surprise him with proof of the nascent powers of awakened Mexico, where the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the telephone are effecting such marvels. He would see schools springing up in every direction, and he would be most completely surprised with the aptitude of the scholars and the proficiency of the teachers. Monterey has assumed the airs of an American town of bustle - and - "boom" proclivities, while still retaining the old-time custom of frequent open-air concerts in some of its fine plazas.

Matamoros is in decadence, and only the shadow of its former commercial prominence can be detected to-day, but with the completion of lines of track lately authorized it will resume its position, and its merchants will have a chance to demonstrate that their old-time energy has not died.

Linares is perhaps the best typical Mexican city deserving a visit from such tourists as desire to see Mexican life in its best aspect, untouched by modern improvements. The climate is perfect, and the scenery—a delightful, Denver-like combination of mountain and plain—most enchanting. There is no variety of fruit or flower known to me that is not grown in perfection; unfortunately, the difficulty of transportation caused the land-owners to neglect, and in some cases to uproot, the orange groves, for which Linares was once distinguished, and replace them with sugar plantations.

The city can now be reached by the

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"Tampico Route" and the Mexican National, and is much more worthy of examination than many other places which have been advertised more carefully and have enjoyed such benefits as follow in the train of the globe-trotter everywhere.

Its people are courteous and refined and kind to strangers; its hotel accommodations are not at all bad, although, as in all the rest of Mexico, they might be better, and there are pleasant walks, drives, and baths for the distraction of the man of business and the diversion of the invalid. The population numbers somewhere between twelve and fifteen thousand, and is under excellent municipal government.

WOMANLINESS AS A PROFESSION.

By Aline Gorren.

THE question here discussed was one sure to arise, among us, in America, sooner or later; and one, among the thoughtful, and those who watch the signs of the future, also sure to arouse interest of a special and peculiar kind. With the increasing facilities for the higher intellectual development now offered to the American woman, along with her sisters the world over—only in greater degree, and more generally, to the American woman than to any other—the effect which such development would have upon her essential womanliness was bound to become a matter of anxious observation. It is so become, in many quarters, now. People are trying to find out how the "higher education" affects the women of other countries, and seeking to compare the notes and suggestions thus gathered up with what is to be seen here. Whether the higher education shall be given the sex is no longer at all the affair considered. It is conceded that the thing must be done; the experiment is made; the point now is to observe what will come next. For, certainly, unless we were very short-sighted, we were prepared for the fact that something would come next. One subjects nothing organic to a changed environment with any sane impression that it will remain exactly as it was before the change.

At this present moment those who, with us, are giving attention to this problem are divided into two camps. The first camp gives forth an utterance already grown familiar in a short space of time. Its tone is laudatory. It testifies that women are daily gaining in self-reliance; that the methodical training their minds receive to fit them for professions and for business positions, tends to render them, even in general matters, more accurate in conception, more precise in execution, less under the dominion of the sudden impulse and instinct, more capable of reasoning, and of judging of things as reason, unimpassionedly, presents them. All these consequences of woman's higher intellectual activities are pronounced to be unquestioned. The praise rises here and there to the key of enthusiasm. If women have, in this brief span, accomplished so much, what, it is asked, will they not yet accomplish? There is a joyful clamor in the air. But there is the second camp; the second view. And it is to be remarked that there are some authoritative voices in this other and quieter chorus; and that from thence there comes a vision which seems to reach a little farther and deeper, which appears to have an intuition for the substance and drift of things, rather than for the temporary show of them. In this second group of observers are men who have had university training; men whose occupations are literary, intellectual, artistic; and men of science; physicians notably. These men do not say so much about the new roads that women are travelling; but they think more. And it is beginning to be borne in upon us that their thinking is touched with a doubt, a delicate apprehension. The man whose own intellectual faculties

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have the ripeness and the flexible play that the largest culture gives, is beginning to ask himself whether the intellectualized American womanhood promises to be as *interesting* as womanhood always should be on this earth. If he happen to have studied the young girls who leave our women's colleges, the young women who act as professors in the same, the youthful doctresses in our large cities, he is conscious, on the whole, of a faint, chill misgiving. It is not that these exponents of the new feminine ambition have not many most admirable results to show in justification of that ambition. It is that, with all these admirable qualities, there is a lack of *quality*, precisely; of *the* quality; the womanly quality. Now, when such a man as has been described recognizes this, he is apt to turn cold, and to ask himself whether there be not something amiss in a scheme of education which brings together all the elements of influence, and then leaves out altogether the one magic ingredient which shall set the forces of that influence free. The physician, on his part, does not concern himself with womanly magic; or with the high spiritual and æsthetic uses of influence at all. His view goes to the roots of life. But what he assures us that he sees there, and the opinions which he derives from what he sees, are not more encouraging. The strain of the higher education, he says, the preparation for collegiate courses, undermines, in American girls, the bases of physical health. Women whose constitution has been subjected to this mental strain at a time when it was unfit for divided labor, go through after-life, all too often, as sufferers, incapable of fulfilling adequately the essential functions of womanhood, of gaining or giving happiness as wife or mother. Moreover, the physician attributes, not directly to too much intellectual knowledge, certainly, but indirectly to the restlessness, the desire for personal freedom, instilled in women by all the fresh departures taken by their sex, that disinclination to assume the graver sacrifices of marriage, that tendency to look upon its deeper significance as a cross, now characterizing an increasingly large number of young wives, whose interests are social rather than mental. With the first contention of our physician it is not in the purpose of these remarks to deal; excepting in so far as to mention that knowledge of the lives of European girls, who have gone through a course of study as exacting as any demanded here, discloses no such examples of invalidism as the medical man would point to among our women. With the second contention—that the modern American woman, of the most cultivated classes, and in the largest cities, cares less and less to be a mother, cares even perhaps less and less to be a wife, these remarks have, however, to deal; for the imputation meets the disappointment of the university man, of the American of culture, on the same ground, and the conclusions of both agree as to the same fact—the absence, namely, of the womanly in the representative American woman of the moment.

At this juncture it may be well to look a little more closely at what is understood by womanliness. Here we are confronted at once by the perception that a different meaning would be attached to the word, according as it would be used by the peoples of the Latin extraction and by ourselves. To those peoples, who have the collective-social ideal, in opposition to our Anglo-Saxon individualist ideal, the value, the preciousness, and the intrinsic efficacy of all things must lie in the greater or less degree of thoroughness and perfection with which they evolve into visible act and function the principle of diversity, of specialization, inherent in their being. The ideal of the social races has been defined as "the ideal of the equality of individuals in a graduated order of functions;" and our own individualist ideal as "the ideal of the equality of individuals in a general equality of functions." For a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard, then, womanliness in a woman means personification, in every individual case, of those abstract conceptions which the feminine principle eternally typifies. On the one hand, womanliness will consist, therefore, in a constant, passive charm, the human expression, as it were,

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of the silent allurement which nature has made, throughout all her orders, the typical attitude of the feminine. This, so to put it, is the physical characteristic. On the other hand, womanliness will mean divination of mysteries not seen by sight, nor apprehended by reason, but conveyed to woman, instinctively, by her closer contact with the most sacred and occult operations of nature, and reacting from her upon man in the form of an ethereal stimulant to finer endeavor, a vague, high promise of divine rewards. This is the spiritual characteristic. The Latin is, to both this physical and this spiritual characteristic of womanliness, more sensitive than the Anglo-Saxon. Wherefore it happens that he respects women both less and more than the Anglo-Saxon. The notion of womanliness of the Englishman, the American, is more neutral, has less of either extreme. The element of allurement, of charm, does not count so much for him — whereby it chances that, from certain aspects, his civilization is the cleaner. The spiritual characteristic predominates over the physical in his ideal. The womanly woman is the good mother, the devoted wife, the gentle sister, the quiet guardian of the hearth-fire. Yet she is not so much the holder of those mysteries of which we spoke, and thus her position, while never so low, perhaps, as it is possible for it to become with the Latin peoples, is never, either, in some senses, so high. If the best definition of womanliness that one can arrive at be, in brief, that it is the consciousness in women of their difference from men —and there is none, so far as one can see, more adequate, one is inclined to acknowledge that the idea of the Latin is at least the fuller, the more complete. It was to the most happy fusion of the charm on the one side, and of the spiritual influence on the other, to which were due some of those Frenchwomen of the eighteenth century, which, even to the Anglo-Saxon, seem a type of attractive, of womanly women. But, be this as it may, the Frenchman, the Italian, holds fast to his belief in specialization, in the separate, the "graduated order of functions." For him to conceive of any plan of training or influence which should make women more like men in the essential attributes of character—which should do away, at a blow, with the subtlest and deepest distinction in nature—would be to go counter to the direction of his entire civilization. Our individualist civilization, with its equality of individuals "in an equality of functions," its pervading feeling that what one man can do another man can do also—and, *ergo*, that what one man can do a woman can likewise — tends, on the contrary, in every way to efface, instead of emphasizing, the difference in the social and mental attributes of the sexes. In America, where Anglo-Saxon individualism has reached its supreme expression, there is also found most strongly the trend of equalization between women and men. All this, in substance, has been said before. But what has not been sufficiently noted is the present want of logic in referring to advanced education, a lack of womanliness in American women, when the deficiency, if it exist, is the result of the combined elements of our social life.

The thoughtful man who has misgivings looks over to France, and asks what the outcome of advanced feminine education is there; whether women there, under its effect, tend to become less womanly, less wifely, less motherly, less capable of the domesticities, and less interested in them. His query may, so far, be rapidly answered in the negative. Moreover, it is the least likely of things that it ever will be answered otherwise. M. Jules Simon, than whom no one in France has done more for the cause of the higher instruction of women, recently wrote of his experience in obtaining a minor decoration for a certain young woman, whose deserts such official recognition seemed to be, in terms which in their entirety one would like to reproduce on this page. After pronouncing himself as averse to the idea of decorating women, on the plea that, not the act of conferring the decoration, but the desire for that public distinction in the woman herself, offended some instinct in him, he owns that he finally yielded to the pressure brought upon him by the

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young woman's friends, and ended by becoming as keen about the project as they were, and, putting into play such official machinery as he could control, by obtaining the coveted order, which, executed in the best manner by the jeweller *à la mode*, was duly placed beneath the candidate's napkin at dinner. During the little function that followed innocent enthusiasm ran high, and tears lay close to smiles. But, on the morrow, a knock at the door of M. Simon ushered in the young woman, who, a little shy, a little deprecating, deposited the order on his desk. She had decided not to accept it. Unqualified resentment on the part of her sponsor, who sees himself made ridiculous, the fruit of all his official efforts thrown back upon him without ceremony. But the young woman was saying gently, appealingly: "*Mon parrain*, have we many greater painters than Rosa Bonheur?" "No." "Have there been greater instances of heroism on the battle-field than have been displayed by some of our Sisters of Charity, our hospital nurses? Then, until the great orders — the greatest orders, the men's orders, go to them, I must leave this here." And, detecting the softening in her old friend's eye, she tapped him prettily on the arm with her glove. "I saw, my sponsor," smiling, "the daintiest of little bracelets in a shop-window. If you were to buy me that, instead?"

Our own women of progressive ideas may not think well of this charming anecdote, perhaps. But it is a little story, perfectly illustrative of the woman of the Latin races, who, to-day, has entered the advanced movement. It defines the attitude with which she holds herself there. You meet, in Paris, a girl who has taken the highest degrees that the Republic confers. You find her like any other *jeune fille;* unassuming, saying little, home-loving; and, you hear, very thoroughly drilled in household duties. There is no restlessness in her, no straining, apparently, after new social conditions. She fits into the framework of her surroundings quite, it would seem, as she would have done before the higher instruction was thought of. There are traces of a state of things more familiar to us, in Italian and French life, to be sure. But they are to be met in the great social world, where Anglomania prevails, bringing with it the mannish brusquerie and emancipation of the modern woman who aims to be a "good fellow." And this is not the woman whose influence is deepest upon the national life anywhere.

Nor should one make the mistake of supposing that if advanced education does not, in the Latin countries, impair the womanliness of the mass of women who enjoy its benefits, while here, in America, that undesirable result appears to be achieved, the reason is to be sought in the different courses of instruction which may be pursued in the two cases. There are such distinctions, and they have their effect. But the real cause lies in the two different civilizations, the two different environments. No amount of instruction for them, unless the whole national spirit of France should be changed, will ever, it is to be surmised, lessen in Frenchwomen the keen instinct of a special function — social, spiritual, emotional. One may *à priori* suppose that wider knowledge, and a firmer grasp of facts, may indeed broaden and deepen, and philosophize, this instinct, so that it might be deemed possible that the first contributions to those sociological studies which, in the natural distribution of labor, will eventually fall to the share of women, and for which they are especially fitted, will come from the highly trained and intellectual woman of the Latin race, rather than from her Anglo-Saxon cousin, be she, on her side, ever so highly trained, and intellectual likewise. If the latter shall be found to have taken a false departure, to be on the wrong track, to be wasting time in seeking to establish an impossible "equality of functions" between herself and the other sex, we shall be manifestly unjust in placing the whole brunt of the evil on the new development of her brain powers. Education only intensifies the predispositions implanted by the racial ideal. If, in America, it should make women less womanly, it is that our American life fosters germs that tend to that result from the initial stages of growth.

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The first effect of our American plan of coeducation, and of the large liberty of intercourse not only allowed to our girls and boys, but thrust upon them, is to do away, so far as may be, with the feeling of separateness. There is nothing in the callow love-making that springs from this juvenile association that is likely to make a girl deeply conscious of her womanhood. She is, in the tone of her thought and life, not very different from the young boys to whom she either does, or does not, multitudinously engage herself. This is what we prefer. We think it saner, healthier. That point is not here discussed. But it is certain that we cannot eat our cake and have it too. Furthermore, if the manner of the girl's relations with the other sex, at the beginning of her career, is not such as would be calculated to develop the sense of her difference from men, which we are agreed is the essence of the quality of womanliness, neither are the later conditions that surround her in society to make good the deficiency. Practically, we have, in America, no social intercourse between men and women. After the unripe boy-and-girl period has been passed, and both sexes have entered into consciousness of themselves, each goes very much its own way. The woman of the new fashion meets men in business offices, in the varied exercise of her new avocations, but it is as one good comrade meets another. The married woman, among the large mass of Americans, has, for masculine society, her husband. This, again, is as we wish it to be. But it may be that an unnecessary alarm, a false Puritanism, too much seek, with us, to prevent the natural, mutually improving intercourse of mature men and women. Those attractive and womanly women of the French salons were what they were because the men of their time made them so. They stocked their wits, not from books, but from the talk of the men who gathered about them to enjoy an interchange of ideas. They learned HOW TO LIVE from life itself. They had the subtle intuition of the relative values and positions of things that is the fruit of the highest feminine culture; the *connaissances générales*, which a French author pronounces indispensable to any womanly effectiveness. Americans rest too exclusively in the fact that some of these women were not morally irreproachable. Others were, and these wielded equal influence, equal charm. To-day, in France, the meeting of men and women in society, for the interchange of ideas, is said to be less easy and prevalent than in days gone by. A recent writer grieves over "the malicious wind that seems to scatter and disperse" those groups which people would like to form for the purpose of rational and agreeable talk. But enough of this facility of meeting remains to educate the Frenchwoman in the consciousness of herself; in the understanding of her weak and her strong points; enough to form her, in short, in the profession of womanliness; that profession which is, at the end of the ends, the one absolutely essential, the one which, unmastered, makes all others go for naught.

Obviously, with the conditions for it thus failing, this profession will not be brought to the same perfect pitch with us; and not even according to the Anglo-Saxon ideal of womanliness, which we have seen to be a less complex one than the Latin, one more quiet, more intimate. For there are social conditions, or, more precisely, emotional conditions—here we have the great word!—that make women womanly, and keep them even so in the American conception of the guardian of the hearth-fire, and the gentle and steadfast helpmate. If these be sufficiently strong, the highest stimulus that will be given to woman's brains can, in all safety, be trusted never to make her wish to wander very far astray from her initial missions. But they are, as it appears, not sufficiently strong in America. And of this American men cannot rightfully complain, since what they are now beginning to see about them, and to deprecate, is first the consequence of their own mode of life, which they could alter if they chose, and second, the consequence of their national temperament, which, of course, they cannot alter. For the average American male is a cold creature, outside of his business and his politics; one who courts,

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and marries, by instinct, but in whom apprehension of the heights and depths of these delicate matters is as yet in the rudimentary stage. This lack of the emotional in the atmosphere with which he surrounds himself reacts perceptibly on the American woman. He glories in it himself. But there are times when he does not love its results so well. It has been deplored that the American girl should show so un-American a fancy for marrying into foreign nobilities. Titles are supposed to be the word of the incantation, in all these cases. It is soothing to the American to tell himself this; but it is not a conclusion borne out by the facts. Any knowledge at all thorough of these international marriages discloses too many instances in which the affections are involved, as well as the ambitions. The American girl may smile at the prospect of the name and the blazon, and the bridegroom consider carefully the settlements that will come with the bride. And still this does not shut out the fact that the two young people may be very much in love with each other. Some of these marriages are unhappy. So are some marriages among Americans. But it would be foolish to refuse to recognize the many times when they are, on the contrary, extremely happy. As a lover, the European has several points in his favor beyond the American; and the American girl has never been slow to find this out.

An Italian, a man of wide and generous culture, was given, some time since, several of the novels of Mr. Howells to read. After absorbing them attentively he inquired if the women therein portrayed would, by Americans, be considered representative. He was told that, taking the average American woman the land through, they might so be considered. "*Che tipi!*—What curious types;" was his thoughtful comment, in a moment. "It must be in some part the fault of your American men. Your women do not seem to have received the higher cultivation of the sentiments, of the emotions." What he felt was the lack of measure and harmony, and the presence of that which was either hysterical and crude, or bald and partly sexless, in the feminine nature dissected by Mr. Howells's pen.

For there is a culture of the emotions. And so long as nature persists in developing the centre part of women's brain less than that of men, and the back part more, there will be some good reason why this culture should be an important matter. Nothing is brought to our consciousness more clearly, in these last years of the century, than the sense that the study of the emotions must indeed soon descend from the vague and cloudy regions which hitherto have been its abode, into its rightful place under the light of modern experimental knowledge. The latest drift of physiology, of psychiatry, points steadily in this direction. We are beginning to divine that the passions have their laws and their hygiene; even as the delicate problems of the will may some day be solved with scientific exactitude. Upon these matters—never second, in life, to the importance of the pure idea—we look, with the advancement of the mental differentiation of the sexes to see the women of the future throw the clearest illumination. Already those whom we feel to be typical in the best way, have intuitions here transcending those of men. Meanwhile, if the Anglo-Saxon woman make the mistake of supposing that the most extreme development possible to her along the lines of the intellect can free her from the claims which look to her from the emotional side of life, it is perhaps not a fatal one. It is by way of intellectual knowledge that many women, after some uncertain stumbling, may enter, in the fullest sense, into the right comprehension of the great law of specialization.

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AFOOT.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Comes the lure of green things growing,
Comes the call of waters flowing—
  And the wayfarer desire
Moves and wakes and would be going.

Hark the migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon!
  Hark the gossip of the grasses
Bivouacked beneath the moon!

Long the quest and far the ending
When my wayfarer is wending—
  When desire is once afoot,
Doom behind and dream attending!

In his ears the phantom chime
Of incommunicable rhyme,
  He shall chase the fleeting camp-fires
Of the Bedouins of Time.

Farer by uncharted ways,
Dumb as death to plaint or praise,
  Unreturning he shall journey,
Fellow to the nights and days;

Till upon the outer bar
Stilled the moaning currents are,
  Till the flame achieves the zenith,
Till the moth attains the star,

Till through laughter and through tears
Fair the final peace appears,
  And about the watered pastures
Sink to sleep the nomad years!

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

By Paul Leicester Ford.

UNCONSCIOUSLY we form our own ideas of historic personages, and each portrait that we see is scanned to note how far our mental picture of the person is realized, always with the hope that some day we shall find some painter's work that will seem but a copy of our own imaginative brush.

One of the historic figures that I have always hoped to find approximate more closely to my own fancy is Franklin. There are enough portraits of him; for a dozen busts, two dozen oil-pictures, twice that number of miniatures, to say nothing of medallions, cameos, and porcelains galore, are already known, and present him in every state, from the life full length to the microscopic head on a snuff-box, and from full face to profile. But in all these counterfeits of the great philosopher there is wanting an element so ingrained in the man, that to have taken it away would have left him, personally, almost unrecognizable. Yet no artist, of the many whose work I have hitherto studied, has ever suggested it in his face. Look at the canvasses of Gainsborough, Peale, Martin, Duplessis, and

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Greuze. Look at the miniatures of Thouron, Cochin, and Janinet. They all tell the same story. Here is a face with strength, with thought, with worldly wisdom, with kindliness, with contentment, with self-control, all in evidence, but absolutely without a suggestion of laughter. Yet the author of "Poor Richard" was a wit, and helped himself and his generation over many a rough spot by a clever phrase and a laugh.

This fact has puzzled me not a little. It is true, one cannot imagine these artists saying, like the modern photographer, "now smile." Yet it seems as though the man who could coin the phrase *ça ira* on hearing bad news, and who, when told the crushing fact that "Howe has captured Philadelphia," could retort, "No, Philadelphia has captured Howe," could not have kept that uniformly grave, thoughtful expression that painters have given him. It is true that most of Franklin's portraits were made in France between 1777 and 1784, and those were years full of toil to him. But the anxious diplomat, like Lincoln, joked the more as trouble thickened, and in his little essays entitled "The Whistler" and the "Dialogue with the Gout," written in these trying years we see him turning his troubles, and, even his physical torture, into jests to give his friends a laugh. Everywhere he smiled, except in his portraits. With regret I had come to the conclusion that Franklin belonged to the humorists who joke with a serious face and secure their effect by contrast of joke and expression at the sacrifice of *bonhomie* and good-fellowship.

But this theory can now be discarded, thanks to a recent fortunate "find" of Mr. George A. Lucas, of Paris, in one of the bric-à-brac shops of that city. This is no less than an entirely hitherto unknown terra-cotta medallion of Franklin. In profile, and clearly modelled from life, it most resembles the Nini miniature, but the expression is different, and the fine rounded head is not hidden by the famous fur cap, which, if it so pleased the Parisians of his day, nevertheless took away so much of Franklin. What is more, the grave expression of the mouth is lacking, and in place we see the lips and chin as it seems to me they must have looked when Franklin was smiling "inside," and could not entirely keep it there.

Of the artist who modelled this medallion but little is known. Indeed, his name, Jean Martin Renaud, is not to be found in most dictionaries or encyclopedias of art. But thanks to the researches of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Samuel P. Avery, of New York, a few facts have been gleaned. These show that he was born at Sarreguermines or Valenciennes, Bas Rhin; that he studied in Paris for four years; and that he was made a member of the Academy of Valenciennes, November 2, 1786, after the presentation of four small medals in low relief of mythological subjects, which are still to be seen there. A year later he was made an academician, which honor he recognized by a gift of one hundred and one medallions that unfortunately disappeared in the French Revolution. In 1787 he exhibited in the Salon de la Correspondence. At the Exposition du Colisée, 1797, he again exhibited twenty-one "medaillons en cire" representing different subjects. The date of his death is unknown, but he was still living in 1817. Specimens of his have been preserved at the Museum of Varzy, the Lorni Collection at Bourg, and in the Carpentier Collection. He made bas-reliefs of nearly all the famous personages of his time, including Louis XVII., Marie Antoinette, Mirabeau, Paul Jones, and others.

The Franklin, which has been generously given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. Lucas, speaks too well for itself to need comment. But one feature has puzzled all who have seen it, and will probably continue to do so. What does V I R S signify? This question has been submitted to many experts, but without obtaining a really satisfactory answer. Probably the letters are the initials of some French or Latin motto then current, and the liberty cap which separates them has some significance to the motto. But whatever they may mean does not lessen the value or uniqueness of the portrait, which is the first we have of the humorist Poor Richard, if not by a great many the first of Benjamin Franklin.

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WORKING-GIRLS' CLUBS.

By Clara Sidney Davidge.

THE organizations known as clubs or societies for working-girls, in New York and other cities, represent an especial and distinctive portion of the whole body of working-women. Although the members of these societies are largely drawn from those employed in trades and business, the groups so aggregated are gathered, not by any extraneous force or influence, but by a system of natural selection such as exists in the formation of any other group, set, or clique of people with social or business aims. That "like seeks like" is a fact which simplifies the first steps toward inaugurating such societies. From the inexhaustible field of the working world come clusters of young women with kindred tastes, aims, ambitions, banding themselves by a common plan, and by means common to all, for the attainment of certain advantages.

The working-girls of large cities form a most striking, interesting, and picturesque part of the people. Driven by natural causes into semi-public places, they hold the points thus gained with all simplicity. There is no pose, no glorification of their position. Necessity has sent them out into the paths they follow; by their own wits and through their own efforts they hold the right of way. In a sense, every man's hand is against them. They alone must guard their own interests, defend their individual rights. How far these rights and interests might be furthered by the perfection or full use of such organizations as benefit societies, penny provident systems, by vigilant factory inspection, honest employment bureaus, and the like, only those familiar with the abuses existing in the working world can say.

Yet, even were such protective measures fully established, and thoroughly regulated and understood, there would still be room for the working-girls' club. Formed, ten years ago, of thirteen members (like the original States of the Union), the first club chose for itself a non-sectarian, self-governing, independent platform, which has been the model and pattern for all later societies. Only a decade has passed, yet through this first club, five associations of clubs have been organized, and many scattered societies exist as well. In New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and in Massachusetts and Connecticut there are associations of individual clubs, that in New York alone numbering twenty-one clubs as regular members, with six clubs as associate members.

The New York Association is governed by nine directors, in connection with a council composed of the nine directors and of the officers of all clubs belonging to the Association. Each club has its own system of government, but questions or affairs common to the whole Association are discussed and settled at council meetings, or at the meetings of the directors. A constitution and by-

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laws define the rights and purposes of this governing body; and many of the clubs under its jurisdiction have provided themselves with individual constitutions, framed for the special requirements of each club by its own members and officers. The officers of all clubs are elected by ballot. A monthly business meeting is held, and matters of business are decided by a majority vote.

The desire to be self-supporting and independent of outside aid renders the careful administration of club finances of first importance. The monthly dues paid by the members are fixed at twenty or twenty-five cents, with an initiation fee usually of the latter amount. A paying membership of two hundred girls will enable almost any club to carry its expenses, which, even in a large city, for rent of rooms, light, heat, and care, should average not more than $40 to $50 per month. For initial expenses of outfit or special necessaries, funds are raised by entertainments provided by the members, at which a small admission fee is asked, and from fairs and sales of articles made or contributed by members.

The women of leisure who combine with each body of working-girls to form a club, alone of all the members have time to find proper quarters, and to get them into order, to make the necessary contracts and secure skilled teachers for special classes. But these are only the most prominent among the opportunities of leisure members. There is hardly a limit to be set to the amount of work that can be developed by anyone with time and ability to give; yet a society thrives best where duties and responsibilities are divided with the girls, so that each unit feels there is a share to be borne.

An immense amount of thought and labor has been spent in the formation and conduct of these societies, and with what object? That girls may make for themselves, by co-operation, opportunities for social intercourse, self-improvement, and advancement. Primarily intended as a common meeting-ground, where differences in circumstance or degree are sunk for the time, the club is, first of all, a place where a girl may expect to enjoy herself after work-hours. There cannot be too much opportunity for recreation in such a club, yet girls seeking amusement, or excitement only, rarely join clubs, or if they join are sure to drop off. Class work is soon demanded by the members themselves, and the courses mapped out are suggested and discussed by the girls at business meetings, and at the "Practical Talks" which occur in most clubs at regular intervals.

If skilled and paid teachers are employed for classes, an extra fee is often charged, and only those able to pay the fee join such classes. In this way, or by the free instruction of volunteer teachers, millinery, dressmaking, cooking, first aid to the injured, and other branches are taught. By means of these classes the attendance at the club-rooms is distributed through the week, the crowded nights, when a majority of members is present, being limited to strictly social occasions, business meetings, and the "Practical Talk" nights.

At the "Practical Talks," subjects for discussion are often proposed and voted on by those present, such subjects, for example, as the following:

"What is wealth?"
"Should women be allowed to vote?"
"Why do so few girls marry nowadays, comparatively speaking?"
"Life and its struggles."
"How to tell a real lady."
"When women take men's places and cut down wages, what is the effect upon the home?"

Very often a course of subjects is chosen, such as "Famous Women," "Talks on Hygiene," "Elementary Facts of Science," and the like. The success of a series of such "Talks" naturally depends largely upon the leader, and on her ability to impart information clearly and in an interesting manner. It is also important to draw as many girls as possible into the discussion that follows the "Talk," to evoke the opinion of "modest members," and to hold the attention of all.

The monthly business meetings afford training in system and order, and lead to familiarity with parliamentary rules. At these meetings the officers report as to financial condition and general

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affairs; heads of committees give an account of departments under their control; opinions are requested as to proposed new movements, discussion follows, and the club learns to know itself individually and as a whole. The usual outgrowths of a club, besides the class work, are clubs or meetings for junior members, the Lend-a-Hand or Relief Work undertaken by those who wish to aid others, and also special organizations connected only with certain clubs, such as the "Domestic Circle" for young married women, a branch of the Thirty-eighth Street Society, and the "Literary Union" of the Endeavor Club, to which members bring their young men friends.

Millinery at the Progressive Club, New York.

Each society, after successful establishment, usually develops individual characteristics, accounted for by locality, the character of members, and the nature and endowments of the officers elected by them to carry on affairs. Some societies are known for good business management and for the flourishing condition of all departments; others for zeal in Lend-a-Hand work; another is famous for its library and the intelligence and diligence of its members. One club excels in the giving of entertainments, another is known for the high spirits of its members, and yet for their extraordinary interest in the classes held in their club-rooms.

That these societies are useful, are enjoyed, and have "come to stay," is proved by their very large membership —over two thousand in New York City alone—and by the hearty support they receive, $5,156.25 having been received as members' dues from the pockets of working-girls, in 1893. Physical culture and singing have been found the most popular of all classes, yet the most expensive and difficult to carry on in cramped club-rooms, where want of space limits the number of pupils and makes it impossible to employ and pay the best teachers.

In consequence of this difficulty several clubs combined and hired the hall of No. 9 University Place, where a capital course of physical culture and musical drill—a delightful combination of dancing and marching—has been repeated for several winters. Girls whose attention cannot be held by more quiet pursuits find the drill work "the greatest thing the clubs have ever done." Gymnasium suits are worn for these exercises, as the

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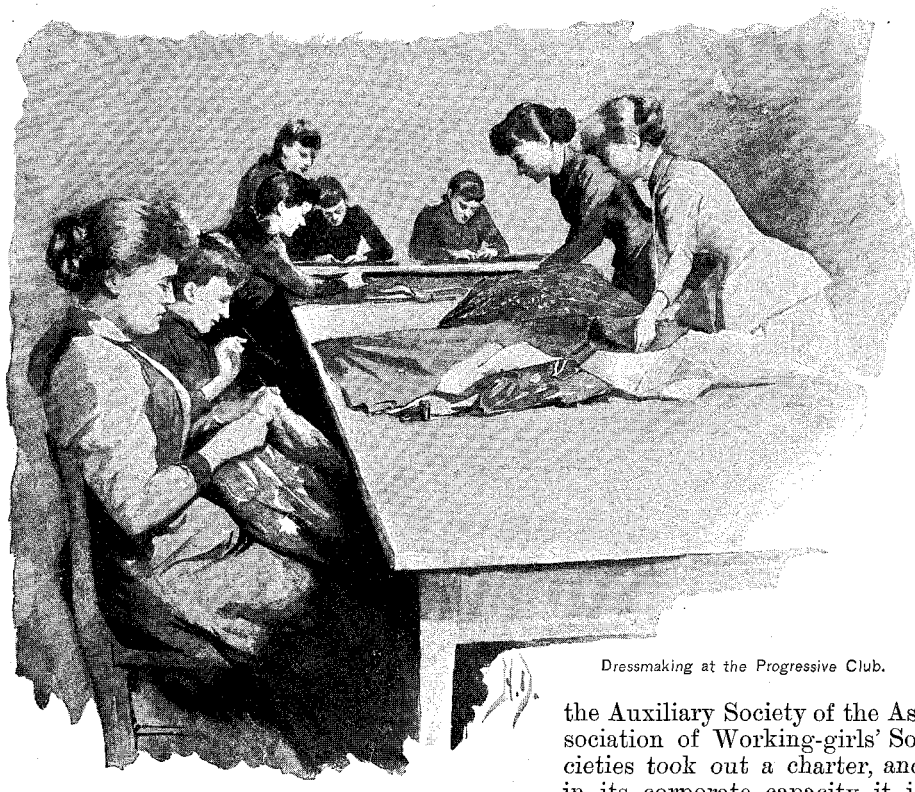

Dressmaking at the Progressive Club.

sketch on page 625 shows. Classes of this kind often develop latent abilities. One pupil of such a course perfected her training at Chautauqua during two successive summers, and is now a teacher having engagements for each afternoon and evening, and with even wider openings in prospect.

The Choral Union, with a membership of one hundred and fifty, in 1892–93, has for its object a thorough and systematic course of instruction in reading music from notation. The rehearsals are held weekly during the winter months, and three concerts were given in the winter of 1892–93.

Still larger enterprises have been the outcome of the first small and modest clubs, among them the formation of the Association of Working-girls' Societies, the publication of the club paper, *Far and Near*, the organization of The Mutual Benefit Fund, and also of the Alliance Employment Bureau. For the purpose of legally holding property deeded to the societies, an incorporated body was required; hence the Auxiliary Society of the Association of Working-girls' Societies took out a charter, and in its corporate capacity it is able to handle funds for special purposes, such as the expenses of the yearly public meetings, and the publication of the club paper and of various pamphlets descriptive of club work.* The societies are taxed per capita for such expenses as are incurred by the Association for the societies as a body.

The club paper, *Far and Near*, was for three years published under the auspices of the Association, but is now carried on under independent management. It is edited and conducted by Maria Bowen Chapin, and has a very wide circulation, due not only to the interest of its pages, but to its practical value as a guide to those engaged in forming clubs. The paper in a sense carries on a correspondence between all such societies; in its columns difficulties common to all are canvassed, and ways to meet such difficulties are suggested, fresh ideas are shared, and

* These pamphlets may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Association of Working-girls' Societies, 134 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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the paths of knowledge-by-experience are smoothed and shortened.

The Mutual Benefit Fund is of the greatest importance to club members. Except through the Penny Provident Savings system, which has been introduced to some degree in the clubs, provision for emergencies is rarely made. Benefit societies, so called, although often dishonestly managed and demanding extortionate rates, are well known in factories. Their promoters prey upon employees in all branches of business, and the victims pay away a large share of their earnings that a meagre death benefit may eventually be secured by their family. In this Mutual Benefit Fund there are two classes of members. First, those paying fifty cents initiation fee and twenty-five cents monthly dues. Second, those paying fifty cents initiation fee and fifteen cents monthly dues.

The benefits are:

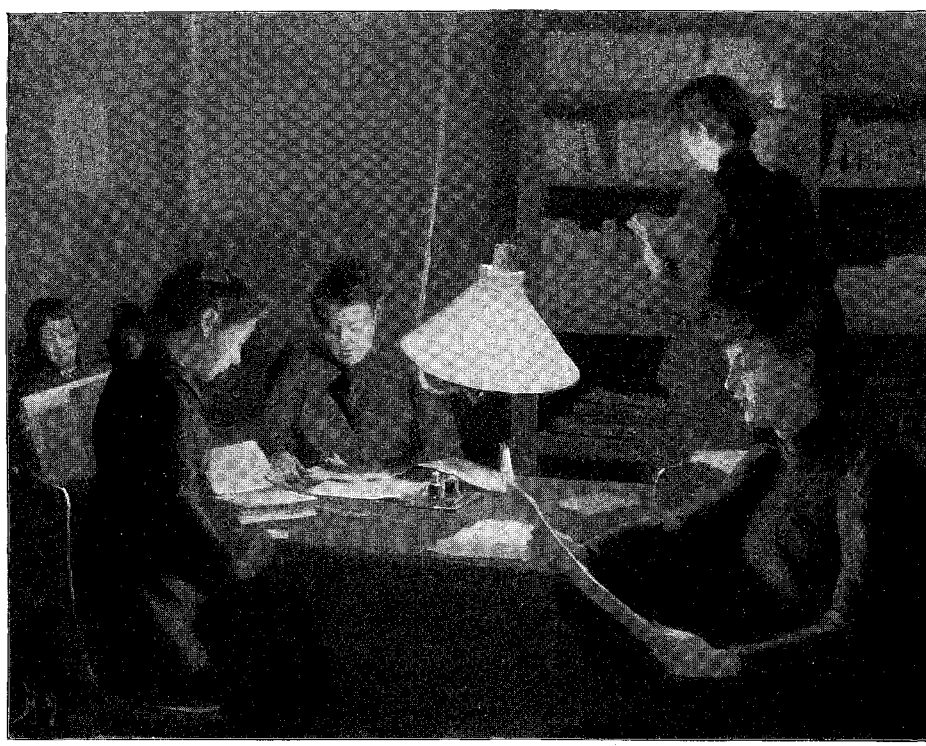
For members of the first class, $5.00 a week for six weeks ($30.00) during illness, not more than once a year; and $30.00 at death.

For members of the second class, $3.00 a week for six weeks ($18.00) during illness, not more than once a year; and $20.00 at death.

For members joining both classes, $8.00 a week for six weeks ($48.00) during illness, not more than once a year; and $50.00 at death.

There are now two hundred and fifty members enrolled in the fund.

The Alliance Employment Bureau was opened in connection with the clubs to supply a systematic method for securing work for those without it. Certain lines of work are more popular than others, certain trades require less skill and training in those who follow them; and these avenues are crowded in proportion as population is centred. Prejudice or unfitness prevents workers from entering other fields where a living can be made, workers underbid each other in the fierce competition to secure the kind of work most desired, wages are lowered, and distress must follow. Employment offices, such as that connected with the clubs, tend to



In the Library, Progressive Club.

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counteract these tendencies, and can be made serviceable in canvassing the character and opportunities of shops and factories, and in filling vacancies with competent hands. Above all, such a bureau can ascertain where in the business world there is most room for workers, and try to find or fit individuals for desirable positions.

The New York Association holds in trust for the clubs a property at Miller's Place, Long Island, known as Holiday House, which is the summer resort of the members of the societies. A smaller country home at Mountainville, N. Y., is lent by its owners for club girls who need dry inland air. The Holiday House property is exceptional as to situation, neighborhood, and local conditions. The place itself has been highly improved, the two large houses—Holiday House and Holiday Harbor—having a perfect water-supply and good drainage. There are eighteen acres of land in the property, with a frontage on the North Shore of the Sound, giving the best opportunities for bathing, and also for boating in a landlocked bay near by. The management of the houses has been simply the carrying out of club principles, co-operative as far as possible, the three dollars paid as weekly board by club visitors providing for current expenses, and the girls undertaking a small share in the care of the houses, although to no onerous degree. During the summer of 1893 $2,978.25 was paid by boarders. Connected with the houses, however, are expenses which the sums received for board cannot cover. Such expenses are met by the directors of the Association through their individual efforts and arrangements. Life at Holiday House in summer is a very free and happy condition. What have we of life without some familiarity with the country and its pleasures, some knowledge of nature itself! Though the new and strange features of country life—the woods, the cliffs, the beach—may have inspired something very much like fear in the first visitors at Holiday House, each successive sojourn only adds to the deep enjoyment of that first experience. Parties of girls, often in groups from the same clubs, go down to Holiday House on successive Saturdays. Usually workers in large cities are able to secure a two weeks' vacation, but some, and they are often the juniors, who greatly require country air, can only be released from their work for a week. Two weeks out of the fifty-two is a short tale of days, yet the experiences crowded into them by the summer visitors are lived over and over in retrospect during the rest of the year.

After the Music Drill.

The facilities of Holiday House afford all that can be wished for in the way of wholesome conditions, and the ordinary country occupations and amusements. Ninety girls can be accommodated at a time in the two houses and in one or two neighboring cottages; and, had they time at their command, these hard-worked toilers could in their fortnight's holiday become familiar with the country in the most delightful, be-

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Music Drill at the University Place Hall, New York.

cause most natural, way. Even under existing conditions they seldom know a dull moment, but much more might be gained in health and enjoyment if, through some scheme of endowment or volunteer direction from women of leisure, guidance and instruction in country sports and life and interests could be supplied. Then Holiday House might be, as a girl visitor longingly remarked, "truly a nature school."

There are country-houses in connection with the other associations as well as that of New York. The Vacation Society, an independent organization, is of great value to many members of the New York clubs, as through its arrangements summer board can be secured at mountain and other resorts.

The blending of the members of the different clubs at the country-houses has a valuable effect upon the whole. It widens the knowledge and sympathies of the societies in their mutual relations, and helps the clubs in many ways. The societies unite as a body only once a year at the annual meeting, held formerly in the month of March. On one memorable occasion the meeting was fixed for the night on which occurred the great blizzard of 1888, and only one brave girl won her way to the doors of the hall. After that experience it was thought advisable to choose a pleasanter season for the time of celebration, and the month of April was determined on for the great gathering, which is held in the hall of the Cooper Union, and though only members attend, there is seldom a vacant seat. On this occasion the societies report as to the work, achievements, and experiences of the year, and the meeting is addressed by many of the officers of the clubs and by prominent speakers as well.

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An August Afternoon at Downing House, of the Brooklyn Association, Bayville, L. I.

In April, 1890, a Convention of Clubs was held in New York. For three successive days two sessions daily took place in the assembly-rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House. Over three hundred out-of-town delegates visited the Convention, many of whom were entertained by the New York Association at the Park Avenue Hotel. Numbers of working-girls obtained leave of absence to attend the Convention, which was conducted with the greatest enthusiasm, and also in a brisk business-like and most systematic manner. Papers on all subjects relating to clubs were read by New York women, by visiting delegates, and by working-girls themselves. The proceedings of the Convention were exhaustively reported in the papers at the time, and it was termed by one of the dailies "an event of sociologic importance." Both visitors and the press seemed much struck by the stress laid on the independent character of the clubs, as compared for instance with the English club methods, since, to quote *The Evening Post* of April 15, 1890, "half the energies of the women promoting the American clubs seem directed to disseminating the declaration that they are not a charity. Their democratic character and management are unceasingly reiterated, and the habit of the newspapers

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in speaking of them as a philanthropic and charitable work is lamented as a hinderance."

In addition to the longer papers read at the Convention on such subjects as, "What do Working-girls Owe One Another," "Co-operation and Organization," "Provident and Benevolent Schemes," "How to Make a Club Self-supporting," and so on, shorter papers were received and read, some of them amounting to little more than messages in length, yet striking in substance, as the following:

"We believe that the woman who is placed beyond the need of laboring for her daily bread has really received her wages in advance, and so is under greater obligation to work for the good of others than the rest of us."

"It took the world a long time to learn that work is honorable, and every human being, man or woman, should be a worker. Let us not be ashamed of the work we are doing. What we *can* do depends on natural fitness, education, and opportunities."

"A working-girl is doing other working-girls an injury when she consents to work for less than living wages."

The ideas suggested in the papers read at the Convention supplied the groundwork for many of the movements now in operation among the clubs, and the impetus since given to the societies has been a proof of the value of these inspiriting gatherings.

With the effort that has often been made to define in words exactly what a girls' club is, suggestions have come from members that are themselves apt and descriptive. By one a club is called "A meeting of girls working for each other's interests." Another says it is "A place to know yourself and others too." Perhaps the best description, to those familiar with club methods, is the negative one given by a girl president, who, when appealed to for her opinion, said, "Well, just imagine for a moment the feelings of girls who have been club members for, say a year, were their clubs to be taken from them!"

Holiday House, of the New York Association, Miller's Place, Long Island.

A Bostonian greatly interested in the

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subject of girls' clubs has said of them —and it may well stand for a final statement—"I think the most striking thing about this new form of life among us is its inexpensiveness in money, and its immense and unending cost in time, in work, in thought, in responsibility—in short, in life."

True child of the daughter of labor, it lives not by money but by work.

In the Typewriting Class, Prospect Hill Club.

ALONE.

By Melville Upton.

I ASK no answering eyes that turn to mine,
No waiting face to brighten at my voice:
I'd fear to have another bound to me,
One step to echo mine to earth's dark verge.

Some hour of need would find me faint and weak,
My hand might fail; my dreaming heart forget—
I dread the sting of those accusing eyes
In the still morning of eternity.

Alone, then, let me stand thro' this grim watch,
Nor seek to hold another's heart in thrall;
Else let my going hence by all unknown,
My feet move trackless down the starry ways.

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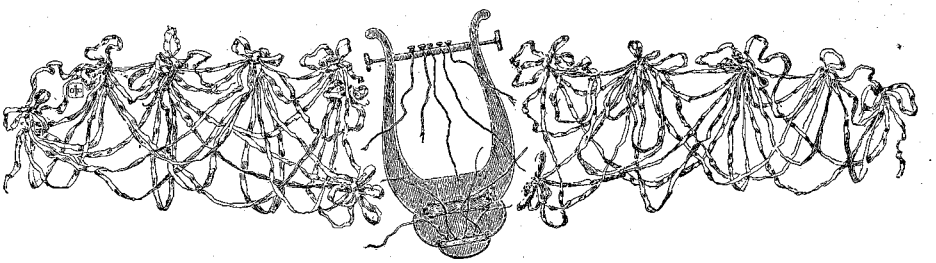

THAT GOOD MAY COME.

By Edith Wharton.

"Oh, it's the same old story," said Birkton, impatiently. "They've all come home to roost, as usual."

He glanced at a heap of type-written pages which lay on the shabby desk at his elbow; then, pushing back his chair, he began to stride up and down the length of the little bedroom in which he and Helfenridge sat.

"What magazines have you tried?"

"All the good ones—every one. Nobody wants poetry nowadays. One of the editors told me the other day that it 'was going out.'"

Helfenridge picked up the sheet which lay nearest him and began to read, half to himself, half aloud, with a warmth of undertoned emphasis which made the lines glow.

Neither of the men was far beyond twenty-five. Birkton, the younger of the two, had the musing, irresolute profile of the dreamer of dreams; while his friend, stouter, squarer, of more clayey make, was nevertheless too much like him to prove a useful counterpoise.

"I always liked 'The Old Odysseus,'" Helfenridge murmured. "There's something tremendously suggestive in that fancy of yours, that tradition has misrepresented the real feelings of all the great heroes and heroines; or rather, has only handed down to us the official statement of their sentiments, as an epitaph records the obligatory virtues which the defunct ought to have had, if he hadn't. That theory, now, that Odysseus never really forgot Circe; and that Esther was in love with Haman, and decoyed him to the banquet with Ahasuerus just for the sake of once having him near her and hearing him speak; and that Dante, perhaps, if he could have been brought to book, would have had to confess to caring a great deal more for the *pietosa donna* of the window than for the mummified memory of a long-dead Beatrice—well, you know, it tallies wonderfully with the inconsequences and surprises that one is always discovering under the superficial fitnesses of life."

"Ah," said Birkton, "I meant to get a cycle of poems out of that idea—but what's the use, when I can't even get the first one into print?"

"You've tried sending 'The Old Odysseus'?"

Birkton nodded.

"To 'Scribner's' and 'The Century'?"

"And all the rest."

"Queer!" protested Helfenridge. "If I were an editor—now this, for instance, is so fine:

"'*Circe, Circe, the sharp anguish of that last long speechless night*
With the flame of tears unfallen scorches still mine aching sight;
Still I feel the thunderous blackness of the hot sky overhead,
While we two with close-locked fingers through thy pillared porches strayed,
And athwart the sullen darkness, from the shadow-muffled shore,
Heard aghast the savage summons of the sea's incoming roar,
Shouting like a voice from Ilium, wailing like a voice from home,
Shrieking through thy pillared porches, Up, Odysseus, wake and come!'

"Devil take it, why isn't there an audience for that sort of thing? And this line too—

"'*Where Persephone remembers the Trinacrian buds and bees—*

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what a light, allegretto movement it has, following on all that gloom and horror! Ah—and here's that delicious little nocturne from 'The New and the Old.'

"'*Before the yellow dawn is up,*
With pomp of shield and shaft,
Drink we of night's fast ebbing cup
One last delicious draught.

'*The shadowy wine of night is sweet,*
With subtle, slumberous fumes
Pressed by the Hours' melodious feet
From bloodless elder-blooms.'

"There—isn't that just like a little bacchanalian scene on a Greek gem?"

"Oh, don't go on," said Birkton sharply, "I'm sick of them."

"Don't say that," Helfenridge rebuked him. "It's like disowning one's own children. But if they say that mythology and classicism and *plastik* are played out—if they want Manet in place of David, or Cazin instead of Claude—why don't they like 'Boulterby Ridge,' with its grim mystery intensified by a setting of such modern realism? What lines there are in that!

"'*It was dark on Boulterby Ridge, with an ultimate darkness like death,*
And the weak wind flagged and gasped like a sick man straining for breath,
And one star's ineffectual flicker shot pale through a gap in the gloom,
As faint as the taper that struggles with night in the sick man's room.'

"There's something about that beginning that makes me feel quietly cold from head to foot. And how charming the description of the girl is:

"'*She walked with a springing step, as if to some inner tune,*
And her cheeks had the lucent pink of maple-wings in June.'

"There's Millet and nature for you! And then when he meets her ghost on Boulterby Ridge—

"'*White in the palpable black as a lily moored on a moat*'—

what a contrast, eh? And the deadly hopeless chill of the last line, too—

"'*For the grave is deeper than grief, and longer than life is death.*'

"By Jove, I don't see how that could be improved!"

"Neither do I," said Birkton, bitterly, "more's the pity."

"And what comes next? Ah, that strange sonnet on the Cinque Cento. Did you ever carry out your scheme of writing a series of sonnets embodying all the great epochs of art?"

"No," said Birkton, indifferently.

"It seems a pity, after such a fine beginning. Now just listen to this—listen to it as if it had been written by somebody else:

"'*Strange hour of art's august ascendency*
When Sin and Beauty, the old lovers, met
In a new paradise, still sword-beset
With monkish terrors, but wherein the tree
Of knowledge held its golden apples free
To lips unstayed by hell's familiar threat;
And men, grown mad upon the fruit they ate,
Dreamed a wild dream of lust and liberty;
Strange hour, when the dead gods arose in Rome
From altars where the mass was sacrificed,
When Phryne flaunted on the tiaraed tomb
Of him who dearly sold the grace unpriced,
And, twixt old shames and infamies to come,
Cellini in his prison talked with Christ!'

"There now, don't you call that a very happy definition of the most magical moment the world has ever known?"

"Don't," said Birkton, with an impatient gesture. "You're very good, old man, but don't go on."

Helfenridge, with a sigh, replaced the loose sheets on the desk.

"Well," he repeated, "I can't understand it. But the tide's got to turn, Maurice—it's got to. Don't forget that."

Birkton laughed drearily.

"Haven't you had a single opening—not one since I saw you?"

"Not one; at least nothing to speak of," said Birkton, reddening. "I've had one offer, but what do you suppose it was? Do you remember that idiotic squib that I wrote the other day about Mrs. Tolquitt's being seen alone with Dick Blason at Koster & Bial's? The thing I read that night in Bradley's rooms after supper?"

Helfenridge nodded.

"Well, I'm sorry I read it now. Somebody must have betrayed me (of course, though no names are mentioned,

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they all knew who was meant), for who should turn up yesterday but Baker Buley, the editor of the *Social Kite*, with an offer of a hundred and fifty dollars for my poem."

"You didn't, Maurice——?"

"Hang you, Helfenridge, what do you take me for? I told him to go to the devil."

There was a long pause, during which Helfenridge relit his pipe. Then he said, "But the book reviews in the *Symbolic* keep you going, don't they?"

"After a fashion," said Birkton, with a shrug. "Luckily my mother has had a tremendous lot of visiting-lists to make up lately, and she has written the invitations for half the balls that have been given this winter, so that between us we manage to keep Annette and ourselves alive; but God knows what would happen if one of us fell ill."

"Something else will happen before that. You'll be offered a hundred and fifty dollars for one of *those*," said Helfenridge, pointing to the pile of verses.

"I wish you were an editor!" Birkton retorted.

Helfenridge rose, picking up his battered gray hat, and slipping his pipe into his pocket. "I'm not an editor and I'm no good at all," he said, mournfully.

"Don't say that, old man. It's been the saving of me to be believed in by somebody."

Their hands met closely, and with a quick nod and inarticulate grunt Helfenridge turned from the room.

Maurice, left alone, dropped the smile which he had assumed to speed his friend, and sank into the nearest chair. His eyes, the sensitive eyes of the seer whom Beauty has anointed with her mysterious unguent, travelled painfully about the little room. Not a detail of it but was stamped upon his mind with a morbid accuracy — the yellowish-brown paper which had peeled off here and there, revealing the discolored plaster beneath; the ink-stained desk at which all his poems had been written; the rickety wash-stand of ash, with a strip of marbled oil-cloth nailed over it, and a cracked pitcher and basin; the gas-stove in which a low flame glimmered, the blurred looking-glass, and the book-case which held his thirty or forty worn volumes; yet he never took note of his sordid surroundings without a fresh movement of disgust.

"And this is our best room," he muttered to himself.

His mother and sister slept in the next room, which opened on an air-shaft in the centre of the house, and beyond that was the kitchen, drawing its ventilation from the same shaft, and sending its smells with corresponding facility into the room occupied by the two women.

The apartment in which they lived, by courtesy called a flat, was in reality a thinly disguised tenement in one of those ignoble quarters of New York where the shabby has lapsed into the degraded. They had moved there a year earlier, leaving reluctantly, under pressure of a diminished purse, the pleasant little flat up-town, with its three bedrooms and sunny parlor, which had been their former home. Maurice winced when he remembered that he had made the change imperative by resigning his clerkship in a wholesale warehouse in order to give more leisure to the writing of the literary criticisms with which he supplied the *Symbolic Weekly Review*. His mother had approved, had even urged, his course; but in the unsparing light of poverty it showed as less inevitable than he had imagined. And then, somehow, the great novel, which he had planned to write as soon as he should be released from his clerical task, was still in embryo. He had time and to spare, but his pen persisted in turning to sonnets, and only the opening chapters of the romance had been summarily blocked out. All this was not very satisfactory, and Maurice was glad to be called from the contemplation of facts so unamiable by the sound of his mother's voice in the adjoining room.

"Maurice, dear, has your friend gone?" Mrs. Birkton asked, advancing timidly across the threshold. She had the step and gesture of one who has spent her best energies in a vain endeavor to propitiate fate, and her small, pale face was like a palimpsest on which the record of suffering had been so deeply written that its original lines were concealed beyond recovery.

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"If you are not writing, Maurice," she continued, "I might come and finish Mrs. Rushingham's list and save the gas for an hour longer. The light is so good at your window."

"Come," said Maurice, sweeping the poems into his desk and pushing a chair forward for his mother.

Mrs. Birkton, as she seated herself and opened her neat blank-book, glanced up almost furtively into her son's face.

"No news, dear?" she asked, in a low tone.

"None," said Maurice, briefly. "I tried the editor of the *Inter Oceanic* when I was out just now, and he likes The Old Odysseus and Boulterby Ridge very much, but they aren't exactly suited to his purpose. That's their formula, you know."

Mrs. Birkton dipped her fine steel pen into the inkstand, and began to write, in a delicate copperplate hand:

Mrs. Albert Lowbridge, 14 *East Seventy-fifth Street.*

Mrs. Charles M. McManus, 910 *Fifth Avenue.*

The Misses McManus, 910 *Fifth Avenue.*

Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Lovermore, 30 *East Ninety-Sixth Street.*

She wrote on in silence, but Maurice, who had seated himself near her, saw a glimmer of tears on her thin lashes as her head moved mechanically to and fro with the motion of the pen.

"Well," he said, trying for a more cheerful note, "*your* literary productions are always in demand, at all events. Mrs. Stapleton's ball ought to bring you in a very tidy little sum. Some one told me the other day that she was going to send out two thousand invitations."

"Oh, Maurice—the Stapleton ball! Haven't you heard?"

"What about it?"

"Mr. Seymour Carbridge, Mrs. Stapleton's uncle, died yesterday, and the ball is given up."

Maurice rose from his seat with a movement of dismay.

"The stars in their courses fight against us!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid this will make a great difference to you, won't it, mother?"

"It does make a difference," she assented, writing on uninterruptedly. "You see I was to have rewritten her whole visiting-list, besides doing the invitations to the ball. And Lent comes so early this year."

Maurice was silent, and for some twenty minutes Mrs. Birkton's pen continued to move steadily forward over the ruled sheets of the visiting-book. The short January afternoon was fast darkening into a snowy twilight, and Maurice presently stretched out his hand toward the match-box which lay on the desk.

"Oh, Maurice, don't light the gas yet. I can see quite well, and you had better keep the stove going a little longer. It's so cold."

"Why not have both?"

"You extravagant boy! When it gets really dark I shall take my writing into the kitchen, but meanwhile it is so much pleasanter here; and I don't believe Annette has lit the kitchen stove yet. I haven't heard her come in."

"Where has she been this afternoon?"

"At her confirmation class. Father Thurifer holds a class every afternoon this week in the chantry. You know Annette is to be confirmed next Sunday."

"Is she? No—I had forgotten."

"But she must have come in by this time," Mrs. Birkton continued, with a glance at the darkening window. "Go and see, dear, will you?"

Maurice obediently stepped out into the narrow passage-way which led from his bedroom to the kitchen. The kitchen door was shut, and as he opened it he came abruptly upon the figure of a young girl, seated in an attitude of tragic self-abandonment at the deal table in the middle of the room. She had evidently just come in, for her shabby hat and jacket and two or three devotional-looking little volumes lay on a chair at her side. Her arms were flung out across the table, with her face hidden between, so that the bluish glimmer of the gas-jet overhead, vaguely outlining her figure, seemed to concentrate all its light upon the mass of her wheat-colored braids. At the sound of the opening door she sprang up sud-

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denly, turning upon Maurice a small disordered face, with red lids and struggling mouth. She was evidently not more than fifteen years old and her undeveloped figure and little round face, in its setting of pale hair, presented that curious mixture of maturity and childishness often seen in girls of her age who have been carefully watched over at home, yet inevitably exposed to the grim diurnal spectacle of poverty and degradation.

"Annette!" Maurice said, catching the hand with which she tried to hide her face.

"Oh, Maurice, don't—don't please!" she entreated, "I wasn't crying—I wasn't! I was only a little tired; and it was so cold walking home from church."

"If you are cold, why haven't you lit the stove?" he asked, giving her time to regain her composure.

"I will—I was going to."

"Carry your things to your room, and I'll light it for you."

As he spoke his eye fell on the slim little volumes at her side, and he picked up one, which was emblazoned with a cross, surmounted by the title: "Passion Flowers."

"And so you are going to be confirmed very soon, Annette?" he asked, his glance wandering over the wide-margined pages with their reiterated invocations in delicate italics:

O Jesu Christ! Eternal sweetness of them that love Thee,
O Jesu, Paradise of delights and very glory of the Angels,
O Jesu, mirror of everlasting love,
O King most lovely, and Loving One most dear, impress I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus, all Thy wounds upon my heart!

Annette's face was smoothed into instant serenity. "Next Sunday—just think, Maurice, only three days more to wait! It will be Sexagesima Sunday, you know."

"Will it? And are you glad to be confirmed?"

"Oh, Maurice! I have waited so long—some girls are confirmed at thirteen."

"Are they? And why did you have to wait?"

"Because Father Thurifer thought it best," she answered, humbly. "You see I am very young for my age, and very stupid in some ways. He was afraid that I might not understand all the holy mysteries."

"And do you now?"

"Oh, yes—as well as a girl can presume to. At least Father Thurifer says so."

"That is very nice," said Maurice. "Now run away and I'll light the fire. Mother will be coming soon to sit here."

He went back to his bedroom, where Mrs. Birkton's pen, in the thickening obscurity, still travelled unremittingly over the smooth pages.

"Mother, what's the matter with Annette? When I went into the kitchen I found her crying."

Mrs. Birkton pushed her work aside with a vexed exclamation.

"Poor child!" she said. "After all, Maurice, she is only a child; one can't be too hard on her."

"Hard on her? But why? What's the matter?"

"You see," continued Mrs. Birkton, who invariably put her apologies before her explanations, "she would never have allowed herself to think of it if we hadn't been so sure of the Stapleton ball."

"To think of what?"

"Her white dress, Maurice, her confirmation dress. At the Church of the Precious Blood all the girls are confirmed in white muslin dresses, with tulle veils and *moire* sashes. Father Thurifer makes a point of it."

"And you promised Annette such a dress?"

"I thought I might, dear, when Mrs. Stapleton decided to give her ball. You see there is a very large class of candidates for confirmation, and I knew it would be very trying for Annette to be the only one not dressed in white—and at such a solemn time, too. But now, of course, she will have to give it up."

"Yes," said Maurice, absently. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his unseeing eyes fixed upon the yellow gleam of the gas-stove, which was now the only point of light in the room.

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"And that is what Annette is crying about?" he asked at length.

"Poor child," murmured his mother, deprecatingly; "it is such a solemn moment, Maurice."

"Yes, yes—I know. That's just it. That's why I don't understand—Annette is a very religious girl, isn't she?"

"Father Thurifer tells me that he has never seen a more religious nature. He said that it was as natural to her to believe as to breathe. Isn't that a beautiful expression?"

"And yet—yet—at such a solemn moment, as you say, it is the color of her dress that is uppermost in her mind?"

"Oh, Maurice, don't you see that it is just because she has so much devotional feeling, poor child, that she suffers at the thought of not appearing worthily at such a time?"

"As if Mrs. Stapleton should ask me to lead the cotillion at her ball when my dress coat is in pawn?"

"Maurice!" said his mother.

"I beg your pardon, mother; I didn't mean that; forgive me. But it all seems so queer — I don't understand."

"I wish you went oftener to church, Maurice," said Mrs. Birkton, sadly.

"I wish I understood Annette better," he returned in a musing tone.

"Annette is a very good girl," said Mrs. Birkton, gathering up her pen and papers. "After the first shock is over she will bear her disappointment bravely; but don't tell her that I have spoken to you about it, for she would never forgive me."

"Poor little thing," Maurice sighed, as his mother groped her way to the door.

He sat still in the darkness after she had left, companioned by the dismal brood of his disappointments, until half an hour later Annette's knock told him that their slender supper was ready.

When he re-entered the kitchen his sister's face had grown as smooth and serene as that of some young seraph of Van Eyck's. She had tied a white apron over her dress and was busy carrying the hot toast and fried eggs from the stove to the table, which had meanwhile been covered with a white cloth and neatly set for the evening meal.

Maurice sat down between her and his mother, listening in silence to their talk, which fell like the trickle of a cool stream upon his aching nerves. They were speaking as usual of church matters, in which the daughter took an eager and precocious, the mother a somewhat ex-official interest; it seemed to Maurice as though Mrs. Birkton, who had resigned herself to getting on without so many things, had even surrendered her direct share in the scheme of redemption, or rather tacitly passed it on to her child. But what more especially struck him was the force of will displayed in Annette's demeanor. Her disappointment, which he felt to be very real, was impenetrably masked behind a mien of gay activity; and Maurice, knowing his own facile tendency to be swayed by the emotion of the moment, marvelled at the child's self-control.

The next morning he went out earlier than usual. As he opened the hall-door he turned back and called to his mother, who was washing the breakfast dishes in the kitchen:

"Mother, if Helfenridge comes you can say that you don't know when I shall be back. Say that I may not be in all day."

"Very well, dear," she replied, with some surprise; but her son's face forbade questioning, and she went on silently with her work.

Maurice, as it happened, returned in time for their one o'clock dinner. His mother thought that he looked pale and spiritless, and feared that he had endured another defeat at the hands of some unenlightened editor.

"Has Helfenridge been here?" he inquired.

"Yes," Mrs. Birkton answered. "He stopped on his way down town just after you had gone out. He was very sorry not to find you, and said that he would come again to-morrow evening."

"Has Annette got back from school?" Maurice asked, irrelevantly.

"I think I hear her step now," Mrs. Birkton replied, and at the same moment the kitchen-door opened, admitting the young girl, whose small face was touched with a frosty pink by the cold.

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As she entered Maurice went up to her, extending something in his hand with an awkward gesture.

"Look here—will that buy you a white dress like the rest of the girls?" he said, abruptly.

Annette grew red and then pale; her lips parted, but she made no motion to take the roll of bills which he held out to her.

"Maurice!" his mother gasped. "Have they accepted something? What is it? What is it to appear in?"

Her small features, flattened into life-long submission to failure, seemed almost convulsed by the unwonted expression of a less negative emotion.

Maurice made no answer; he was still looking at Annette.

"Why don't you take it, Annette?" he said, a tinge of impatience in his voice.

"Annette! Annette! why do you stand there? Can't you speak? Why don't you thank your brother?" Mrs. Birkton cried, in a storm of exultation.

Annette held out her hand, but as she took the bills her face again grew crimson.

"Maurice, how did you know about the dress? Mother, you promised not to tell him!" Then, glancing at the roll of money, "But what have you given me, Maurice? A hundred dollars—a hundred and fifty dollars? Mother, what does he mean?"

"Maurice!" Mrs. Birkton almost shrieked.

"Well," said Maurice with a laugh, "isn't it enough to buy your dress?"

Annette stood, trembling, between sobs and laughter; but her mother's tears overflowed.

"Oh, my boy, my son, I'm so happy! I knew it would come. I knew it must—Mr. Helfenridge said so only this morning. But I didn't dream it would be so soon!" She lifted her poor, joy-distorted face to his averted kiss. "Oh, it's too beautiful, Maurice, it's too beautiful! But you haven't told us yet which poem it is."

Maurice turned sharply away, his hand on the door.

"Not yet—not now. I've forgotten something. I'm going out," he stammered.

"Why, Maurice! Without your dinner? You're not well, my son!"

"Nonsense, mother. I shall be back presently. Annette, keep some dinner for me."

"But, Maurice," the girl cried, springing forward, "you mustn't leave all this money with me."

"I've told you it's yours," he said, with a violence which made the women's startled eyes meet.

"Why, Maurice, you must be joking! A hundred and fifty dollars? I oughtn't to keep a penny of it, with all the things that you and mother need."

"Nonsense, keep it all. If it's too much for your dress, mother can take the rest for herself. I don't want it. But mind you spend it all on yourselves; don't use any of it for the household. And remember I won't touch a penny of it."

"But, Maurice," said Mrs. Birkton, "the dress won't cost twenty dollars."

"So much the worse," he retorted; and the door shut on him with a crash that was conclusive.

Helfenridge, whose work (he was a clerk in the same establishment which had been the scene of Maurice's brief commercial experience) often delayed him down town long after his dinner-hour, did not reach his friend's house until eight o'clock on the following evening. As he started on his long ascent of the steep tenement-stairs some one ran against him on the first landing, and he drew back in surprise, recognizing Maurice in the flare of the gas-jet against the whitewashed wall.

"Hullo, Maurice! Didn't Mrs. Birkton tell you that I was coming this evening?"

"I—yes—the fact is, I was just going out," Birkton said, confusedly.

Helfenridge glanced at him, marking his evasive eye.

"Oh, very well. If you're going out I'll try again."

"No—no. You'd better come up after all. I'd rather see you now. I've got something to say to you."

"Are you sure?" said Helfenridge. "I'd rather not be taken on sufferance."

"I want to see you," Birkton repeated, with sudden force; and the two men climbed the stairs together in silence.

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"Come this way," said Maurice, leading Helfenridge into his bedroom.

He put a match to the gas-burner, and another to the stove, and pushed his only easy-chair forward within the radius of the dry, yellow heat, while Helfenridge threw aside his hat and overcoat, which were fringed with frozen snow.

"You don't look well, Maurice," he said, taking the seat proffered by his friend.

"It's because I'm new at it, I suppose," the other returned, dryly.

"New at what? What do you mean?"

"Wait a minute," said Maurice; "I want to show you something first."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Helfenridge heard him walk along the narrow passage-way to the kitchen; then came the opening of another door, which launched a confusion of soft, gay tones upon the intervening obscurity. "Oh, no, no," Helfenridge heard a young voice half laughingly protest; then an older tone interposed, gently urgent, mingled with an odd unfamiliar laugh from Maurice; lastly the door of the bedroom was suddenly thrown wide, and Maurice reappeared, pushing before him his sister, clad from head to foot in white muslin, her flat, childish waist defined by a wide white sash, even her little feet shod in immaculate ivory kid.

Above all this whiteness her flushed face emerged like a pink crocus from a snow-drift; her lips were parted in tremulous, inarticulate apologies, but no explanatory word reached Helfenridge.

"Why, Miss Annette, how lovely!" he exclaimed at random, questioning Maurice with his eyes.

"There—doesn't she look nice?" the brother asked, retaining his grasp of her white shoulders. "That's her confirmation dress, if you please! She's going to be confirmed next Sunday at the Church of the Precious Blood, and you've got to be there to see it."

"Oh, Maurice," murmured Annette.

"Of course I shall be there," said Helfenridge, warmly. "But what a beautiful dress! Are all confirmation dresses as beautiful as that?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Helfenridge; but Maurice——"

"Father Thurifer likes all the girls in the class to be dressed like that," Maurice quickly interposed. "And now run off before your finery gets tumbled," he added, pushing her out of the room with a smile which softened the abruptness of the gesture.

He shut the door and the two men stood looking at each other.

"She's lovely," said Helfenridge, gently.

"Poor little girl," said Maurice. "Isn't it a pretty fancy to dress them all in white?"

"Yes—I suppose it's a High Church idea?"

"I suppose so. I never knew anything about it until the other day—until two days ago, in fact. Then I found that Father Thurifer had requested all the girls who are to be confirmed to dress in white muslin; and we hadn't a penny between us to buy her a dress with."

"Yes?" said Helfenridge, tentatively.

"Annette's a very good little girl, you know—immensely religious. Father Thurifer says he never saw a more religious nature. And it nearly killed her not to have a white dress—not to appear worthy of the day. She regards it as the most solemn day of her life. Can you understand how she must have felt? I couldn't at first, but I think I do now. After all, she's only a child."

"I understand," said Helfenridge.

"Well, neither my mother nor I had a copper left. There was no way of getting the dress—and it seemed to me she had to have it."

"Yes?"

"I said the other day that I didn't know what would happen if one of us fell ill; but in a way it would have been simpler than this. Annette, now—if Annette had been ill we could have sent her to the hospital. My mother is too sensible to have any prejudice against hospitals. But this is different—there was no other way of getting the dress; and it had to be got somehow. I don't believe her wedding-dress will seem half so important to her—there's so little perspective at fifteen."

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"Well?" said Helfenridge after a pause.

"Well, so I—good God, Helfenridge, won't you understand?"

Both men were silent; Helfenridge sat with his hands clenched on the arms of his chair.

Suddenly he said, as if in a flash of remembrance: "You sent that thing to Baker Buley—the thing about Mrs. Tolquitt?"

"Yes," said Maurice.

A long pause followed, in which the thoughts of the two men cried aloud to each other.

At length Maurice exclaimed, "I wish you'd speak out—say what you think."

"I don't know," said Helfenridge, in a low tone.

"You don't know? You mean you don't know what to say?"

"What to think."

"What to think of a man who's sold his soul?"

"I'm not sure if you have. It seems to me that I'm not sure of anything," Helfenridge said.

"I am—I'm sure that Annette had to have her dress," said Maurice, with a defiant laugh.

"When does it come out?"

"It's out already—it came out this morning. It's all over town by this time."

"Do they know?" asked Helfenridge, suddenly.

"My mother and Annette? God forbid. Do you suppose they would have touched the money?"

"How did you account to them for having it?"

"I told them that was my secret—that they shouldn't know for the present. Of course the—the thing in the *Kite* is not signed; and later, if one of my poems ever finds its way into print, they'll think it's that—but they'll have to wait."

Helfenridge rose. "I must be going," he said.

"Why do you go? Because you're afraid to tell me what you think? You may say what you please—it can't make any difference. Annette had to have the dress. I've been trying to avoid you for two days because I was afraid to tell you, but now I'd rather talk about it—that is if you care to have anything more to do with me. Because, after all, I'm no better than a blackguard now, you know—there's no getting around that fact. You've a perfect right to cut me."

Helfenridge was mechanically pulling on his overcoat.

"At what time does the confirmation take place?" he asked. "Tell Miss Annette that I shall certainly be there."

On the ensuing Sunday morning, punctually at half-past ten o'clock, a closed carriage from the nearest livery-stable drew up before the house occupied by the Birktons. It was snowing hard, and Annette's spotless draperies and flowing veil were concealed under an old cloak of her mother's as, sheltered by Maurice's umbrella, she stepped across the sidewalk, clasping her prayer-book in one tremulous, white-gloved hand. Mrs. Birkton followed, her shabby bonnet refurbished with fresh velvet strings, and a glow of excitement on her small effaced features. She and her son placed themselves on the front seat, leaving Annette to expand her crisp robe over the width of the opposite cushions; and the carriage rolled off heavily through the deepening snow.

All three sat silent during their slow, noiseless drive. Maurice was looking out of the window, so that the women saw only his uncommunicative profile. Mrs. Birkton sat wiping away the tears from her flushed face. They were pleasant tears, and she let them roll gently down her cheeks before she dried them. As for Annette, her face was pale, with the candid pallor of an intense but scarce-comprehended emotion. She sat bolt upright, in a kind of pre-Raphaelite rigidity which accorded with the primitive inexpressiveness of her rapt young features and the shadowless chalk-like mass of her dress and veil.

At length the carriage paused behind a train of others; and after some moments of delay, which seemed to lend a preparatory solemnity to their approach, Maurice, in the wake of his mother and sister, passed from the

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snowy crudeness of the outer world into the rich and complex atmosphere of the Church of the Precious Blood.

The raw, sunless daylight, mellowed by the jewelled opacity of stained-glass windows, fell with a caressing brilliance across the aisles, streaking the clustered shafts with heraldic emblazonments of gules and azure and leaving the intervening spaces swathed in a velvety dusk. On the altar, with its embroidered hanging, the candle-flames hovered like yellow moths over the white lilies rigidly disposed in tall silver vases; while in their midst, relieved against the sculptured intricacies of the reredos of grayish stone, rose the outstretched arms of the great golden crucifix.

The church was already crowded; but a ribbon, latitudinally dividing the central aisle, indicated that the foremost rows of chairs (there were no pews in the Church of the Precious Blood) had been reserved for the candidates for confirmation and their relations. Thither Maurice followed his mother and Annette, passing through a dove-like subsidence of feathery white and a double row of innocent young faces to the seats assigned to them by the verger. Glancing about as he moved up the aisle he had caught a glimpse of Helfenridge seated far back, with his head against a pillar; and the sight lent him some momentary comfort.

Maurice cast down his eyes while Mrs. Birkton and Annette knelt to pray; and when he looked up the long white procession of choristers, preceded by the crucifer, was winding toward the chancel, while the first notes of the hymn

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?

leapt jubilantly out of the expectant hush.

Maurice, observing his sister, saw the gravity of her vague young profile intensified to awe as the procession swept past their seats, closed by the sumptuous grouping of the ample-sleeved bishop with his attendant clergy in their embroidered vestments, and seen through the mauve mist of drifting incense fumes. To him it was like fingering the leaves of a missal in some Umbrian sacristy, speculating idly, as he looked, upon the meaning of the delicate miniatures, wherein serene-visaged personages, saintly or seraphic, enacted their mysterious drama in a setting of fanciful white architecture or against a blue background starred with gold. But to Annette, he perceived, it was something real, as real as physical birth or death. Through the symbolic phantasmagoria, which she perhaps understood still less than he, ran a thread of actuality, linking her timid being to the occult significance of the whole splendid scene; and Maurice saw her tremble with the sense of that august alliance. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, it was the white dress which formed the actual point of contact. At least he was glad to think that it made her a part of the pageant, a conscious factor in the gorgeous sacrifice of praise and prayer.

As he mused thus his unquiet eyes again began to wander; and suddenly they fell upon a lady who sat near by with a little girl in white muslin at her side. The lady's face was very familiar to him, though he had never before seen it composed into its present expression of devotional repose. It was a pretty face, crowned by abrupt waves of reddish hair just dashed here and there with a streak of gray, and lit by an insinuating, agate-colored glance; but the sight of it burned Maurice's eyeballs like vitriol, for it was the face of Mrs. Tolquitt.

He had never seen her thus before, with sober lips and modestly meditative lids; nor had he ever seen the small, solemn replica of herself now seated beside her in billows of clear white muslin. The sight was an intolerable rebuke, and he would have given the world to hear her familiar laugh rattle derisively through the high quietude of the aisles. As he gazed she turned her head, fixing upon him an absent look which gradually melted into a subdued smile of recognition. Then she made a slight sideward motion of her eyes, which plainly said, "This is my little girl."

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Maurice noticed that she showed no surprise at seeing him there; she seemed to consider his presence as much a matter of course as her own, and with a shudder he said to himself, "Good heavens, perhaps she thinks I have come to see her daughter confirmed!"

The service rolled on, with its bursts of music and interludes of prayer, its mystical moving of brilliant figures and flitting of lights about the altar; and at length Maurice was aware of a pause, followed by a stirring of the white dovecote in whose midst he sat. He saw Mrs. Birkton glance tearfully at Annette. The girl's lips and eyelids were trembling, and for a moment she seemed unable to move. At length she looked up, fixing her eyes on the golden crucifix above the altar; then, as if hypnotized by the sight, she rose and glided into the aisle, mingling with the fluctuant mass of white-veiled figures which had begun to move slowly toward the apse.

Presently they were all kneeling together on the chancel step, settling their dresses with the quick motions of a flock of birds; and above them, whitely hovering, Maurice saw the pontifical head and voluminous sleeves of the bishop. Annette knelt so that he could just see her between the intervening piers; but Mrs. Tolquitt's daughter was hidden from him, lost in the impersonal array of white veils and bowed heads.

The organ murmured a soft accompaniment, above which rose the monotonous cadence of the episcopal supplication, "Defend, O Lord, this thy child. . . . Defend, O Lord, this thy child . . ." reiterated like an incantation, as the invoking hands passed slowly down the line of motionless young heads.

Maurice saw the hands sway above Annette's pale braids, which shone like winter sunshine through her veil; then they moved on, and his eyes turned involuntarily to Mrs. Tolquitt. But she did not see him now; she was crying, not daintily, for the gallery, but in genuine self-surrender, her shoulders shaking, her handkerchief pressed against her face.

There came over Maurice an uncontrollable longing to escape; the smoke of the incense and the strong fragrance of the lilies sickened him, and Mrs. Tolquitt's sobs seemed to be choking in his own throat.

At length the white line about the chancel swayed, broke, and dissolved itself; the choir burst into another victorious hymn, and the little veiled figures came fluttering back to their seats. In the ensuing disturbance, Maurice rose with a quick whisper to his mother—"Let me pass—I'm going out. I can't stand the incense"—and while Mrs. Birkton made way for him, startled and disappointed, his glance fell for a moment on Annette's illuminated face, as she moved toward her seat with fixed eyes and folded hands. Her whole gaze was bent upon the inner vision; she did not even see him as he brushed her dress in passing out.

It was like a new birth to get out into the snow again, and Maurice, after a sharp breath or two, stepped forth rapidly against the wind, courting the tingle of the barbed flakes upon his face.

He did not go home until late that evening, and when he entered the kitchen, he was met by the festal spectacle of the supper-table adorned with a cluster of white lilies and a delicate array of fruit and angel-cake. Annette, in her habitual dress of dark stuff, looked more familiar and less supernal than before, and though her face still shone, it now seemed to Maurice that he could discern the mingling of a gratified childish vanity with the mystical emotions of the morning.

"I'm so glad you have come, dear," Mrs. Birkton exclaimed, her countenance still dewy with a pleasant agitation. "Annette, is the chicken ready? We have a broiled chicken for you, Maurice, dear, and a little mayonnaise of tomatoes."

As she spoke her eye turned toward the supper-table, dumbly challenging his praise.

"How nice it looks," he murmured, obediently.

"It is all owing to you, dear," his mother replied. "We asked Mr. Helfenridge to come to supper, too; we thought you would like to have him."

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"Is he coming?" Maurice asked, abruptly.

"No, he couldn't, unfortunately. He said he had promised to go to his sister's."

They sat down, Annette mutely radiant at the head of the table, with her mother and Maurice at the sides; but to the dismay of the two women Maurice refused to partake of the delicacies which they had prepared. He had a headache, he said; but he sat watching them eat, in spite of his mother's entreaties that he should go and lie down in his own room.

When supper was over, however, he rose and bade them good-night; Annette's kiss was mingled with an inarticulate whisper of gratitude, but he pushed her gently aside, and the women heard him cross the passage-way and shut himself into his own room.

In a few moments, however, he was aroused by a timorous knock, which he recognized as his mother's.

"Come in," he called, and Mrs. Birkton stepped apologetically across the threshold.

"Maurice, is your head very bad?"

"No, no—it's not bad at all. I only want to be quiet."

"I know, dear, and I'm very sorry to disturb you. But here is the rest of this money—I can't keep it, you know, Maurice. Annette's dress and shoes and veil, and the carriage and supper, and the new strings for my bonnet, only cost twenty-seven dollars and a half, and I can't possibly keep the rest unless you will let me use it for the household expenses, as usual."

Maurice sprang up, white to the lips.

"For God's sake, mother, understand me. I don't want the money—I won't touch it. I can provide plenty for the household; I haven't let you starve yet. And this is Annette's; yours and hers. If you won't spend it for yourself let Annette put it in the savings-bank; or let her throw it into the street; I don't care what becomes of it—but don't speak to me of it again. I'm sick to death of hearing about it!"

Mrs. Birkton shrank back, trembling at his unwonted tone. She was afraid that he was going to be really ill, and her one thought was to withdraw without increasing his agitation.

"Very well, dear—just as you please," she said, deprecatingly. "It was foolish of me to trouble you. Don't think of it again, but go to bed and try to sleep. I ought not to have disturbed you."

And she slipped back into the passage-way, stealthily closing the door.

Maurice had no thought of going to bed. He sank into his arm-chair, which he had pushed close to the gas-stove, and sat staring at the hard yellow brilliance of the polished radiator.

Helfenridge had gone to see Annette confirmed, but he had not been willing to come to supper; and Maurice knew him too well not to penetrate the shallow excuse which had satisfied Mrs. Birkton. Well, Helfenridge was right; no man can handle pitch without being defiled. And once a man's hand is soiled, why should his friends care to touch it?

After all, no cheap condonation of Helfenridge's would have helped Maurice now; rather did he feel a tonic force in his friend's disapproval. It showed Helfenridge to be the better and stronger man; and there was a kind of dispassionate consolation in that. If one had to fail it was better that the other should hold fast than be dragged down with him; and Helfenridge had always been the firmer-footed of the two.

So Maurice mused, letting the desolate hours travel on unregarded; till suddenly his vigil was disturbed by a knock, sharp and resolute this time, which made him start to his feet.

"Helfenridge!" he exclaimed, and there on the threshold stood his friend.

Maurice, on seeing him enter, had felt an involuntary thrill of relief, as though he were regaining his moral footing, but the illusion was transient and left him to sink back into profounder depths of self-accusal.

"I thought you weren't coming. You would have been quite right not to come," he said, without asking his friend to sit down.

"I didn't mean to come," Helfenridge answered, taking off his coat. "Your mother asked me to supper, but I refused. I couldn't see my way clear at first—even in church that little white

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seraph didn't seem to justify it for a moment; but I have been thinking hard all day—and now I've come."

He held out his hand, but Maurice made no motion to take it.

"It's no use," he said, heavily. "No amount of thinking will make it right. What's that in the Bible about doing evil that good may come? That's what I've done. I've done evil that good might come—but it hasn't come—it can't. The fellow in the Bible was right. You think Annette's dress was white? I tell you it was black—black as pitch."

"No, no," said Helfenridge, taking the chair which Maurice had not offered him. "The whole business is horribly mixed up, like most human affairs, but there's a germ of right in it somewhere, and the best thing we can do now is to nurse that and get it to flower."

"To flower?—bah—a poison-ivy——"

"Some poisons are valuable medicines," said Helfenridge.

"Oh, stop—drop that inane metaphor. I tell you there's no excuse for what I did; and what's worse there's no reparation. I'd give myself up, I'd go and proclaim the whole thing—but what good would that do? Smother everybody in mud—Annette, and my mother, and that poor woman! Helfenridge——"

"Well?"

"That woman—Mrs. Tolquitt—was in church with her little girl, who was confirmed. Think of it, will you! Her little girl was confirmed with Annette! And they sat next to us—only a few seats off. Helfenridge, I never knew she had a little girl."

"I don't suppose we any of us know much about anybody else," said Helfenridge.

"And there she sat crying—crying, I tell you. Just such tears as my mother's—glad and proud and sorry all at once!"

"Yes, I saw her."

"You saw her—and you're here now?"

"I'm here, Maurice, because I know what you're suffering."

They were both silent, Helfenridge seated with bowed head, Birkton stirring uneasily about the room with the thwarted movements of a caged animal.

At length he flung himself down in the chair in front of his desk and hid his face against his arms. Helfenridge heard his sobs.

It seemed a long time before either of them spoke; but finally Helfenridge rose and touched his friend's shoulder.

"My eyes are clearer than yours just now," he said, "and I shouldn't be here if I didn't see a way out of it."

"A way out of it?"

"Yes, only it's no empirical remedy: *geschehen ist geschehen.* But you spoke just now of the biblical axiom that good can't come out of evil; well, no generalization of that sort is final. It seems to me, on the contrary, that this good *can* come out of evil; that having done evil once it may become impossible to do it again. One ill act may become the strongest rampart one can build against further ill-doing. It divides things, it classifies them. It may be the means of lifting one forever out of the region of quibbles and compromises and moral subtleties, in which we who are curious in emotions are apt to loiter till we get a shaking up of some sort. It's horrible to make a stepping-stone out of a poor woman's anguish and humiliation; but the anguish and humiliation can't be prevented now; and who knows? in the occult economy of things they may be of some use to her if they help somebody else."

Maurice flung off his hand with a passionate gesture. "Quibbles and compromises and moral subtleties! What else is your reasoning made up of, I should like to know? It's nothing but the basest Liguorianism. The plain fact is that I'm a damned blackguard, not fit to look decent people in the face again."

His head sank once more upon his outstretched arms, and Helfenridge drew back.

"Shall I go then, Maurice?"

"Yes, go; it's worse when you're here."

Helfenridge for a few moments stood irresolute, as if waiting for his friend to recall him; but Maurice still sat without moving, bowed beneath the immensity of his shame.

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"Well, I'm going," Helfenridge reluctantly declared.

Maurice made no reply; his shoulders still shook, although his grief had grown noiseless.

"Remember, Maurice," his friend conjured him, "that whatever you do your mother and sister mustn't find out about this business. That's your first duty now, to hide the whole thing from them."

Still there came no answer. Helfenridge turned to the door and slowly opened it, glancing back as he did so at Maurice's downcast head; then he stepped out into the passage-way. But as the door closed behind him a new impulse, uncontrollable in its suddenness, made him turn back abruptly and re-enter the room.

"Look here, Maurice, listen to me," he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to tell you—but, hang it all, there's no use in your taking it like this. Blason was waiting for Mrs. Tolquitt outside the church, and I saw them drive away together in her brougham, with the little girl between them."

TWO SONNETS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

A TALKING RACE.

I SENT my Ariel round the world in quest,
To find by what main Virtues man is swayed.
The sprite returned and fluttering answer made:
"I find that Truth by Falsehood is confessed;
Valor falls back, by blustering Cowardice pressed;
The Strong Ones yield where Weakness stands arrayed;
And Love between a beggar's hands has laid
His tribute—who receives it with a jest."

"And wherefore is this so?" I grieving, asked.
"The Virtues silent are; much words they shun,
While those who, in their places, deftly masked,
Lead men along, use plenteous words and fair.
Man's is a talking race, by talking won,"
My Ariel said—and with his wings beat air!

TO ONE WHO SLEEPS.

As Atys slept beneath the ancient fir,
Nor all the tears a goddess could but weep,
Restored the orbèd light, the pulse's leap—
As Atys slept, while but one finger's stir
Showed life yet dwelling with the slumberer;
So, too, as in thy spirit's donjon-keep,
Art thou, through all thy days, asleep, asleep!
And I, to wake thee, find no potent spur.

Oh, wouldst thou put to proof a finger's power,
And win, where lesser ones the right arm bare!
Time speeds. 'Tis no immortal mourns thy lot;
But when some sylvan year his leaves shall shower,
I shall stoop homeward, and forget sweet care—
Sweet care that watched and wept—but woke thee not!

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CLIMBING FOR WHITE GOATS.

By George Bird Grinnell.

THE white goat lives above timber line, among the rocks, along the narrow ledges, and in the fissures of towering precipices, by snow fields and glaciers. Really it is not a goat at all, but an antelope—the analogue and not distant relative of the European chamois. It has horns and a beard, and for no better reason than this, the western American, with his faculty for seizing on any salient characteristic, has called it goat. So in the vernacular these animals, young and old, are billies, nannies, and kids, and will be so always.

This Alpine antelope is about the size of a sheep, and is remarkable in being white. Now nothing is more conspicuous against the summer landscape than a patch of white. On the other hand, many birds and mammals inhabiting snow-clad regions have white plumage or fur, and are thus invisible at a little distance. The goat is one of the mammals thus protected. Its life is passed high up on lofty mountains, often among fields of ice and snow, or at least where snow remains in patches and drifts almost throughout the year. Amid such surroundings it is mere accident if a white animal is seen by the hunter.

The short, sharp, backward-directed horns, the stout hoofs, and the margins of the eyes and lips are black. Young individuals have the long hair on the ridge of the back gray, which, perhaps, points back to ancestors which were not white, but were gray in color like a Japanese relative of this species.

The goat is an animal of the north; yet since altitude often answers for latitude, so we sometimes find it far to the south of its usual range; for example, on Mount Whitney, in California, where goats are abundant, though none of their kind can be found for hundreds of miles to the north. Like certain Alpine butterflies, which occur each summer on Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and are not found elsewhere south of Labrador, so on some isolated mountain-tops the goat has been cut off from the rest of his race and still persists in little colonies living alone.

The goat likes regions of great precipitation, and is most abundant in the high mountains where much snow or rain falls. This explains its absence from the southern portion of the continental backbone. Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico have many peaks high enough to give it the temperature which it requires, but it is not found in those regions because of their aridity. The goat occurs abundantly in northwestern Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, and all through the mountain ranges of the British possessions and Alaska, north toward the Arctic Ocean, where the mountains become lower and sink down to meet the seashore. Besides this territory over which the species is generally distributed, there are a number of out-lying localities, like Mount Whitney, a peak or two in Colorado, and a few other points where white goats have been found.

For most of the year the animal wears a shaggy coat of long, coarse hair, beneath which lies a heavy under-fleece of white cotton-like wool of very fine texture. The long, coarse top-coat sheds the rain or the snow like a thatched roof, while the under coat is thus protected from the wet and keeps the heat in and the cold out. Although the goat is generally a shaggy, rough-looking creature, yet in summer it sheds its coat, and for a time is almost as naked as a newly shorn sheep. If it could be obtained in commercial quantities, the wool of the white goat would be valuable. Specimens which I furnished some years ago to Dr. Thomas Taylor, Microscopist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, were called by some wool experts fine Cashmere wool; by others, Australian fine; and by still others, fine wool from various foreign

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ports. Dr. Taylor pronounced the wool finer than Cashmere wool. In the mountains of British Columbia, excellent blankets are woven from this wool by the Indians. The fleece is shaved from the hide with a sharp knife, and the yarn twisted by the women, who roll the wool under the hand on the bare knee. A simple loom is used for weaving, and the blankets made are not only thick, warm, and serviceable, but also sometimes very beautiful.

The white goat is occasionally captured alive. Full grown ones will not live in captivity, nor will captives survive when removed from their native mountains. Those taken as kids, however, become perfectly tame, wandering away to feed during the day, and at night returning to the house.

Although the goat is nearly related to the chamois, it has little of the activity of that nimble species. The bighorn is the runner and jumper of the Western mountains, while the goat is the plodder. He gets over the ground and climbs the loftiest peaks "by main strength and awkwardness." The bighorn rushes away along the mountain-side at a headlong pace, the alarmed goat starts straight for the mountain-top at a rate which seems slow, often no more than a walk, but which is so steady and continuous that it soon carries the animal out of the way of danger. The goat does not very often run, nor does it often raise its head to look about it like a deer or a wild sheep. Usually, even after being shot at, it holds its head low, and seems to regard one from beneath its eyebrows. When at last convinced that there is danger, it moves off, either slowly pulling itself up over the rocks, or if the way is level, going with a swinging, sidelong gait, which reminds one of a pacing dog.

But the goat does not always run away. Sometimes, in its simplicity, it turns to fight. An acquaintance of mine who discovered one lying under a shelf of rock took his hunting companion above it and up to within fifteen or twenty yards of it, and then, by throwing stones at it, attempted to drive the game out to where the hunter could see it. To his astonishment, the animal bristled up in a fury and was advancing as if to attack him, when the hunter shot it. The male goats are quite pugnacious among themselves, and often those killed bear evidence of severe battles which they have had with others of their kind.

The goat is marvellously sure-footed, and from the day of its birth, is practised in climbing over the rocks, but it must not be imagined that it never falls from the insecure perches which it frequents. Such falls are not uncommon, but seem rarely to result in serious injury. Kids which have been captured when very young and kept in captivity have been observed to play at rolling down steep banks, repeating the tumble over and over again, as if practising for the falls which they might be obliged to take later in life.

The spurious hoofs, or dew-claws, of the goat, while not strictly functional, are yet of great assistance to it in climbing about among the rocks and especially in going down hill. These hoof-lets are large and catch on the ground without yielding, acting as brakes, relieving the direct strain on the middle toes of the foot. The dew-claws almost always show considerable wear against the rocks.

Hunting the goat is man's work, and to follow the game to its home among the rocks calls for the best qualities of the mountaineer. Muscle, nerve, and experience in mountain climbing are needed by the goat hunter, for the labor of reaching the animal's home is extremely arduous. In some sections it is possible to ride a horse up to the game's feeding-ground, but usually much hard foot-work must be done before the hunting-ground can be reached. When the goats have once been found, however, it is usually easy to secure them, for they are gentle and unsuspicious.

A year or two since, I was hunting in the Rocky Mountains with a friend who had never shot a goat, and I was extremely anxious that he should secure one. Besides that, there was no fresh meat in camp, so we had a double motive for hard work. Starting from the lodge one morning with the rising sun, we crossed the stream and set our faces against the great mountain that stood

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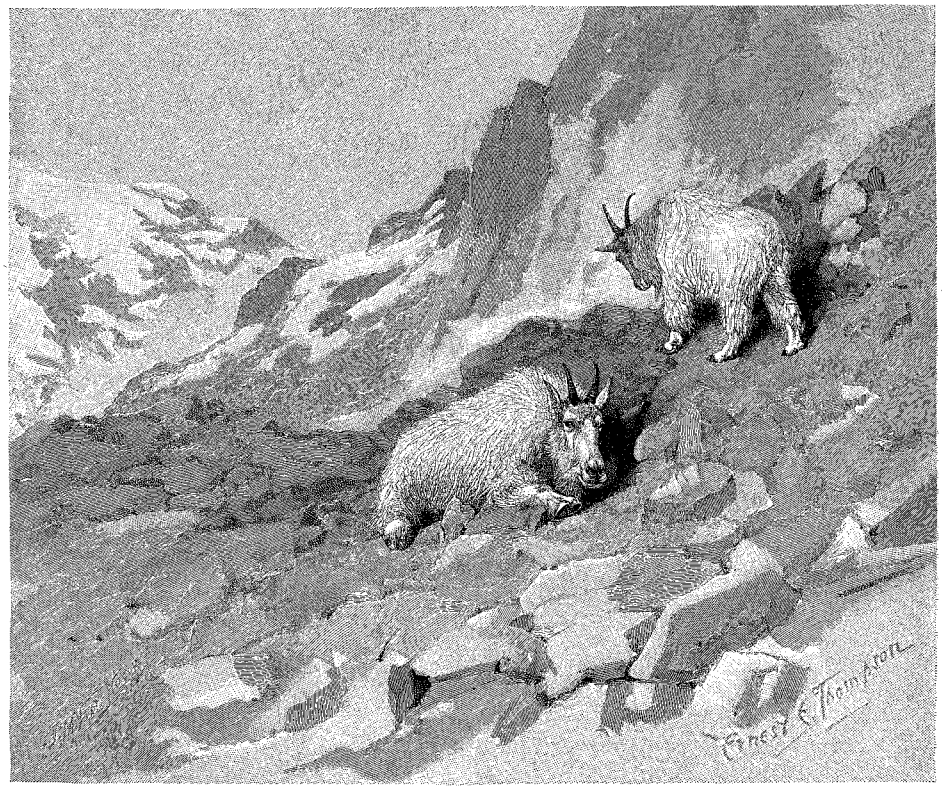

The White Goat at Home.

before us. First above the valley's level we were confronted by the talus, above that by a thousand feet of cliff, and then by other slide-rock and more cliffs, in all nearly five thousand feet, if we could climb so far. The slope at the foot of the cliff was, perhaps, fifteen hundred feet high ; a mass of small rock fragments, rather firmly compacted with earth and vegetation, that lay at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, so that the climbing was extremely steep and slow. After working our way nearly to the top of this talus, we found running along it, under the cliff, a game trail, and we followed this, knowing that it would take us to some point where the precipice which overhung us could be climbed. The trail worked higher up on the talus, and led us to a break in the cliff, where there were some fissured ledges, which promised an ascent for a few hundred feet at least. Everywhere the path showed signs of abundant use ; the angles of the rock were worn and rounded by the passing of many hoofs, and no plants grew in the scanty soil in the crevices. The climbing soon became hand-over-hand work ; one man standing on a ledge and holding the rifles, while the other went up six or eight feet, and then took the guns from his companion, who now in his turn drew himself up over the ledges. As we proceeded, the climbing grew more difficult, and it was hard to understand how any animal, unprovided with hands or wings, could have ascended. Often the ledges on which our feet rested were only two or three inches wide, and sometimes there were no ledges, and we worked ourselves up the face of the wall, clinging with tenacious grip to projections hardly large enough to support the finger-tips, our feet resting on little roughnesses in the rock which barely supported the toe. Some of the work was trying to the nerves, but at length we had passed the worst places and reached a narrow fissure where the ascent was easier.

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After a brief pause for a restful pipe, we resumed our climb, and before very long came out on the crest of the great shoulder we had been ascending. From this we looked out over a narrow alpine valley, beyond which, steep rock-slides and frowning walls rose to a great height, and just across the valley and half way up the slide, was seen a white patch which could only be a goat. The stream-bed was a little below us, and the trees which grew in the valley furnished good cover for stalking the game, which, however, was as yet too far from the timber for a certain shot. The wind favored us, for it blew up the valley. We waited a little to see what the animal would do, and soon it began to walk slowly up the slide, stopping now and then to feed, and then moving on again. In a few moments it had passed behind some tree-tops and we hurried down into the edge of the timber. The valley was only about half a mile long and ended in a high cliff, over which the stream poured. If hunted and hunters kept along on their respective sides, they would come together at its head. Hidden by the trees, we went on, timing our advance by the goat's progress, and at length when we reached the end of the valley, the animal was on the slide-rock above us and only eighty yards distant.

Head of a White Goat.

Soon the shot rang out. The goat gave a bound, and began to scramble along the slide-rock toward the cliff. Another shot sounded, and then another, the animal climbing all the time, but at the foot of a high ledge it stopped, too weak to surmount it. It turned and for a few seconds stood with lowered head looking at us; then it reeled, its legs seemed to give way, and it fell, slipping, sliding, and bounding down the cliff's face and on to the rocks below, and there turning over and over, it rolled down to us. The work of preparing our loads of meat for transportation to camp occupied some time, so that before we were ready to go, the sun had long been hidden behind the high peaks that flanked the narrow valley.

Trying to make a short cut by following down the stream, instead of returning as we had come, we soon found ourselves among ledges that could not be descended, and it took five hours of hard climbing and walking—much of it in the dark—down ledges, among fallen timber and through swamps, before we saw the light of the fire flickering through the lodge covering.

A week later, we climbed through the snow to the crest of another mountain to make some notes on the geography of the region. After we had taken our observations, one of the party called attention to a little spot of white in the shadow of a great rock below us, and looking at it through the field-glasses, it was seen to be a goat.

We approached very cautiously from above, keeping the rock between it and

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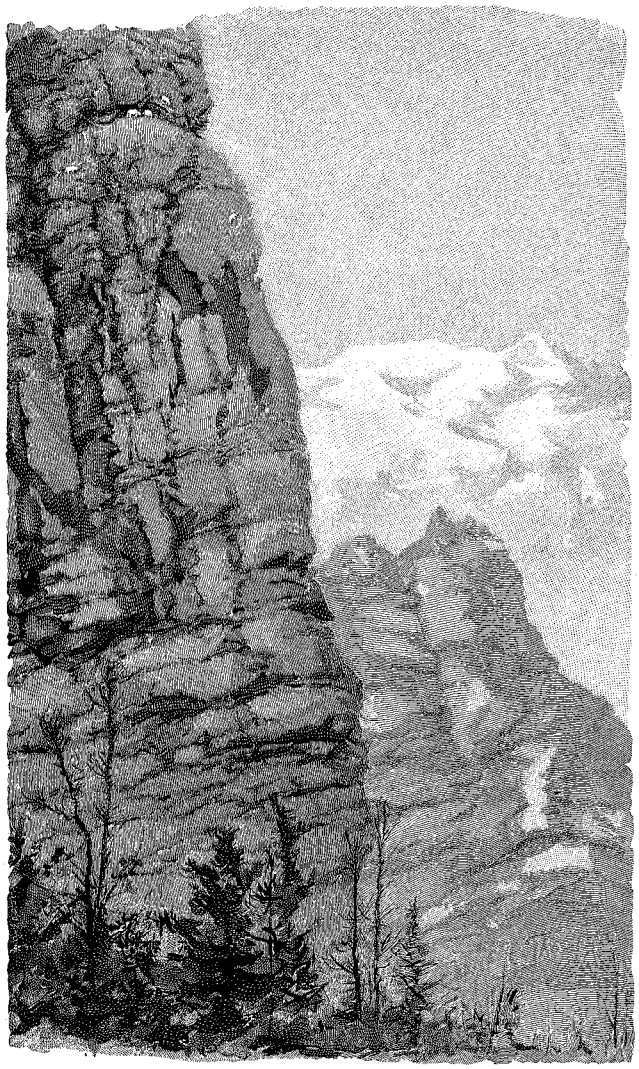
ourselves, and tiptoeing along as quietly as possible over the clinking shale. When we were within perhaps ten yards of the rock, the goat walked from under it, on my friend's side. He fired once, again, and again. The goat was mortally hurt, but at first it kept its



White Goats Climbing a Nearly Perpendicular Mountain-side.

feet and ran. The mountain side was steep, and just below it was a gulf two thousand feet deep. It fell, rolled over, came to its feet again, and tried to stop. In vain; with staring eyes it looked toward the brink before it, holding back with all its might, bracing itself, with stiffened outstretched legs, while still it slipped and slid onward toward the verge of the cliff, and we watched it with hearts full of pity now, although —so full is man of contradictions—we had felt no pity when the bullets struck it. A moment more and it had reached the brink and disappeared, and still I waited and watched, listening and looking for I knew not what, half fascinated by the pitifulness of the sight; and then, half a mile down the valley, I saw

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floating along on the wings of the gale, a tuft of white hair as large as my hand, torn from its hide by some crag against which it struck as it whirled down into the abyss.

But the killing of the game is a mere incident of this climbing for goats. The perfect freedom of the mountain life is one of its greatest charms, but far beyond that is the joy which comes of the surroundings. The lofty mountains uplift the soul and the man lives in a mental atmosphere above that of his every-day life. By night he sleeps beneath the wind-swept pines which sigh his lullaby; by day he pushes his way far above timber line over the naked rocks and among the crags. His companions are the changeless peaks, the far-reaching snow fields, and the blue ice rivers. The voices that speak to him are the hoarse brawling of the mountain torrents, the shrill scream of the winds throwing themselves against the peaks, the thundering report of the moving glaciers, or the long drawn roar of the snow slides. From lofty pinnacles he looks down on mountains and valleys and lakes, far below him, and is thrilled by feelings which he cannot put in words. The very air he breathes is instinct with the solemn spirit of the mountains, and he is awed by its inscrutable mysteries.

Moved by emotions which he but half comprehends, he rejoices in each varying aspect of the scene, whether the change be a smile or a frown. After the dark shadow of a moving cloud has passed, the sun shines more brightly; the bitter wind that half freezes him does not seem unkind; he welcomes the blinding snow-storm, or the cold mist that sweeps along the mountain side, shrouding peak after peak, blotting out point after point, till at last it has hidden all the view and has wrapped him in its chilling embrace. On these heights he exults alike in the sunshine and in the storm, for he has found nature pure and untouched, and for the time has become a part of it.

THE ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY.

LIBERTY.

By F. J. Stimson.

IN an earlier article* the writer took occasion to summarize the first edicts of democracy so lately throned. Its first efforts at construction, its first conscious volition, were there traced in three or four main paths—the giving man his daily bread, the forbidding him drink, the forcing his creditors to forgive him his debts, the building a blank-wall of the law before temptation, from cigarettes and circus-posters to books and theatres, or even dress; the delivering him from evil by insolvency and divorce courts; and the general assertion to the democratic state of the power and glory of things in general. All most excellent, if perhaps an usurpation. For even Dante, all Ghibelline that he was, if he lived, would not put to-day at Washington that realm

"dove si puote ciò che si vuole."

Before going on to trace our legislation in detail we have to pause, even at the starting-point—as a traveller gives one last look to see what he has forgotten. The deeds of men, or the stars in their courses, have given us Anglo-Saxons liberty; before Democracy started forth on its career of power, it had gained this. It has now set forth to gain much else, it has undertaken, Godlike, to *will its world*. And we are hardly on the threshold of departure; yet, before proceeding, it already becomes necessary to ask this question—are we free? For freedom was the dream, the cause, the reason, of Democ-

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1887.

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racy; not a baggage to be thrown over at the start.

To answer it, it has, among other things, seemed wise to make a careful study of our latest legislation. For this I chose the years 1889 and 1890; and have tried, with much care, to prepare an analysis of the nature of their legislation; a summary of which is here given. In relation to it, I must of course remind the reader that the division of legislation into *what* is individualistic, *what* is socialistic, communistic, or anarchic (if aught but a repeal be that) must inevitably be left to the tabulator. I can only say that, in accordance with the definitions of *communistic* and *socialistic* hereafter given in this article (which I believe to be correct and would earnestly, for the sake of using words in a common sense, urge to be adopted), they are, I think, accurate.

During these two years our forty-nine sovereigns of States and Territories (or fifty, counting the national government—perhaps the rashest experimenter we have) enacted about thirteen thousand laws; many a one of which was considerably longer than the entire code of Justinian. The greater number of these statutes, however, concerned matters of merely local interest—city charters and the like. Of course there is no class of statute where more interference with individual rights is attempted than in this very one; nevertheless, for obvious reasons, it was best to consider only those statutes which are of general application throughout the State enacting them. Leaving out therefore all private and local laws, as well as all merely regulative acts which involve no principle of social science or jurisprudence, the number of laws actually examined and read over was reduced to about twelve hundred.

These I classified with great care, in order to learn precisely what proportions of new general laws, passed by each and all our States and Territories, during that period, might fairly be termed socialistic. Under this general head I included, for this purpose, *communistic* statutes. As the more general term, *socialistic*, is applied to laws which limit in *any* way personal or civic freedom as it has developed in

TABLE OF LAWS—SOCIALISTIC AND COMMUNISTIC, OR INDIVIDUALISTIC IN NATURE—ENACTED BY THE STATES AND TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES DURING ONE COMPLETE TERM OF THEIR LEGISLATURES, 1889–1890.

Name of State.	Total Number of Laws Enacted.	Number of Laws Examined.	Number of Individualistic Laws.	Number of Socialistic Laws.	Number of Unsocialistic Laws.	Percentage of Socialistic Laws to Whole Number.
New Hampshire	287	14	0	3	11	.21+
Massachusetts	929	22	0	5	17	.23−
Maine	153	19	0	5	14	.26+
Vermont	237	38	1	4	34	.10+
Rhode Island	148	8	0	3	5	.37+
Connecticut	256	40	0	8	32	.20
New York	570	57	0	33	24	.58−
New Jersey	608	86	0	19	67	.22+
Pennsylvania	332	53	0	14	39	.26+
Ohio	683	61	0	37	24	.61−
Indiana	242	37	3	13	21	.35+
Illinois	166	38	0	12	26	.32−
Michigan	277	25	0	3	16	.36
Wisconsin	529	21	1	8	12	.38+
Iowa	136	18	1	3	8	.50
Minnesota	290	46	0	12	34	.26+
Kansas	271	34	0	17	17	.50
Nebraska	105	26	1	12	13	.46+
Maryland	636	26	2	5	19	.19+
Delaware	254	8	0	1	7	.12+
Virginia	645	10	0	5	5	.50
West Virginia	50	8	0	3	5	.37+
North Carolina	561	21	1	1	19	.05−
Kentucky	173	22	0	4	18	.22+
Tennessee	270	16	0	2	14	.13−
Missouri	111	17	0	3	14	.18−
Arkansas	117	13	1	3	9	.23+
Texas	118	27	0	9	18	.33+
South Carolina	120	9	0	0	9	.00
Georgia	636	23	0	6	17	.26+
Alabama	616	22	0	2	20	.09+
Mississippi	524	17	0	8	9	.47+
Florida	70	15	0	4	11	.27−
Louisiana	150	9	0	4	5	.44+
California	290	8	0	4	4	.50
Oregon	91	17	0	3	14	.17+
Nevada	120	26	1	7	18	.27−
Colorado	219	39	1	14	24	.36−
Washington	170	20	1	5	14	.25
North Dakota	201	59	1	4	54	.07−
South Dakota	154	41	1	3	37	.07+
Idaho	85	3	0	1	2	.33+
Montana	77	10	0	4	6	.40
Wyoming	86	10	0	3	7	.30
Utah	75	17	0	2	15	.12−
New Mexico	95	24	1	4	19	.16+
Arizona	63	10	0	5	5	.50
New England States	....	142	1	28	113	.20−
Middle States	....	196	0	66	130	.34+
North and Northwest States	....	306	6	129	171	.42+
Southern States	....	263	4	60	199	.23−
Pacific and Rocky Mountain States	....	284	6	59	219	.21−
Grand total	12,906	1,191	17	342	832	.29−

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Anglo-American history, so *communistic* would mean those laws which limit such civil rights in the single respect of *property* alone. I also noted such statutes as might be called *individualistic*, either because they defined a new individual right or liberty, or reasserted with emphasis one which had been lost sight of. Laws which were neither socialistic nor communistic, but yet not definitely individualistic, that is, the general mass of legislation—such legislation, let us say, as would be deemed proper even by the *laissez-faire* school—are left under the miscellaneous head of unsocialistic. It only remains, before appending the result, to add that I took care to be very liberal in my definition of *unsocialistic* and very strict in that of socialistic—that is, I put as laws socialistic, in fact or tendency, only those which must clearly be admitted to be so; anything which could fairly be put under the class of "allowable socialism," laws concerning free education, drainage, all public use of private property, whether for roads and public works or private money-making corporations, such as electric-car companies and telephones—laws about police, the public health, limitation of the landowner's rights to use land—all these I left under the head of *unsocialistic*.

The table of laws on page 649 is, I think, worthy of careful scrutiny. The first fact that strikes one is the very small number (17), of new statutes which could possibly be said to embody notions of individualism. The number of socialistic laws exceeds them precisely twenty-fold, while the number of statutes which embody no new socialistic principle does not exceed the socialistic class three-fold. The number of statutes which it was found necessary to examine for this purpose alone is nearly twelve hundred, all enacted in a period of two years, while the total number of acts reaches the enormous number of 12,906, and fills probably fully two hundred and fifty thousand pages of printed matter. But perhaps the most interesting subject for consideration is the relative extent to which this socialistic wave has gone in the different States. I think, perhaps, the candid reader will not criticise the statement that the results show that Socialism has progressed least in the most intelligent and in the least intelligent States. This, I think, was to have been expected. States where there is a low grade of popular education are not likely to take up new nostrums, for the mere lack of new ideas, the mere conservatism of stupidity; while States like the Northwestern States, composed of heterogeneous peoples, with a common universal education of a superficial nature, and, as Renan said, no serious superior instruction, would naturally be the most ready to follow the lead of agitators and adopt new isms. In these States the active American mind is most quick to invent, and is least deterred by the doubts of culture or the lessons which come from the experience of history. Therefore, we find that the section of the country which has the least of socialistic statutes is New England, having less than twenty per cent. We find that Colorado, and the far Western States, come next; but in this case the average is probably brought down by the supineness of the moribund State of Nevada and the comparative conservatism of California, Oregon, Colorado, and Spanish New Mexico and Arizona. The Southern States come next for the reason, I think, that is above mentioned. Moreover, in most of these States the white, or more educated element, is in control. There is no corresponding class control in any other section of the country. The Middle States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, come next by a long jump of from less than twenty-three per cent. in the South to more than thirty-four per cent. in these three, while the rashest experimenters are, as one would expect, in the North and Northwest, the States of Ohio, Iowa, and Nebraska being the worst offenders. In these two commonwealths more than half the legislation of the two years studied infringes on the liberty of the individual beyond the bounds of allowable socialism as determined by the practice both of England and the other States of this country.

Several picturesque individual examples may be mentioned. Thus, South Carolina is the only State with no socialistic legislation during the period studied. North Carolina, Delaware, Ten-

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nessee, Vermont, Utah, Massachusetts and Connecticut, with one or two other Southern States, follow close behind. That neither of the Dakotas have more than seven per cent. of socialistic legislation is probably explained by the fact that the period covered was the time of their being created States, when they were still too busied with the frame of the State government to get the experimental laboratory of their law-making bodies fairly to work. A much larger group of experiments may be expected of them in the next two years.

Doubtless we must conclude that socialistic advance goes *pari passu* with what is commonly deemed progress. For instance, Georgia is a more progressive State than its neighbors, Alabama and South Carolina, and has more socialistic statutes. New York has more than double the proportion that New Jersey has; Ohio nearly twice that of Indiana; the Virginias far exceed North Carolina; Kansas far exceeds Missouri; California has more than Oregon, and so on. The nationalists will doubtless find matter to encourage them in this fact.

We find, therefore, that out of eleven hundred and ninety-one statutes of importance enacted throughout the land by the law-making power of these two years, excluding "allowable socialism" (as I have termed paternalism in subjects in which it has been sanctioned by long usage among Anglo-Saxon people), three hundred and forty-two statutes remained embodying socialist principles and radical in their nature; that is, statutes applying to new subjects or to new fields of State interference. In other words, nearly twenty-nine per cent. of our general legislation throughout the country embodied some restraint upon liberty, as it has been understood in the law or custom of the English-speaking people.

What was the history of our achieving freedom? And here, remember, we mean individual freedom, not national liberty; social, not political. In human importance, outside of the purblind royal histories, Hastings is less momentous than Runnymede, Yorktown than one signature of a Lincoln in a White House library; and the greatest victories of human liberty were won in, and recorded in the dusty records of, the quiet courts of English law.

Now feudalism did this: it created the individual. The modern man was created in the castle; a castle became every man's house, and the first duty of the man was to emancipate himself from his feudal superior. The history of English liberty is the history of this struggle—meaning by feudal superior not only the landlord, or the sovereign, but the ruling class generally. Much of the legislation that has been attempted in modern America was tried centuries back in England, only it was tried at the behest of the upper order, not the masses. The old English statute books are full of attempts by the powerful class, whether they were landowners, or whether they were the rich burghers of the town, the united guilds, or the municipal rulers, to legislate away freedom of contract. The history of Englishmen's liberty is the history of the contest against such regulation, which finally became completely successful after Cromwell, hardly before Victoria; and these same weapons of privilege, so recently wrung from the classes, are the ones which the masses seem now too ready to take up.

The Earl of Wemyss, in his little pamphlet "Socialism at St. Stephens," finds that one hundred and thirty-four bills, "more or less of a socialistic character," were introduced into Parliament during the years 1886 and 1887. It would be interesting to compare the English and American proportion; but for this the data are wanting, as we have no way of studying the bills introduced into all the American State legislatures. It is not safe to assume, however, contrary to the prevailing impression, that the proportion of socialistic bills in America exceeds that in England; for Lord Wemyss's number of one hundred and thirty-four such bills introduced need not indicate a smaller proportion of such bills passed to the total number of laws enacted in those two years than twenty-nine per cent. after throwing out local acts, as was done in our investigation in America. Of course, in a few notable, conspicuous examples, such as the Irish land acts, the English parliament has gone far

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beyond any American state in socialistic legislation as to *property* alone; and Lord Wemyss tells us that there is hardly now an Act of Parliament passed that does not contain the clause "All contracts to the contrary notwithstanding"—which would, with us, be unconstitutional and void. But, on the other hand, the English have not gone so far in their laws as we in curtailing individual liberty.

What are the principal subjects of those socialistic or communistic statutes with us and in England? In England, in the following order of number and frequency, Land and Houses, Trade in Alcohol, Manufactures and Trades; Working-Class Dwellings, Education, Ships, Mines, Railways, Recreation, Sanitation. Of these ten classes, we rank two at least—Education and Sanitation—under our head of "Allowable Socialism," and we should probably add three more—Ships, Railways, Mines, and by practical necessity, another still—Trade in Alcohol. This leaves but four of the ten classes of English socialist statutes which we in America still question. Curiously, with all our greater liberality, the class which in England is most common of all—land acts—scarce finds a single example in America—while the following are but a few examples of the subjects falling under this head in recent English legislation:

"Landlord and Tenant, Agricultural Holdings, Ground Game, Arrears of Rent, Purchase of Land, Compensation for Improvements, Corporate Property Security, Crofters' Holdings, Leaseholders' Purchase of Fee, Peasant Proprietary, Suspension of Evictions, Allotments and Small Holdings, Compulsory Purchase of Land Compensation, Cottagers' Gardens, Crofters' Land Cultivation, Tenure of Land and Town Houses, Stannaries, Agricultural Laborers' Holidays, Laborers' Wages, Laborers' Relief, Mining Leases, Mining Royalties."

The very foreignness of these titles to our ideas shows how little our country has been troubled by similar questions, an exemption due probably solely to our waste land, our freehold tenure and homogeneous social condition. There are, therefore, two subjects only generally handled by socialistic legislation, and which are not ranked by us as "allowable," which are common to England and the United States—Manufactures and Trades, and Railways.

Now let us take up America. Here we find a greater variety, but less radicalism. Although perhaps even bolder than the English in applying paternal legislation in matters supposed to be of morals, we are far less ready to lay the hand of the multitude upon the life of the individual in matters which affect his property, and his right to contract concerning it. Nevertheless, we have made a pretty wide, if not deep, beginning; as we see when it becomes impossible to reduce our socialistic legislation to less than fourteen classes, which are as follows, naming them in the order of frequency:

Liquor Laws; Labor Laws; Regulation of Manufactures and Trades; Debtor and Creditor Laws; Regulation of Houses and Buildings; Laws Concerning Soldiers, Pensions, the G. A. R. and Sons of Veterans; Laws Concerning General Morals; Laws Concerning Children; Laws Concerning Women Laborers; Laws Concerning Race Distinctions, Intermarriage, etc.; Laws Extending Municipal Functions; Bounties and Subsidies, State or Local; Libel Laws or Laws Removing the Common Law Protection to Reputation; and Laws Forbidding "Trusts."

Now, much of this legislation falls undoubtedly under our head of "allowable socialism;" and it would be most interesting to know, by a general concensus of opinion, how much. Just how far our people are willing to subordinate the life of the individual to the ordering of the majority is the greater question of the future—greater than the question whether the institution of *property* shall be maintained or not. And others of these classes, it may appear at first glance, scarcely belong under the head of socialism at all. Before, however, taking up these points in detail let us rapidly enumerate the principal kinds of statutes we have termed (1) communistic and (2) individualistic.

Among the communistic, we may rank State free baths; provision for special instruction in trades, or to cer-

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tain classes, such as Sons of Veterans; forest preserves, maintained at State expense; State expenditures for meteorology, geology, agricultural experiment farms, experimental sugar-refining plants, and the like; this species of communism being far more frequent in town or city expenditures than in State appropriations. For instance, in Boston we have music, gymnasiums, and racing, and are likely to have a "forum" for labor agitations, maintained at the public expense. Then we include grants to soldiers, or the sons of soldiers; artificial prices for labor performed for the State or municipality; money appropriations for tramps; distribution of seed-grain to farmers gratis, etc. The distinction between the communistic and the socialistic being, that the former *are concerned solely with the taking or redistribution of money or property;* the latter *regulate or prohibit men's mode of life, acts or contracts, either among themselves or as concerning the State.*

Among the individualistic we find some laws prohibiting restraint of trade (from this point of view the "trust" statutes may be ranked as individualistic as from another they are socialistic, depending as they are aimed chiefly to prevent monopoly and restraint of trade, or to prevent reasonable joint action and contracting together); laws preventing the influencing laborers by threats, etc., either by the capitalist or by the co-laborer; laws preventing the bribery or coercion of voters; laws imposing a maximum upon taxation; and laws extending or fortifying a common-law individual right, such as statutes making new penalties for the slander of women, protecting a man in his privacy, giving new remedies for the destruction of his trees by a telephone wire, or the pollution of air by a factory.

And most important of all are certain principles we find for the first time clearly enunciated in the constitutions of the six new States. Chronologically, these do not fall within the period covered by this article, but they are so noteworthy that it may be well to quote some of the most important of them. Of course the old safeguard of the individual against the law-making majority is the principle contained in the bills of rights of nearly all the State constitutions, and which goes back historically to the struggle for personal liberty in England. That is usually expressed as follows: "To guard against transgression of the high powers delegated to the legislature by the Constitution, everything in the Bill of Rights is declared to be excepted out of the general powers of Government, and shall forever remain inviolate; and all laws contrary to the Bill of Rights are void." And some State constitutions—the Virginias and New Hampshire—further declare that some rights cannot be surrendered by men when they enter into a state of society, but are inalienable, because no equivalent can be given for them; and these rights are then defined to be the natural rights, so called, which include life, liberty, reputation and property. But the new Northwestern States have established some new general constitutional principles which deserve careful consideration, and, I think, approval. Thus, the constitution of Washington declares "No person shall be disturbed in his private affairs, or his home invaded, without authority of law" (Wash. C., 1, 7). So the new constitutions of Kentucky and Wyoming both declare, "Absolute, arbitrary power over the lives, liberty, or property of freemen exists nowhere in a republic, not even in the largest majority" (Ky. C., 2; Wy. C., 1, 7).

The constitutions of Idaho and Wyoming both declare "The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The legislature should further all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality" (Idaho C., 3, 24; Wy. C., 7, 20). And several States have new constitutional provisions against boards, or commissions, and other delegated bodies, which, under pretence of executing business, deprive the citizen of his common-law rights. Nevertheless we must conclude that the great bulk of new legislation is the other way.

II.

Recurring now to consider the socialistic class in more detail. The liquor laws we may lay aside as too

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familiar to need notice; and, short of absolute prohibition, their propriety would be recognized by nearly all; though even here the German "personal liberty" leagues exist to warn us that the right to legislate on this subject is not quite unquestioned.

In "the regulation of manufactures and trade" we include a large class of miscellaneous legislation; notably, and first of all, the regulation of railway rates, toll rates, express rates, telegraph and telephone rates, etc.; the propriety of which becomes less clear as we come to elevator charges, millers' tolls, cotton compress tolls, or matters of ordinary private business. Presumably, at least, the State will not again undertake to fix the price of a loaf of bread, as it did in the Middle Ages; though it may conceivably fix the size thereof. Then we have the statutes regulating or restricting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, the importation of cattle from other States, the sale of milk and the sanitary inspection laws of cattle and milch cows. And under this head belong the statutes requiring the inspection or official classification of all commodities dealt in by trade, the stamping of leather, official trade-marks, the official grading of the quality of goods.

Among the labor laws we may mention as examples first, of course, the eight, nine, or ten-hour laws; laws prohibiting alien or convict labor; regulating the methods of labor in factories and mines; the method of payment—requiring payment to be made weekly or monthly, and to be in money, not in orders for supplies; prohibiting "company doctors," corporation insurance funds for laborers, factory stores and factory lodging-houses; protecting the laborer's personal safety in mines or on railways, his health in factories; prohibiting any part of wages to be withheld as fines for imperfect work (though a statute of this sort has just been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts as impairing free right of contract between employer and employee); laws providing for arbitration of labor disputes; prohibiting blacklisting of laborers to prevent their getting employment by others; laws requiring "union labels," thus recognizing the boycott; and laws requiring qualification for exercising trades and professions, from lawyers and doctors down to trainmen, telegraph-operators, and plumbers. Closely connected with this is the labor of women, laws requiring them to be given seats while at work, etc.; and the labor of children, laws prohibiting their employment under a certain age, or before they can read or write; but both we term "allowable." Then laborers are given a preference over other creditors in case of insolvencies or receiverships of the persons or corporations employing them; and in some States a mandamus will lie to compel the recovery of the bodies of miners lost in mines.

The debtor exemption laws are universal; but they vary from States like Massachusetts, where the strictly necessary personal belongings alone are exempted, to States like Texas, where the justest creditor may not enforce his claim against the land and house, the horses and carriages, or even the luxuries of the most dishonest debtor.

The regulation of building, the restriction to certain trades, the enforced vacating or destruction of old houses, is universally enacted for cities or towns, and is justified under that vague principle, the police powers of government; and was upheld in the famous Louisiana Slaughterhouse cases, even to the point of establishing a legal monopoly of that trade for the city of New Orleans.

Twenty-five statutes were enacted in these two years giving special privileges to those who had been soldiers and sailors, outside of our national pension laws; twenty-nine giving State grants or aid to them, or to the "sons of veterans," allowing them special privileges in obtaining education or public employment. Most of these will doubtless be defended. But we now come to the most interesting class to students of state sociology: that kind of statute which seeks to regulate men's conduct.

Liquor laws we have mentioned. In about twenty States the sale of tobacco to minors under fourteen or eighteen is made criminal; in a few the sale of

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cigarettes is absolutely forbidden; in three that of opium. Two statutes of Mississippi attempt to regulate morals in general. Drunkenness is in Minnesota declared a crime. And in all States, the more lax the divorce laws, the more strictly the statutes require the marriage laws to be complied with, and make criminal any breach of them. And throughout the country, the more free we find the relations of the sexes, the more strictly is open profligacy prohibited and condemned. The tendency of all law-made virtue to hypocrisy is already shown; and Mr. Howe, who has written perhaps the most striking picture of Western village life, has found it already necessary to sound the note of warning from his country town in Kansas.*

Seven statutes were passed for the State education and control of children, which fairly seem to overstep the line that preserves the home from State attack. All States of course provide for the rearing of abandoned children, the reform of vicious boys, but only these seven statutes, in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas and Nebraska, seem to threaten reasonable parental control. The laws "emancipating" women we leave aside: if ever inexpedient, they are at least rather individualistic than the reverse. Practically, women have all but the right or obligation to fight, to render public labor or services, and to vote.

In many States, freedom of contract is not given to life insurance companies against colored persons; they are bound to issue insurance policies to them at the same rates, even when their expectation of life is less. Marriage is often still forbidden between whites and blacks; in Utah, it is forbidden with Mongols; in no State, however, with Indians. (Our statutes curiously recognize the personal respect, the absence of social prejudice, that exists as toward the original owners of our soil. We give the negro all legal rights, and condemn him socially; we respect the Indian, and give him not the status of a human being. . . . But this is a long tale, now soon to end in shame, as it began.)

Some States still artificially encourage immigration. Bounties are given to manufactories; beet-sugar and sorghum plants are artificially encouraged; in Mississippi all new mills are exempted from taxation for ten years. The bounty principle is a most dangerous one; but has crept so little as yet into State legislation that it may be stamped out. On the other hand, the extension of the functions of cities and towns is growing every year; a law has been defeated which would have engaged the city of Boston in the retail coal business; but water, gas, electric-lights, bridges, free ferries, are undertaken to be provided by more towns and cities every year. In the West, there are beginnings of actual money-making business undertaken by towns outside the wants of their citizens, as, for example, beet-sugar plants, fish culture, and experimental business processes, or scientific and agricultural experiment stations. We all know that the principle is fairly and fully established that a town or city may light, warm, transport, amuse, and instruct its citizens; give them free libraries, museums, parks, play-grounds, base-ball fields, concerts, and galleries; but hitherto it may give them only water, not food or clothing, unless they frankly become paupers. And the line has been clearly drawn at the point of entering by city governments into ordinary money-making business, requiring neither by natural conditions nor great complexity the public interference. I think it were well to keep it there.

* See Forum, August, 1892.

III.

THE purpose of this article has been to indicate the general proportion of our socialistic legislation, and rapidly run over the more salient instances. Extended comment and criticisms have no place in it. Naturally most, if not all, of the instances of such legislation so briefly enumerated, will excite the approval, not the criticism, of many. And it is true that of the three rights guaranteed us by our own constitution and our English forefathers' struggles—life, reputation, property—the first has not been attacked at all, the second only

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by those two States (Michigan and Minnesota) which have passed statutes destroying a man's right to his reputation as against newspapers; and the third, not avowedly at all. How far the right of property has been impaired, however, by these statutes so hastily sketched out, we prefer to leave to the judgment of the reader, as also the question, how far he cares. But at least let us do it with our eyes open. The right of property may not be inviolable; but let us not then pretend that it is, and punish Homestead workmen for failing to respect it when we do not respect it by our own laws. Hypocrisy, that prime vice of legislated virtue, let us at least avoid; it was the pretence of equality, not the fact of inequality, that aroused the French Revolution.

And there is something the other way. If we have taken away the protection of the libel law in some States, we have extended it in others. One of our highest courts has asserted the right to be let alone. Light words about a woman, which would not be slanderous at the common law, are heavily punitive under two statutes of Maryland. Combinations, State monopolies have been legislated against; the bribery of voters, the intimidations of laborers. Nebraska has fixed a general maximum of taxes that shall be taken from the citizen by the State; a similar statute governs the city of Boston. Trades-unions have been recognized and given free play, while their right to coerce has been forbidden; the official labels of Union-made goods have been recognized by law, while the right of boycotting has been denied.

But withal, however much we recognize the reason (not the *value*, for the value of mere conduct without free will is contrary to the true ethics of democracy) of many or most of these laws, there are some which lead us, and their very number would lead us, to answer the sole question put by this article, with gravity, if not in the negative. Yes—we are still free. But no candid mind can rise from the perusal of these twelve hundred laws which a single period of two years brings upon us without the desire to call attention, if not to warn. For there is no worth of character except it be freely attained. Liberty is the condition of conduct, as truth is the one great virtue of the mind. On the day, says Plato, you take from a man his liberty, you take half—one might even say, all—his other virtues. As far as we can dimly see the cause that strains through things, the condition of the world is infinite opportunity, infinite temptation; the principle of life is voluntary improvement by conscious selection. The prayer says, *lead* us not into temptation; not destroy it from the world. And Democracy, at least, should remember that it was for liberty and by liberty that all its deeds were done.

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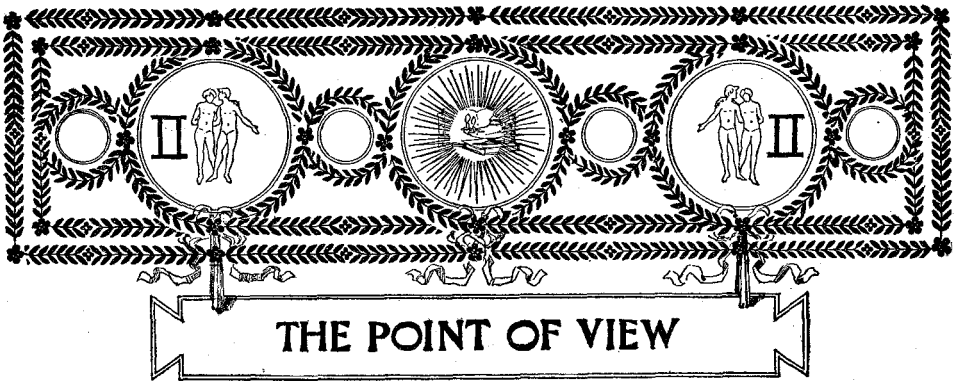

THE POINT OF VIEW

In an altogether worthy tribute that Mr. Herbert Spencer has recently paid to his friend the late Professor Tyndall, occurs a passage of which Mr. Spencer himself does not slight the importance, but which the world at large may not at once apprehend at its full value. The world at large, indeed, considering of what unfailingly clever units it is composed, is remarkably slow of study. Not a man of us but has been very often forced to confess that the sum of us is very much our inferior.

Professor Huxley, as well as Mr. Spencer, has recently paid an old friend's tribute to Tyndall, and in doing so has told of a certain *x* club in which, for many years, he and Tyndall and Spencer and six other eminent English scientists were informally associated. Remarking Professor Huxley's account of this club, Mr. Spencer considers it important to add a further particular. On some Saturday in June, when the club had concluded the term of its regular meetings, the members, admitting their wives to the company, went off into the country and held a picnic. And to this picnic—and this is the particular that Mr. Spencer considers especially significant, saying truly that "to not a few" it "will be surprising and perhaps instructive"—there was sometimes carried "a volume of verse," which volume, Mr. Spencer assures us, "was duly utilized after the repast." Thus on one occasion, as the grave ladies and gentlemen of the *x* reclined under the trees of Windsor Forest, they had read out to them Tennyson's "Œnone," and on another Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Mr. Spencer has encountered readers who thought him apt to set an undue value on the smaller incidents of life, and who even made bold to pronounce much of what he calls his "data" positively trivial. No doubt in this exacting class the circumstance of these little poetical readings at a scientists' picnic will only provoke jesting and scorn. But Mr. Spencer has good reason to treat it with the gravity he does. As he very justly remarks, "the vast majority of people suppose that science and poetry are antagonistic," and if the circumstance in question should, as Mr. Spencer himself foresees that it may, "cause some of them to revise their opinions," what an excellent end would be gained!

And why should it not cause a revision of opinions? For whoever has fancy enough to see it, an atmosphere of poetry pervades the very scene. These giants of science seated, in more or less distressful ease, on the shaded grass—their minds relieved of every care of atoms, if not of every atom of care; of every perplexity of heat, as a principle, if not as a personal sensation! The appointed reader takes the "volume of verse" in hand, and its "due utilization" begins. What could be more idyllic? What could be more convincing?

But the philosophic import of these conscientious sylvan diversions lies not alone in what one may call their perspective. Consider the selections: "Œnone," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship!" It is the sort of verse on which the soul feeds in youth, when the poetic ardor is strongest and most spontaneous; the sort that supplies embellishment and emphasis in the letters of enamoured Colins to their Rosalinds. Had the choice fallen on Browning, instead of on Mrs. Browning and Tennyson, there might have been room to argue. One might then have said that under a pretext of reading poetry these scientists had merely taken up a new analysis. But a

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taste that prefers "Œnone" and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" can rest on nothing but sheer susceptibility to sentiment. The proof would have been scarcely more conclusive if Mr. Spencer could have added that, as the reading went on, the ladies wiped a tear from their eyes, and that when it was done the men strove with each other for possession of the volume in order to mark their favorite passages.

On the whole, we do not see what more evidence any rational mind could desire. Certainly, under this showing of Mr. Spencer's, science stands much clearer of the charge of being self-centred than poetry itself is likely ever to stand. Fancy a company of poets out picnicking. Would they, at the end of their repast, proceed to "utilize" a "volume" of science and let themselves be read to out of Mr. Spencer's "Psychology," say, or Mr. Huxley's essays on "Darwinism?" Not if we know them.

My son Nicodemus is a tractable little boy and pleasant company. I like to have him along when I take my walks abroad, and he likes to go. But of late his mother has devised objections and insinuated impediments when I have wished him to accompany me, and several times I have found myself shuffling reluctantly off without him, and yet without any tangible reason for leaving him behind. But I have since discovered the reason, which is, that his mother sees so much fault found with man in the current newspapers and magazines that she fears its effect upon my impressionable nature, and has forebodings of a day when I shall come home alone, and tell her that I have felt compelled, on humanitarian grounds, to drop little Nicodemus into the river.

I trust her misgivings are not well founded, but I cannot blame her for entertaining them; for certainly, if we are to believe Madame Sarah Grand and some other prophets of the magazines, to raise a manchild in these days is to do humanity something very like a grievous wrong. "What is man," exclaims the Psalmist, "that thou art mindful of him!" Madame Grand and her sisters could have told him. Man, as they are mindful of him, is an unlucky afterthought of the Creator, who, for lack of discipline and due subjection, has developed into a gross being drunken with a sense of his own importance, the oppressor of womankind, the blot upon Nature's face that messes her perfections.

There is no use in pretending to question the accuracy of this description, or in denying that there would be no trouble in the world worth mentioning if it were not for man. He is a poor creature, and always has been; and ever since the human experiment began it has been one long uphill struggle to try to make a good thing out of him, and make him do right. No sane person has ever blamed woman for man's shortcomings. In spite of the story of Eve and the serpent, man has had to bear the blame for himself, and so far as there was any blame to bear on woman's account he has had to stagger under that too.

That has been because he has been regarded as the stronger and more sensible of the two, and justly responsible for the condition of the human family. But there is a new theory now, set forth in serious books, and based on statistics and researches and scientific analogies, that woman is the better creature, and the one that knows the more and is the better worth rearing. If this theory is correct, it involves a certain shifting of responsibility which the critics of man ought to recognize.

If woman is more of a man than man is, it is she who is to blame for his degradation, and not he for hers. She never should have permitted him to sink into those unutterable depths in which she sees him now. During all these years in which she has had him, she should have managed to hoist him up on to a decent plane, and make a respectable creature of him. If, on the other hand, he is a superior creature, the lord of creation, and responsible for his guilty self and for the woman besides, he should have due credit for what he has done well, as well as blame for his misdemeanors. It is notorious that the present progressiveness of women is unparalleled in human history: Shall he have no share of praise for that? If some women have climbed down on the ladder he has held, is no account to be taken of the multitude who have climbed up? Is it to be no mitigation of the discipline which he has maintained in the human fam-

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ily, that womankind has thrived so amazingly under it?

Man, the poor old thing, is not getting justice. If he has governed the world all these years, the immense advance of women under his rule does him credit. But if he doesn't govern it, and never has been fit to govern it, woman ought to be ashamed to have neglected him as she has. For, according to the latest theories, he is simply what she has permitted him to become.

PRESERVERS of that fabulous bird, the contemporary American drama, argue that it cannot be literary; that it should never be literary; and that it is not literary. In this last statement they are surely right. But is it, for a play to be also literature, necessarily a failure? Is the word "literary" always one of reproach? Bronson Howard's "Henrietta" is one of the best of our plays: it has a stock-ticker in the drawing-room. It is not literary for a man to sell his daughter's stocks, because it is not true; but is that a merit on the stage? And I have heard Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama," say that the thing in drama is not "fine writing;" the thing is, if you have a Kentucky maid leaning over the stile with her lover, to make them talk at Daly's Theatre as they would talk in twilight at the farm. This thing Mr. Thomas doubtless does; but is it the usual thing? The usual thing is to make them talk as a usual Broadway audience *think* they would talk upon the farm.

The fact is, our playwrights often write not real truth but stage truth—quite a different thing. It is a "situation," in a modern play, to have the hero fall six fathoms in a real elevator; but for such situations we have no use in books. A "situation" in a novel should be the crisis of a soul; in our commoner drama, a thumb caught in a sawmill is enough. It may be, things written cannot well be put upon the stage; but many plays not even a candy-counter girl would read if written. Slight things amuse in doing that would not bear the telling. Is this the secret of it?

Should one then hasten to conclude that the play is vanishing as a form of expression? Plausible argument for this may now be made. The older, cruder nature of man expresses itself. The latest evolved soul asserts itself in silence. The rude soldier brawls, the virago scolds, the stage-prig talks, the hero poses; even the loveliest stage heroine must "give herself away," to the audience, at least, if not to her lover. But the finest new type of male or female being may be forceful, may be fateful, may be of fate repressed; yet the life-work or life-lot is never said or spoken; and even the doing of it is either in quick, wordless moments, or in the courage of long years. In Turguénief's famous story of the fire upon the Baltic steamer, the Hebrew money-changer ramps upon the burning deck; the gentleman is silent, motionless as Casabianca, save only that he smokes. If he smoked at the Fifth Avenue or the Park, he would soon let his cigar go out in speechifying to the matinée maiden.

Habitual theatre-goers are a curious class; a class said not to comprise two per cent. of the people; a class shallow in heart, and of quick, but lazy, intellect. And the people, the great big people, of course, still expect (whether they may or not in 1950) to see the player wear his heart upon his sleeve; in its visual absence they are puzzled.

Take a situation in an American play: suppose a man (the suggestion is at least within the range of dramatic possibility) unselfishly in love with the first lady; suppose the second lady (if such a second draft on probability may still be honored) eternally in love with him. She gets the hero to her side, and after a slight scene of ineffectual love-making on her part, she ups and tells him that his girl has left him for another (this thing is surely probable enough). Now, your theatre two per cent. expect him to stab the second lady (if it be a melodrama) or insult her (if it be a comedy; tragedies we write not). Your ninety-eight per cent. of honest people expect him to stab himself, or at least make a speech with his hand clutching at his spotless dress-shirt. It is needless to say that in gentle modern life the hero now does neither. He is only "more than usual calm." He has his own opinion of the second lady. And for the first (if she have not played for money)—perhaps he goes on loving her for some eternity or two, and, meantime, like a male Charlotte, cuts out

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his bread and butter—keeping a very distant eye on Mrs. Werther, indeed. Ouida's heroes do not so; but my point is, it is only Ouida's heroes that seem to "go" upon our stage. But, the Lord and a free country helping, we are evolving a rarer flower here than Ouida's gaseous guardsman or her common-garden-girl.

And can this never be done upon the stage? After all, the French are our masters; and the French do it still. Their stage-land still runs into life, keeps pace with it; horrible, too, as it may seem, their plays are literature. Their modern masterpieces, from Musset to Pailleron, are even —*pace* the managers!—"talky." What is it, then? Are their audiences more intelligent, their playwrights broader and bolder, or have their literary men more skill?

At the club the other evening, somebody who had taken little part in the chit-chat, save in the important capacity of a good listener, suddenly blurted out: "If you fellows were not so infernally bent on getting off good lines all the time, you wouldn't obstruct the conversation so much." This reminded me of an elaborate protest against cleverness I had read somewhere, not long before. I now forget where it was, but remember being not particularly impressed in the writer's favor. It was argued that clever people really give you nothing, that the art of cleverness (if art it be) is merely pyrotechnic. Clever people, it was said, care nothing whatever about what they say, but only about the flash that accompanies their saying it.

Now, two cases in a single month of people who object to cleverness would seem to indicate that the species was not quite so rare as the chamois or ibex. There must be more such people in the world than I have had the misfortune to meet. I wonder if it ever occurred to any of them that their own earnestness—not to use an uncomplimentary term—might possibly be, I will not say excessive, but somewhat liable to go astray and turn up in places not advantageous to its most favorable exhibition.

I am perfectly willing to admit that cleverness may not be either intellectually or morally nutritious. I probably do not get mentally stouter on hearing "good lines." But neither is smoking nutritious, as far as I know; and yet I smoke with consummate satisfaction to myself. But I am not at all sure smoking is not digestive; for, if it is not, how comes it that I merely prefer to smoke all day, whereas I absolutely must smoke after dinner?

Now, to my mind, cleverness (in other people) is intellectually digestive, if perhaps not nutritious in itself; it aids mental assimilation, in a way it is stimulating. And, upon the whole, what are people who are constantly in search of nutriment, especially nutriment of the intellectual sort, but folk who are in more imminent danger of becoming bores than they are perhaps aware of? Why should it be assumed that society is so deplorably on a starving basis that the only alluring recommendation of a style of talk is, like that given by the Paris restaurant waiter when he points out a dish to you on the bill of fare: "*que c'est très-nourrissant?*"

I must say I have a strong suspicion that the folk who are so earnestly and inveterately bent on nutritious conversation, habitually get very little intellectual nourishment in any other way; I am not even sure most of them would not like to button-hole specialists and try to make them talk "shop." But, to those among us who are not as a rule intellectually starving, whose brains are pretty hard-worked a good deal of the time, what an inestimable boon is sheer conversational champagne-froth! The "good lines" of the clever talker, his deft art of "making fireworks out of imbecility," are simply refreshing. The things he says may now and then make the angels weep; but one really can't be considering the angels all the time.

No doubt the clever person is generally quite aware of his own cleverness, and perhaps rather inclined to be egoistical about it; he is clever, not so much to please me as to air his own wit. But what do I care for that? Admit that his cleverness is in so far a vice that it nurtures his self-consciousness; but I refuse to be my brother's keeper, his watering his moral stock is nothing to me. If he is willing, and glad, to provide me gratis with a luxury of which I am fond, I am delighted to have him do so; the possible moral or intellectual deterioration to which he exposes himself in the process is wholly his affair, not mine.

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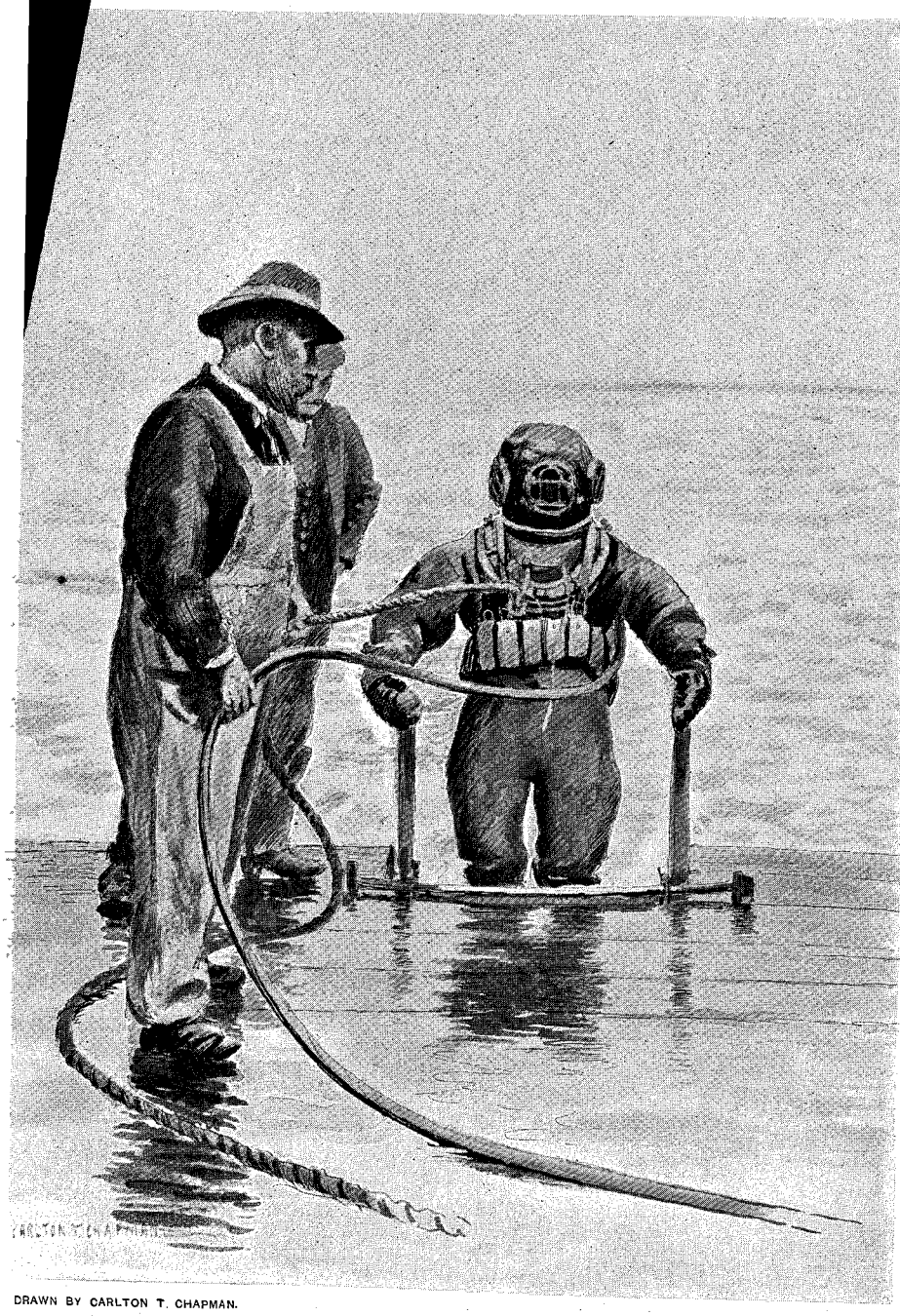

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Diver Ready to go Down.
(Showing "tender" with life-line and air-pipe.)

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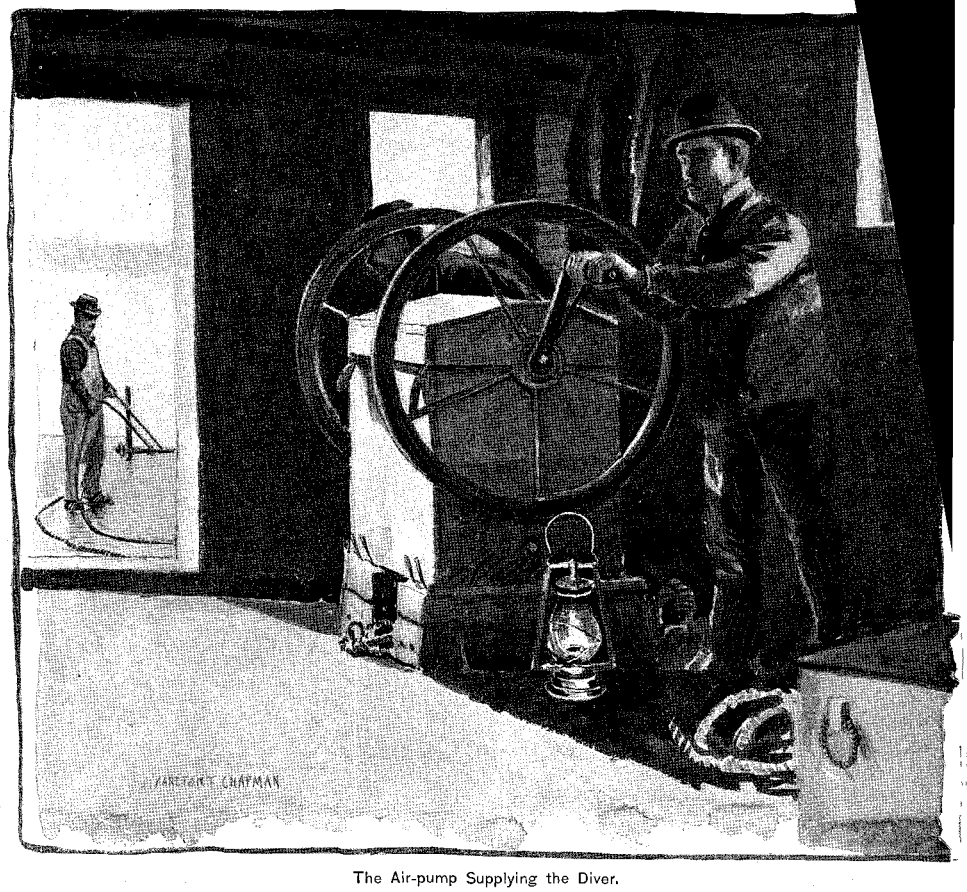

The Air-pump Supplying the Diver.

jewelry, getting cargo out of a sunken vessel, looking for treasure, and plying pretty much all the land trades.

In what is to the public, perhaps, the least interesting, certainly the least romantic features of his work, a diver takes the most pride. Recovering a drowned body, or a diamond ring, or going all over a vessel in a hundred feet of water is not the greatest test of a diver's ability. To work under water, by sense of touch only, at a trade which requires skill and judgment is something only the best divers can do. C. P. Everett, a diver with twenty-six years' experience, recently did what we consider a very fine piece of work. He laid a submarine timber foundation of twenty-eight feet long 12-by-12 yellow pine, handling it alone. First the pieces were weighted to sink; and then Everett went down and weighted them for handling, for without weights they would of course have immediately risen to the surface.

I mention this to show how necessary it is for a diver to be handy. It is a great advantage for him to have been to sea and to have made himself thoroughly familiar with the rigging, and, in fact, all parts of vessels. For in going down to wrecks he must be careful not to become entangled in the rigging; and once down he has to make his way through cabins, hatches, and hold. No matter how handy a man is, he should, before he ventures down for the first time, learn to work the air-pump, and become a first-rate diver's tender. A tender is to a diver what a dresser is to an actor. He must see that there are no flaws in life-line or hose, and that the armor is properly adjusted. Some men become good tenders in a month. I know others who have been tending twenty years and are still greenhorns.

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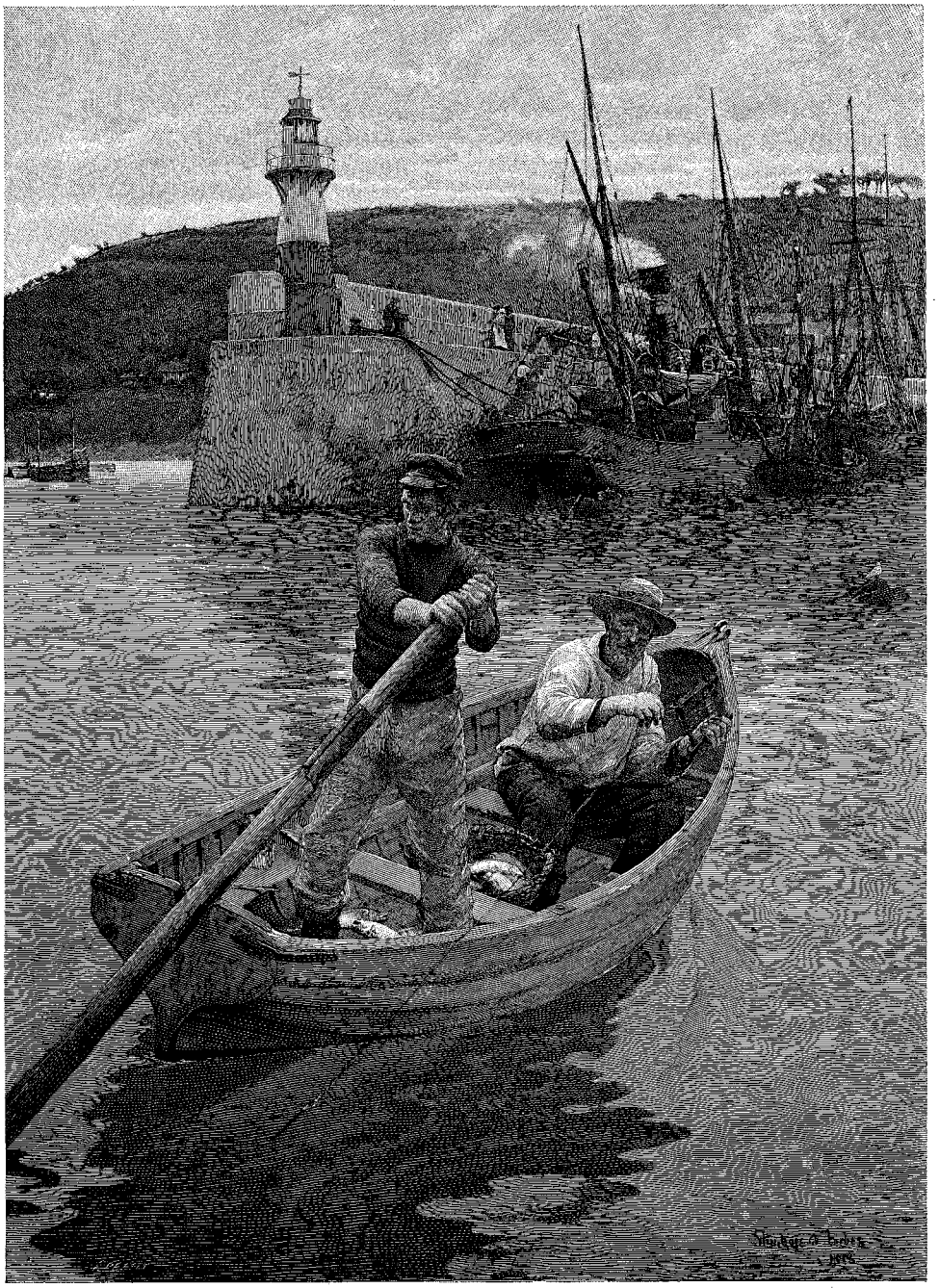

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

STANHOPE A. FORBES'S

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 688.]

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